McCALL'S

AUGUST 1927 ★ TEN CENTS

FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES — BECKY SHARP
The Seventh of a Series Being Painted by Neysa McMein
See page 32

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE ✦✦✦✦✦ *In This Issue*

By ETHEL M. DELL

Green Apple Pie

5 or 6 large tart apples
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon Crisco
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Plain pastry

Wash, pare and cut apples in quarters. Remove cores and slice thin. Line a pan with plain pastry and put apples into it. Pour sugar over them and dot with bits of Crisco. Sprinkle with nutmeg and cinnamon. Moisten edge of pastry, cover with a top crust, trim and press edges together. Prick top to allow steam to escape. Bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (325° F.) and bake 25 minutes.

Deep-Dish Huckleberry Pie

3 cups huckleberries
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons pastry flour
1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
Plain pastry

Pick over, wash and drain berries. Mix sugar, flour, salt together. Then mix with berries. Add lemon juice or vinegar. Put berries in a deep Crisco pie plate or in individual dishes. Cover with plain pastry. Trim and press with fingers or fork to make a fancy edge. Prick with fork to allow steam to escape. Bake in quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (325° F.) and bake 25 minutes.

Cherry Pie

Did you ever eat *enough* cherry pie? Crisco pastry is so tender, flaky and digestible that everyone may safely eat another helping of this Crisco cherry pie.

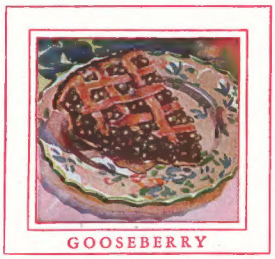
3 cups cherries
1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Plain pastry

Measure cherries after they are washed and the pits removed. Mix flour, sugar and salt together, then mix with cherries. Follow method for making and baking Apple Pie. Just before serving sprinkle the top with powdered sugar. For Cherry Tart Pie put strips of pastry ½ inch wide criss-cross over the top.

Gooseberry Tart Pie

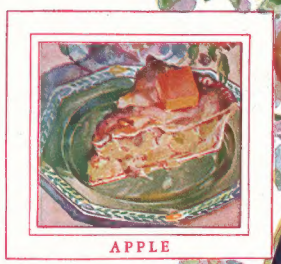
4 cups gooseberries
1½ cups sugar
2 tablespoons water
Plain pastry

Remove stems and flowers from gooseberries. Wash and drain. Add sugar and water, stir over fire until sugar is melted. Cook slowly until berries are tender. Cool. Line pie plate, turn the gooseberries in and cover with strips of pastry cut ¾ inch wide, placed criss-cross over the top.



GOOSEBERRY

Pies men like -



APPLE

CHERRY

HUCKLEBERRY

for Flaky, Tender Pie Crust

Amount for one-crust pie (or baked shell)	For medium size two-crust pie
1½ cups pastry flour	2 cups pastry flour
⅓ cup Crisco	⅔ cup Crisco
½ teaspoon salt	¾ teaspoon salt
4 to 6 tablespoons cold water	6 to 8 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut shortening in with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold. Roll ⅛ inch thick. For baked shell, cover bottom of pie plate. Leave enough edge to fold back to make it firm. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes.

To prevent juices soaking under crust: Before putting in the fruit brush the bottom crust with melted Crisco. Dust with a little flour.

To prevent juices running out of pies: Put three or four pieces of large macaroni in openings of upper crust and a strip of wet white cloth about 2 inches wide around the edge.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL

All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

And a quicker way to make them

A FEW years ago, when I had charge of the catering in a men's club of 3,000 members, I had an unusual opportunity to learn what kinds of desserts men really prefer.

While apple pie is always a favorite, I found that men are also very fond of pies made of *seasonable* fruits.

I have always taken great pride in my pies, but since I began using Crisco I have had flakier, more tender crusts than ever before.

You can save lots of time and bother by preparing at one time enough flour, Crisco and salt to make the pastry for several pies. Because Crisco itself stays sweet and fresh so long, you can keep this mixture fresh in the ice-box for a week or even longer. Then when you want a pie, simply take enough of the mixture, add water, make your crust, put in the filling and your pie is ready for the oven!

Crisco gives me, too, cakes of every kind that you simply cannot tell from butter cakes (light with fine, even texture); fluffy, golden biscuits; crisp, digestible fried foods.

An Astonishing Blindfold Test

See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other to taste.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

Winfred S. Gaultz

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To test your cooking fat, taste it. Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you.

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"12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"

A new and unusual cook book. Into it we have gathered 144 tested recipes, all chosen because they are simple, easy and *quick to prepare*. Yet each makes a perfectly delicious dish. There are dozens of suggestions, too, that will save you endless time and trouble. To receive the book, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

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"This dietetic crime of pap feeding and food bolting*..."

It is a constant menace, dentists declare, to the health of our teeth and gums

IN THEIR fight against the present rise of gum disorders, the leaders of the dental profession have not failed to make clear the source of these distressingly stubborn ailments. They lay the blame upon our soft foods and our habits of hasty eating which, they say, rob our gums of the stimulation that would keep them sound and healthy.

But as the four brief quotations on this page will further testify, they have found a way to combat these ill effects—they describe a simple and effective means whereby we may repair the ravages of a diet deficient in roughage, and restore the gingival tissues to their normal firm and healthy condition.

How modern habits of eating injure teeth and gums

To make delicious things to eat, we soften, we refine and denature our food. We peel and crush our fruits and vegetables. We husk our grains and grind them to a powder. We choose only tender cuts of meat. As a result, our diet yields far too easily to our teeth and gums.

Moreover, we often eat too hastily, which only adds to the trouble for our gums. For it relieves them of what little mechanical stimulation is left for them by our food. Small wonder that gums grow soft and weak — that the circulation of the blood within their walls grows stagnant — that often "pink tooth brush" appears, to warn of worse troubles on the way.

Massage of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers, is the simple measure the dentists propose — to offset the lack in our diet and to speed a fresh supply of nourishing blood to the depleted tissues.

How Ipana aids massage in strengthening teeth and gums

And if you will perform your massage with Ipana Tooth Paste, your gums will benefit even more quickly and permanently, because of Ipana's content of ziratol. Very likely your own dentist, if you ask him, will heartily confirm this.

For thousands of dentists, knowing the hemostatic and antiseptic virtues of ziratol, ask their patients to adopt Ipana both for the massage and for the regular cleaning with the brush. In fact, the dentists of America first gave Ipana its start toward the nation-wide success it has made.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon entitles you to a ten-day tube, gladly sent. But after all, isn't it better to give Ipana the full thirty days' trial that the full-size tube from your druggist will provide?

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*Two famous dentists, in a text-book on gum troubles, use these words to describe soft food and hasty eating.

Glance over these statements ... they reflect modern professional opinion on the care of the teeth and gums

From a standard text:

"The dietary of civilized nations is unnatural. Refined and processed foods are .... soft and pappy, so as to require little or no mastication. The teeth and jaws do not have proper function because the coarseness and fibre of the food have been removed."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:

"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent to you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth."

From a gum specialist's instructions to dental hygienists:

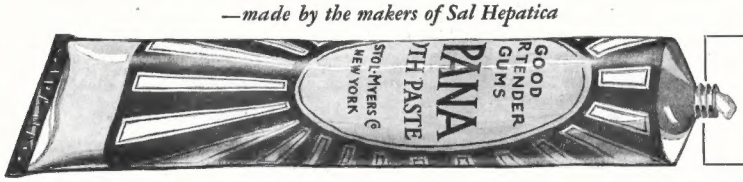
"If the gum tissue is artificially stimulated three or four times a day, a change takes place in texture which .... seems to act as a protective armor for the underlying tissues."

From a professional paper:

"It is evident that the most efficacious system of artificially stimulating the circulation in the dental tissues is one which is designed to simulate the method and result of natural function."

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

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"I Must Send You Away," She Said. — illustration by charles de feo

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THE FOX WOMAN?

A creature sleek and subtle and beautiful who seems born only to betray those who trust and befriend her?

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THE FOX WOMAN . . . BY NALBRO BARTLEY

Mrs. Bartley, known for her vivid, telling style and the delicious "folksy" feel of her stories traces the sinister progress of a Fox Woman in the most powerful novel she has ever written.

The first installment will be published in
THE SEPTEMBER McCALL'S

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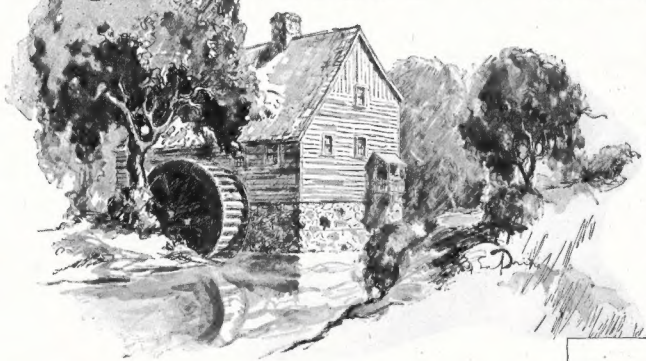
The Whole World's Changed



WHERE our grandfathers had to go to mill we can telephone the grocer, any day in the year, and get in sealed packages a better and more wholesome supply of food than people could possibly have two generations ago. What a lot of advantages and conveniences we have that they didn't know about! How many prejudices we have thrown away!

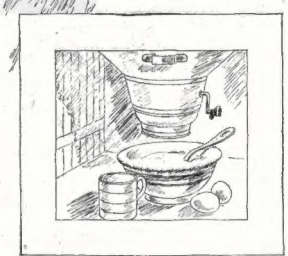
Our grandmothers, for example, were prejudiced against food in cans. We all know now, on the word of the greatest scientific authorities, that food in cans is as safe as food can be. We know the can does no damage to the food. We know that it is a guarantee of freshness and purity and cleanliness.

Have you brought your milk supply up to date? You need to know that the milk you use is pure, and fresh and sweet, and always absolutely clean. You need to know that it contains, always, all the food elements of milk—all the substances which make milk nature's most perfect food. We do know to-day that Evaporated Milk guarantees all these essential qualities. We know that it is one of the modern accomplishments through which science has given us safer, better foods.

It is pure milk. Evaporated Milk is pure milk. Nothing is added to preserve it. Not a thing is taken from it but some of the water which is the greater part of all milk. All the food qualities of the milk are kept in it. None of them is harmed in any way.

Always Fresh and sweet and absolutely clean. The milk is produced under the supervision of experts on farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is received in sanitary plants in the country within a few hours after it comes from the cow—while it is fresh and sweet. It is carefully tested for purity and cleanliness. Then part of the water is removed—it is concentrated. Finally, it is put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. In this condition, it comes to your pantry—fresh and sweet and absolutely clean.

With better richness. 87½% of natural cows' milk is water. The remaining 12½% is composed of butterfat (cream), milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts. 60% of the water of cows' milk is removed in making Evaporated Milk. The food (solid) content of Evaporated Milk is, therefore, more than twice as great as in ordinary milk. And *every drop* of Evaporated Milk contains *all* the food elements of milk. There is no cream line. The cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Evaporated Milk is *never* skimmed milk. It is always more-than-double rich in butterfat and *also* in the bone and tissue-building substances—in all the elements which make milk nature's most perfect food.



For every use. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will *better* fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, for sauces and gravies, in breads and cakes, in cocoa, iced or hot—wherever you use milk Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve.

Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream for coffee, in ice creams, for desserts—wherever you need cream (single or double). The adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every milk and cream use will be an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

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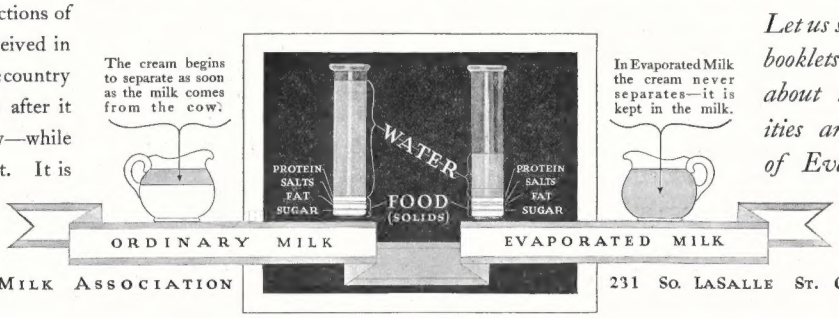

Let us send you our free booklets telling you more about the good qualities and varied uses of Evaporated Milk.

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AN ACTUAL LETTER FROM A
P AND G HOME

28 little spotless outfits every week

[not to mention Peter, the cat!]

Procter & Gamble,
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Gentlemen:

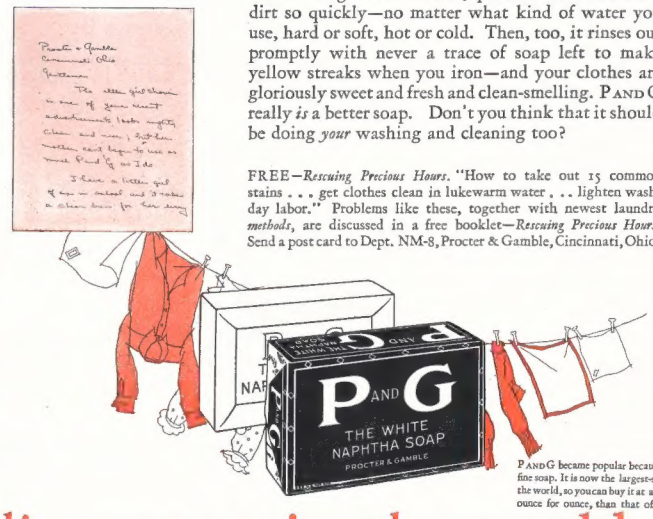
The little girl shown in one of your recent advertisements looks mighty clean and nice; but her mother can't begin to use as much P AND G as I do.

I have a little girl of six in school and it takes a clean dress for her every morning. I also have twin girls, three, and a boy, two, and it takes clean clothes from the skin out for them every day. I used to make enough clothes for them to change each day, but they outgrew them so fast that I am trying another plan now.

They use three outfits each, two for everyday and one for Sunday. Every morning I set a galvanized tub of cold water on the stove, shave P AND G into it, and put in the white clothes while the water is cold. I let them stay in until they have boiled fifteen minutes and then take them out, and while rinsing them, let the colored clothes soak in the same water. *No rubbing* is required except on the cuffs of the little dresses. In that way I save money and my washing is not hard to do.

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. L. Moyse, *Castle, Oklahoma*

P. S. The children use P AND G to wash Peter, the cat with!



Less rubbing—that's one reason why more women use P AND G than use any other soap in the world.

P AND G gives such a fine, quick suds and takes out dirt so quickly—no matter what kind of water you use, hard or soft, hot or cold. Then, too, it rinses out promptly with never a trace of soap left to make yellow streaks when you iron—and your clothes are gloriously sweet and fresh and clean-smelling. P AND G really *is* a better soap. Don't you think that it should be doing *your* washing and cleaning too?

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P AND G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

The largest-selling soap in the world

McCALL'S
MIDSUMMER FICTION
NUMBER
• • •
AUGUST · · MCMXXVII

TRESSIDER'S ARRANGEMENTS WORKED WITHOUT A HITCH AND THE INVALID WAS TRANSPORTED SAFELY TO THE CAR

Here . . . in a complete novelette . . . the most popular writer of romance tells of a Quest that leads to an heroic goal.

The QUEST

BY ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"CONFOUND that boy! Why can't he hurry?"

The pedestrian stamping on the stones of the river-edge cast an anxious glance at the threatening sky. A twenty minutes' delay at the ferry makes all the difference. Besides, he was not the type of man to wait patiently, and to be kept waiting—deliberately kept waiting—by an insolent slip of a boy. And a boy who actually left his oars adrift in the oarlocks in mid-stream while he nonchalantly lit a cigarette was almost beyond the bounds of endurance!

It was growing dark, and promised to be a fairly rough passage, and though to Godfrey Tressider this fact in itself meant little, he had no urgent desire to place himself at the mercy of a lad whose strength might prove wholly unequal to battling against a heavy swell. His anger increased while he waited. The boat was drawing towards him now, propelled by long, steady strokes; but then the tide was behind it. When it came to re-crossing, it would be a different matter.

The figure of the young rower became distinct, attired in a shiny sou'-wester, oilskins, and thigh-waders. He was plainly prepared for any caprice of the sea or weather. The boat grated at length on the shingly beach and in a moment there came the clatter of the oars as he shipped them. Then he was over the side and knee-deep in the flowing water as he dragged his craft up to a mooring-post and made it fast. He did not seem to see the prospective passenger on the bank, but turned to a hut a few yards away.

When he came out he was carrying an armful of parcels. He went to the boat, disposed of his burden in a locker in the bow, then having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he turned toward the stranger. "Want to get across?" he said.

"Considering I have been waiting to get across for the last half-hour," he said, "while you have been dawdling along as though tomorrow would do—"

"And won't it?" said the youth with a sudden grin that displayed teeth as white and regular as a puppy's.

Tressider exploded. "Do you think I'm here to await your pleasure?"

The object of his wrath continued to smile largely. "Get in," he said.

Tressider got in, feeling unaccountably futile. He sat down in the stern, still nursing his grievance, wondering by what means he could make an impression.

The boy climbed in and took his seat on the middle thwart facing him, resumed his cigarette, and unshipped his oars. "Going to be a rough passage!" he remarked.

Tressider was angry, but a further expression of his feelings would have been undignified, and he held his peace. The passage was going to be very rough indeed. He adjusted the knapsack on his shoulders and prepared himself doggedly for the ordeal.

The boy on his part showed no signs of perturbation. With absolute assurance he rowed into the choppy waves, his muscular brown arms tightening to the strain. The sunset was behind him—just a streak of gold almost overwhelmed in dense banks of clouds—and against the fading light he looked absurdly small and inadequate. But yet he ploughed his way along with unchanging serenity, finally shooting his cigarette from between his lips into the dark water as he neared the fighting currents in the middle of the river.

Tressider viewed this point with misgiving. The boat, though a stout craft, was not so wide and stable as the usual ferry-boat, and he had very grave doubts of the rower's strength.

They reached the swirl where river and tide fought for the supremacy, and the boat began to spin. With skill and judgement the young boatman drove his small craft on again, and an unwilling admiration began to stir in Tressider's soul.

Darkness came down upon them as he drew out of the dangerous currents and began to near the shore.

The youngster spoke. "Hardly thought we were going to make it," he said.

"Yes, you let the tide get ahead of you," said Tressider, returning to his original grievance. "And kept me waiting half-an-hour into the bargain."

The white teeth flashed again. The stranger's indignation seemed to cause him considerable amusement. "Well, I've got you across anyway," he said.

With a few long sweeps of the oars he ran the boat up on the little beach and then held her steady while Tressider climbed out. That accomplished, he proceeded to pull her up the shingle in the gathering gloom without paying any further attention to his passenger.

Tressider stood for some seconds, waiting; then: "Come along, boy! Come along! What do I owe you for this?"

The little figure paused, fished out another cigarette from an inner pocket and struck it between his lips. "What do you think I deserve for it?" he said.

Tressider at once rose to the bait. "You deserve a good punch on the head, you cheeky young rascal," he said, "and you'll be getting it one of these days if you're not careful. Come, out with it! What do I owe you?"

A laugh of careless amusement greeted his words. Plainly the situation had its humorous side. Then, "Only an apology. You see, this is a private ferry, and the boat is mine."

"Yours!" said Tressider, astounded. "Then where's the ferry—the ordinary ferry?"

"Oh, that's higher up the river," with a jerk of the head. "You missed it in any case. But that didn't matter. You'd get anywhere with manners like yours. Where do you want to go now?"

Tressider stood undecided, whether to laugh or be stern. Eventually since he also was by no means devoid of humor, he decided upon the former course. "I like your impertinence," he said. "As to manners, if I didn't bring any with me, I'm not likely to pick up any in this part of the world. But I'm grateful to you for the lift across all the same. I'm looking for a lodging for the night. I was told there was an inn of sorts on this side of the river."

"At Cherry Morton. Ten miles farther on," he said briefly.

"What?" said Tressider. "Ten miles!"

The lad turned back to his boat without further words and proceeded to make her fast for the night. Then he opened the locker in which he had stowed his parcels.

It was quite obvious that he had no further attention to spare for Tressider, and the latter hitched up his knapsack once more and began to trudge up the shingle to the road. The rain was falling heavily, and as he mounted the bank the wind caught him again. He set his teeth. He had passed an inn an hour earlier and had decided against it. Well, he had only himself to thank for that. But he had not anticipated a tramp of ten more miles when he had got across. There was no return, however. Doggedly he tramped away into the storm.

The rain had begun to descend in torrents, driving in from the sea. The force of the wind increased but he set his teeth and pressed on. Here and there the wind met him in full blast and nearly swept him off his feet.

"I wonder if I'm a fool to go on," he said. But there seemed no alternative; for he could not spend the night in his present position, and the only other shelter that he knew of was the lighthouse on the top of the headland. His thoughts turned to the lad who had ferried him over. He must have an abode of some description in this inhospitable wilderness, but he dismissed this idea with a semi-humorous grimace. Not even to avoid the whole howling night in the open could he bring himself to solicit any further favors in that direction.

Suddenly from the slope above him there came a running figure. Breathlessly through the tumult a voice accosted him. "Hullo! Look here! You can't go on!" It was the boy.

He made several gasping incoherent efforts and found words. "You can't get to Cherry Morton—tonight. You'll have to come back with me. You'll be blown over the cliff. It's blowing great guns up there. You'd better come along to my cottage. I'll put you up."

"It's very decent of you," said Tressider. "I don't suppose you want me very much. Isn't there any other road to Cherry Morton?"

"No, only this. Better come along with me." There was obvious anxiety in the words.

"Well, if that's the way of it I'll come. But only on condition that I'm allowed to pay for my night's board and lodging. That's understood, is it?"

"Anything you like," said the lad. He pushed past Tressider and turned to the downward path. The power of the wind lessened as they descended, but the downpour of rain continued unabated.

Tressider saw what in the murky twilight he had previously overlooked—a narrow flight of steps winding up between stone walls. They seemed to wind on interminably between rocky walls, and the darkness as they ascended was almost complete.

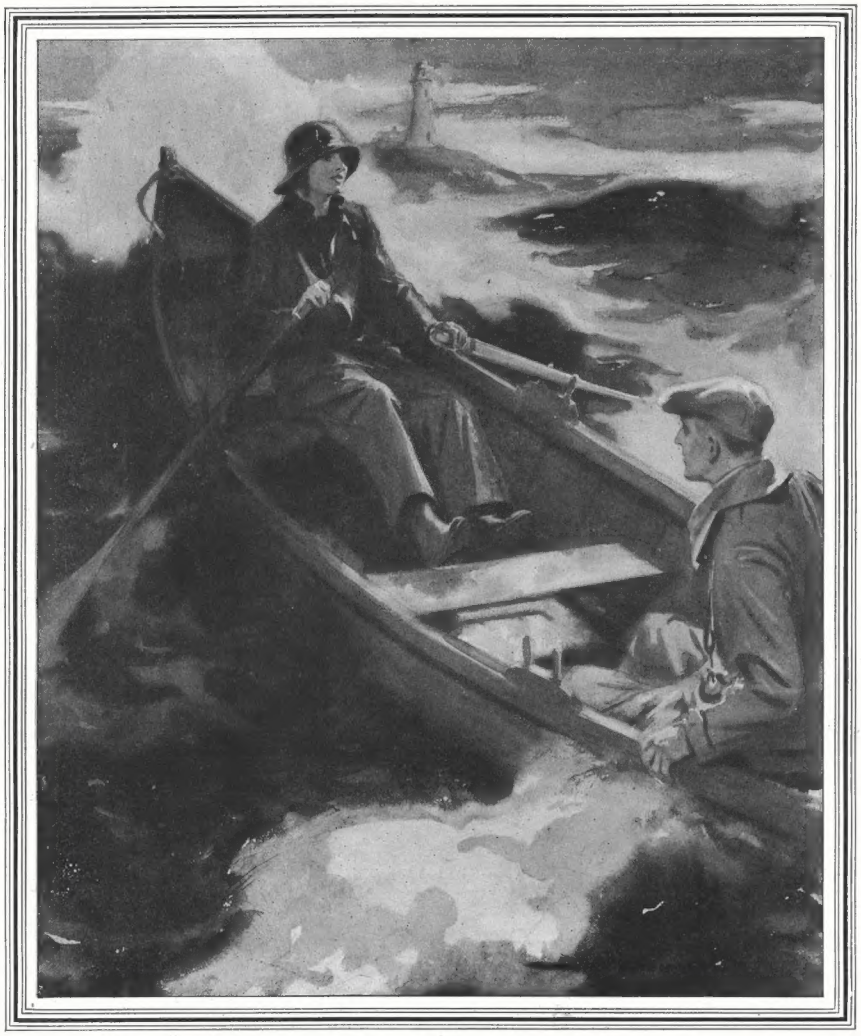
Abruptly he found himself faced by a wall and realized that the climb was over.

At the end of some seconds of blind walking his conductor stopped. A door opened in front of him and the hand on his arm relaxed its grip. "One minute!" said his host. "I'll get a light."

There came the rasp of a match. By it he saw the figure of his guide stopping at a bare wooden table to kindle a lamp. "Come in!" he said. "Don't knock your head! Shut the door after you! I'll light the fire."

The utter poverty of his surroundings was the first thing that struck him.

"Sit down, I'll soon get the fire going, and then you shall



HE PLOUGHED HIS WAY ALONG WITH UNCHANGING SERENITY

have something to eat." Tressider did as he was bid.

"By the way," he said, "since you are so good as to take me in this way, we would better know each other's names. Mine is Godfrey Tressider."

His host, who was setting the table, dropped an enamel cup and dived after it. Coming up again, he remarked, "I believe I've seen that name in the paper somewhere. I'm almost sure that I have. Aren't you a K. C. or something?"

"Yes," said Tressider.

The other nodded. "I know. I read a good bit. You'll be a judge some day."

"I won't answer for that," said Tressider.

"You haven't told me your name," Tressider reminded him, as he returned to his task of setting out the evening meal from the corner cupboard.

"My name! Oh, I'm Peter Friar." He began to strip off his oilskin coat with the words, disclosing a rough fisherman's jersey underneath.

"Do you do much fishing in these parts?" asked Tressider.

"I live by it," said Peter Friar simply.

"And you run your own show entirely?" Tressider looked at him incredulously.

"Oh no!" said Peter. "I've got a pal—an old chap, Tim Faraday. We go out together. We're off at dawn tomorrow if the wind goes down."

"Old Faraday taught you the trade, I suppose?" he asked.

"Oh, I love the sea," said Peter. "It didn't take me long to learn."

"It's a hard life," suggested Tressider.

"It's freedom anyway," said Peter with a curious vehemence that made his guest regard him shrewdly for a moment.

They had their meal a little later in the tiny kitchen.

"So you live by your brains," Peter remarked. "But you have to remember to keep your body fit to do it. In my trade, I combine the two."

"Then you ought to be a great success," said Tressider.

The young fisherman lodged his elbows on the table, still steadily regarding him. "Do you get many failures in your trade?" he asked.

Tressider met his look, faintly smiling. "In my trade, Peter," he said, "it's sometimes difficult to tell which are failures and which successes. You may succeed where you ought to have failed, and *vice versa*, you appreciate that."

Tressider was silent for a few moments, considering the honesty of the eyes that watched him.

"I mean," he said, "that there are certain cases which at first sight may appear quite desirable but which upon investigation turn out to be a mass of corruption which one may hate to touch."

"Yes?" said Peter. "And then?"

"And then," said Tressider, "one must choose between letting down one's client and letting down oneself."

"What do you do?"

Again Tressider gave a considered reply. "I generally let down myself."

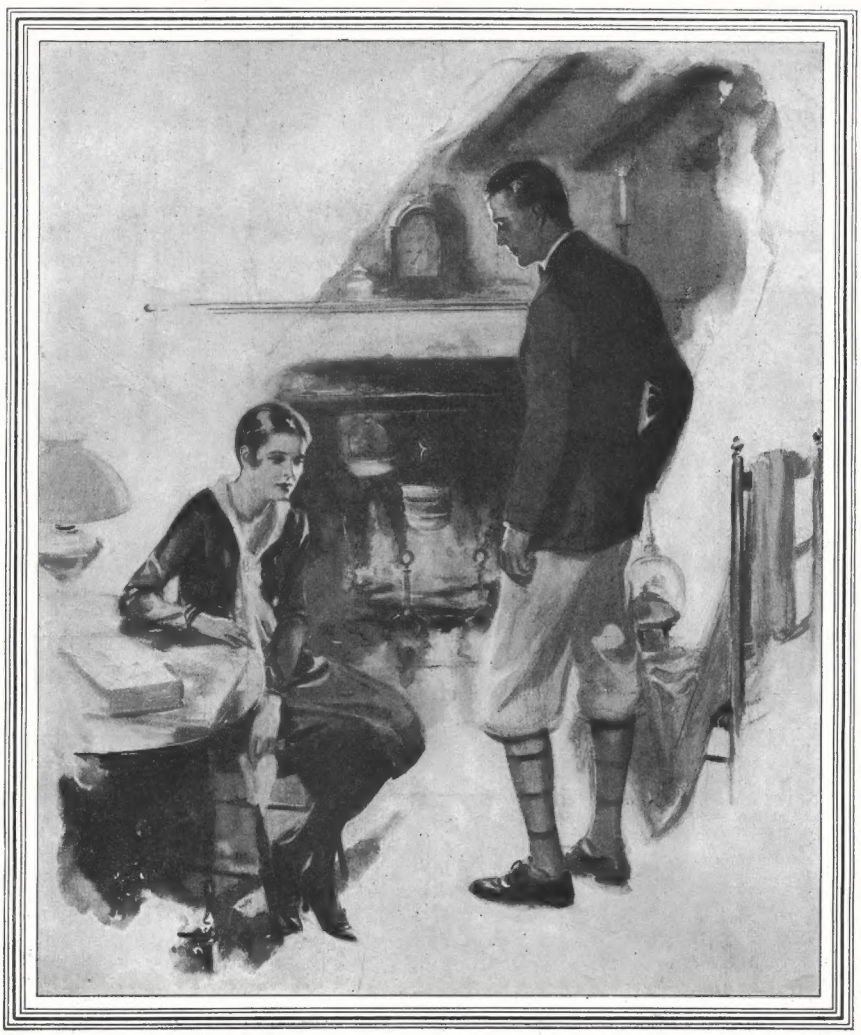
"You mean to say," pursued Peter, "that if you had taken up a case, say, to defend a man from a charge of fraud, and if, while you were defending him you found out that he was really guilty—you mean to say that then—even then—you'd go on?"

"I probably should," said Tressider.

"Could you rest easy after doing a thing like that?"

Tressider flicked the ash from his cigarette. "I'm going to tell you a story," he said. "There was once a man who found himself at the head of a business which was on the verge of crashing. The man's father was dying of an incurable disease, and he found that to save the show certain measures had been adopted which were not, strictly speaking, within the letter of the law. He had to choose between letting the whole thing collapse and so exposing his own father on his death-bed, and continuing to carry on the business on the lines which had already been started. Not a very pleasant decision to have to make!"

Peter said nothing. His eyes were fixed with unvarying directness upon his guest's face. Then Tressider went on.



"I—And My Dust And Ashes!" Said Tressider

"He made his decision; and that was to follow as his father had begun—at least until his father should be dead. It seemed to him that it was almost incumbent upon him to do this. Let those stone him who feel qualified to do so! He made his choice and he stuck to it. The business continued as it was before."

Tressider threw the end of his cigarette into the fire, and as the noise died down he went on.

"The old man lingered on very much longer than was anticipated. During that time affairs grew worse. The business became more and more involved. At last the old man died, and by that time the son was so deeply committed that there was no turning back. There was a possibility—a rather remote possibility—that by keeping on, the chance might come of making a big *coup* and righting everything. With that hope he hung on, knowing that failure meant utter ruin and the Criminal Court for him—utter ruin also for a good many others."

Peter spoke slowly, somewhat grimly. "That didn't make it right."

"It was a choice of evils by that time," said Tressider. "I haven't mentioned yet that he had family obligations also. He was not married, but his mother was then living—an invalid—and there was a younger sister—scarcely more than a child—to whom he was greatly devoted—who inherited a share of the business. Mind, I am not defending him—not now. And he went on—went right on like a car that has lost all braking power, and crashed at last. He was in effect the scapegoat for another man's crime. Someone had to pay the penalty, and it fell upon him. He paid in full."

"And did no one else pay anything?" The ring of scorn in the question was almost a challenge. "What about his mother—and the sister? Did they get off scot-free?"

"No. They paid, too. The mother died six weeks after he was sent to penal servitude. The sister—disappeared. I never saw either of them. They were far away in Scotland, and I had another case immediately following to which I had to give my full attention."

"Well?" said Peter.

Tressider's eyes came to his. "That was four years ago," he said. "That man has now been discharged from prison. He has not served his sentence, but—like his father—he is suffering from an incurable disease. He wrote to me from the hospital, and I went to see him. He has only one desire left in life, and that is to find his sister. The dread of what may have happened to her is a constant torment to him. Even in his sleep he is always calling to her—'Betty! Betty! Where are you?' And so at last—to quiet him—I have promised to do my best to find her and I have come here on the quest. Whether I shall succeed or not—"

He left the sentence unfinished. Peter's brows were drawn. He seemed to be in deep thought.

"How can you expect to find her—after four years?"

"It seems a forlorn hope, I grant. But in her childhood and early girlhood she loved this part of the world. They had a sailing yacht and spent a good deal of their time here. Her brother thought it possible that she might have taken refuge here."

"You will never find her," said Peter with conviction.

"I am going to try," said Tressider.

"Supposing you found her, would it be fair to drag her back again when she got away from it all? She has probably changed her name, changed everything—I know I would—and for you to come and drag her back against her will, just for a whim—"

"You call it a whim?" said Tressider.

"I do." Peter's reply came slowly but with vigor. "The past is past. The man you are befriending is a criminal who deserves no consideration. More than enough people have been sacrificed to him already. It isn't fair to go on."

"You are overlooking one thing," [*Turn to page 37*]

A dream of love
and then love itself—
every woman
in the depths of her heart
knows this sweet unfolding
in a young girl's life.
Here begins a new novel
by the author of
"Tomorrow's Tangle,"
and "Red Ashes."

AN ARRESTING YOUNG HEAD . . . ELIZABETH'S, WITH VIVID CONTRASTS

YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

BY MARGARET PEDLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

"MISS GRANTON"—the voice held a sharp, querulous, complaining note in it. "Miss Granton, I've left my fan upstairs. Just run up and fetch it, will you?"

The girl addressed turned rather wearily to obey. She was used to that irritable voice. For a little over a year now it had been the dominating note in her existence, usually on lines that were utterly and entirely distasteful to her. But she was drearily aware that when you happen to be a poor and distant relation—very poor and very distant—you have to accept what comes and make the best of a bad job.

She had honestly tried to do this, tried for one whole, interminable year during which she had occupied the unenviable position of "companion-help" to Mrs. Damerell. And now she was sick of it—sick of the daily, hourly contrast between her own drab, colorless existence and the rippling, jewelled life of the woman who employed her.

It was all merely a question of money, the girl told herself harshly. She herself could be just as charming as Mrs. Damerell, she felt, given the latter's leisured wealth and opportunity. There were moments when she longed indescribably, unbearably, for the lovely frocks and jewels, the smooth ease of living, which by dint of use and habit were all taken placidly for granted by Mrs. Damerell.

She entered the latter's bedroom and switched on the shaded lights with a sharp turn of nervous, irritable fingers.

She moved slowly towards the dressing-table. Amid a profusion of gold-backed toilet accessories lay the fan of which she had come in search—a sweep of long, flame-colored ostrich plumes curling softly over on the polished surface. As she lifted it, something tapped lightly against her fingers. Glancing quickly down, she saw that the clasp of a slender string of pearls had become entangled in the feathers of the fan. Evidently Mrs. Damerell must have laid the fan carelessly down on the top of the pearls, hiding them from sight, and then gone downstairs, completely oblivious of the fact. She had so many pearls, the girl reflected harshly, as her fingers busied themselves disengaging the clasp.

It was rather a difficult task to free it without breaking the delicate tendrils of ostrich feather, but at last it was accomplished and the necklace lay loosely coiled in the palm of her hand. Its owner must prize it very lightly to have left it lying about in that careless fashion, the girl thought. But then—Mrs. Damerell had so many pearls.

Tentatively she lifted the necklace and clasped it round her throat. It was tantalizingly lovely. She wished they were hers—pearls had always held an odd, almost irresistible allure for her. She fingered them softly, greedily. It was such a little string in comparison with Mrs. Damerell's others; she would surely hardly miss it. With the thought, a rush of burning color stained her cheeks. She felt hot all over at the idea which had flashed unbidden into her mind. It would be theft—theft to take the pearls, of course. But not to borrow them for a short time—just to wear in secret once or twice in her own tiny, roof-high bedroom upstairs, to revel for a little while in their sheer, glistening beauty.

Mrs. Damerell would discover her loss, naturally, sooner or later, and then, when that time came and the hue and cry was raised, she might say that she had picked them up somewhere—anywhere—and return them.

A footstep sounded in the corridor outside. Hastily the girl unclasped the necklace from round her throat, crushing it up into the hollow of her hand as a housemaid entered the room to prepare it for the night.

"I came—I came to fetch Mrs. Damerell's fan. She left it upstairs," she volunteered hastily.

MOONLIGHT, threading with slim, tremulous white fingers the foliage of the trees. A garden—and, vaguely adumbrated in the moon-flung shadow, a man and a girl alone together. Their voices mingled softly in a murmurous undertone. They were irresponsibly happy, in love with love and quite believing they were in love with each other. At twenty-two and seventeen respectively it is sometimes rather difficult to differentiate between the two states.

"We must go in." The girl spoke reluctantly. "Mrs. Damerell might need me for something or other."

The man gave vent to an exclamation of annoyance.

"Confound Mrs. Damerell!" He put his arm round the girl's shoulders and drew her to him with an eager, boyish gesture. "Sweetness, I wish I could marry you right off and take you away from all this"—nodding his head in the direction of the house. "Only I haven't a bean, worse luck! Why the deuce one never has the cash when one's young and could do something with it, heaven only knows!"

"Do you want money—now?" she asked with some anxiety.

He laughed carelessly. "Do I ever *not* want money? But never mind, darling, it's not worth worrying about as long as I can square my card debts and so on. Tailors can wait; they're used to it. I'll pay them when my rich godfather leaves me his money. Let's go in and dance."

They retraced their steps to the house, and a few minutes later they were mingling with the other dancers in the ballroom.

The floor was overcrowded, as usual. Mrs. Damerell's invitations rarely met with a refusal. Everybody said that her shows were always better done than anyone else's, and everybody who could went to them and angled to take their friends with them in addition. It might pretty generally be hazarded that, on an evening like the present one, she and her husband were previously acquainted with, at the most, not more than three-quarters of the people who were fox-trotting on their celebrated floor.

So loosely knit a mesh of hospitality has its drawbacks. Now and again an undesirable visitor slips through, unnoticed amongst the throng of arriving guests, as once when, on the occasion of a fancy dress ball, the Damerells had unwittingly entertained one of the smartest thieves in London at a cost to themselves of a twenty thousand pound *rivière* of diamonds which Mrs. Damerell had been wearing and which he had neatly snipped from her neck at the very moment when she was innocently complimenting him upon the excellence of his dancing. The episode had made the Damerells nervous—particularly as the rivière was never recovered.

The man and the girl who had come in from the garden sat down side by side in an alcove, once more completely absorbed in themselves. Time passes quickly enough in such circumstances, and it did not seem to either of them very

long before something unforeseen broke in upon their absorption. It was a voice, speaking rather loudly, yet at the same time somewhat nervously—Mr. Damerell's voice. It sounded almost as though he were making a speech. The band had become suddenly silent. The ball-room seemed all at once abnormally, preternaturally still.

"Hullo! What's up?" Unconsciously the man in the alcove spoke below his breath. The first part of Mr. Damerell's speech had already passed them by. But it was easy enough to pick up the thread.

". . . and this is not the first but the second time such a thing has happened under my roof. The first time the thief escaped. This time he shall *not*. That is why I telephoned to Scotland Yard to send their people along before apprising you of the loss of the pearls. My wife is quite certain that she was wearing them this evening. She remembers perfectly taking them out of her jewel case. And this is corroborated by the fact that they are not there now. So that is the reason I have asked you all to pass quietly out of this room, one at a time, and submit to being searched. It will all be done as quickly and with as much consideration as possible, and I feel sure that all my friends here will be willing to help me in this matter by consenting to what I realize is a somewhat drastic measure."

"Rather, old man! You can bank on us." A man's jolly voice answered heartily from amongst the crowd of guests, "I'll go first. Where's the inquisition to take place, eh what?"

There came a general murmur of assent. And then, all at once, the man in the alcove became conscious of a scared, whispering voice close at his side.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He turned and saw the face of the girl beside him, chalk-white, her eyes dilated and frantic like those of a trapped wild animal.

"Do? Why, nothing. It's a beastly business, of course, but you needn't worry," he said reassuringly. "They'll have women searchers, you know. They'll be quite nice to you."

"Nice to me?" She gave a shrill, hysterical little laugh. "But they'll *find* them!"

"Find what?"

"The pearls!"

"The pearls? You mean—you took Mrs. Damerell's pearls?" he asked slowly, incredulously.

"Yes"—with gathering excitement. "She sent me up to fetch her fan. She'd forgotten to put them on—they were on the dressing-table. Lovely, lovely things—and I took them . . They're here." She unclasped her wrist-bag and there, snug against the oyster-pink lining, lay the pearls. The man stared at them.

"Heavens!" The exclamation seemed jerked out of him, escaping his lips with a repressed violence of recoil. "Were you mad?" The sheer terror in her face steadied him and he forced his brain to action.

"Give them to me. I'll get rid of them for you. Drop them somewhere. The pearls slid into his palm. His fingers closed round them. Almost in the same instant some one pulled aside the curtain which shielded the alcove.

"Very sorry to have to trouble you, sir," said the newcomer. He was almost apologetic in his manner; nevertheless, without seeming to do so, he shepherded the occupants of the alcove, together with one or two other sitters-out he had rounded up, inexorably towards the ball-room door.

They waited quietly, amongst other little groups of guests gathered there, also waiting their turn. Every few minutes someone passed out and the numbers within the ball-room dwindled.

"Will you come next, sir? And you, madam?"

One of the guardians at the door civilly addressed the man and the girl who only an hour ago had been playing at love in the garden. A little moan escaped her, so slight—a mere tortured breath—that only one other heard it. He looked down at her swiftly—a quick, tense look. For him, as well as for her, the voice of the man at the door knelled disaster. It resembled the closing of an iron gate. Opportunity had eluded them like some evil-prompted will-o'-the-wisp. The man stepped forward, his big head thrown back with a curious gesture of defiance.

"You needn't search me," he said quietly. "I'll save you the trouble. There are the pearls." He held them out at arms-length, dangling from his fingers.

* * * * *

THE dusky shadows of the afternoon lengthened across the lake. On the sunlit surface floated a long, light boat. A single pair of oars dipped now and then from her sides with a slow, lazy stroke that just sufficed to keep her from drifting backward with the current. Obviously the man at the sculls was more deeply intent on his thoughts than upon any progress the boat was making. His eyes were narrowed a little—curious slate-colored eyes, coolly whimsical, yet with a latent warmth in their depths which suggested they might wake at times into sudden anger—and his lips were pressed together consideringly as though he were balancing certain pros and cons.

Opposite him, amongst the multicolored cushions heaped up in the boat's stern, a woman sat leaning forward rather eagerly, her gaze rivetted on his face. It was an appealing gaze, perennially so. The child-like appeals of those speedwell blue eyes of hers had carried Violet Frayne very successfully through life.

"Do speak!" she exclaimed at last, a little petulantly. "You know what I want you to say—that my idea's a splendid one. It is, really."

"Put concisely, your idea is that you and I should go off on our own for several months?" She nodded eagerly.

"And what's to become of Elizabeth?"

"Oh"—lightly. "I thought you'd arrange something. She's your daughter, isn't she? Not mine."

A faint look of displeasure crossed his face, and he made no answer. As is so often the case in second marriages, this was the one subject round which difficulties gathered—the subject of the child of his first marriage. It was not that Violet and she did not get on together. The trouble was that Violet wanted exclusive rights in her husband, as it were, a monopoly of possession which was impossible in view of the deep friendship which existed between father and daughter.

"After all, Candy"—Violet was speaking again, a note of almost passionate protest in her voice — "we've lived the most exemplary family life for a whole year now—ever since Elizabeth left school."

Frayne nodded reflectively.

"I hardly seem to have had you to myself at all this last year," she said, "and now, if we've got to go to England in a few months, to Frayne Abbey, and be buried alive in the country, I do think we might have a holiday alone together first. *Couldn't* we, Candy?'' she finished up plaintively.

She looked very young and appealing, sitting there, her child's mouth drooping a little at the corners, her fair, curling hair, ruffled by the breeze, gleaming like pale gold in the sunshine. Frayne, who worshipped her blindly, as a man very often does worship a woman much younger than himself—she was sixteen years his junior—smiled across at her.

"I think we could, darling, if that's what you'd like. I'll have to have a talk with Elizabeth."

She nodded.

"It's what I'd like better than anything else—a few months' rambling about—just with you. Afterwards, you know, when we go to the Abbey, it will mean being cooped up there for the rest of our lives, I suppose."

"You shall never be cooped up at Frayne against your will," he answered her. "Give it a trial, that's all I ask, and if you don't like it we'll let the place and go abroad again."

He was very silent as he turned the boat round and began rowing shoreward, nor did Violet make any attempt to interrupt his train of thought. She knew quite well that her own way in the matter was already gained; it only remained

"I'LL GIVE YOUR FEET A RUB FOR YOU . . . YOU NEEDN'T FEEL SHY. I'M USED TO BARE FEET"

She Held Out Her Hand, But, Instead Of Taking It, He Carried It Swiftly To His Lips

for Candy to settle the actual ways and means by which it could be accomplished, and she had no doubt of his ability to do this.

The boat's side grated against the steps. Frayne made her fast, then helped Violet out, and together they took their way into the house. As they entered the cool, marble-floored hall of Villa Ilario, she caught sight of a slim, white-clad figure, racket in hand, emerging into it from another entrance—the entrance that gave upon the garden proper behind the house.

"There's Elizabeth. Have your little talk with her now," she said. Violet believed in striking while the iron was hot. "I'll go upstairs and rest for half-an-hour before dressing. It's been terribly hot today and I'm rather tired."

FATHER and daughter established themselves in a couple of chairs on the veranda, facing the lake, and the sunlight, slanting in upon them between the flower-wreathed pillars, revealed both the likenesses and unlikenesses between them. Both faces were of the thin, eager, rather sharply-angled type, although in Elizabeth's case youth had softened the angled lines into something more rounded, and Frayne's smoke-black waveless hair, just touched with grey, was repeated on her sleek little head but minus those grey fingerprints of time, while the curving girlish mouth was fashioned on the same sensitive lines as her father's. But here the resemblance ended. Candy's skin was tanned as brown as a nut, while Elizabeth's, notwithstanding exposure to the Italian sun, remained of a warm ivory pallor. An arresting young head—Elizabeth's—with its vivid contrasts of dark hair, white skin, and scarlet lips, and most arresting of all were the eyes beneath the straight black brows, eyes that were definitely grey, without a hint of blue in them, set rather wide apart between a double row of short black lashes. They were no inheritance from her father, and sometimes a fleeting expression in them would bring back forcibly to Frayne's mind the remembrance of that other woman whose eyes they so startlingly recalled—Irene, the woman who had once been his wife and who was Elizabeth's mother.

For Irene he had experienced most of the emotions a woman can call forth from a man, beginning with blind, passionate worship, through stages of suspicion and fierce jealousy, to that ultimate bitter unforgivingness which follows the betrayal of faith and love. The brief, unhappy tale of their married life might have been almost predestined by the gods. Irene was only seventeen when Frayne married her—ardent, beautiful beyond the average, and proportionately spoilt, and more than one of their mutual acquaintances had prophesied that when he carried her off to Frayne Abbey, to live in the depths of the country, it would spell disaster.

At first, Frayne and Irene were riotously happy together, and when, at the end of a year, Elizabeth arrived, it seemed as though their cup of happiness was brimming over. But Elizabeth, after a few months, meant little more to her mother than a rather tiresome duty and encumbrance, and Irene found Frayne's absorbed devotion to his small daughter utterly incomprehensible, and not flattering.

Inevitably, husband and wife began to drift apart. Manlike, he had expected her to "settle down" when the child came, instead of which, released at last from the enforced quiet of the preceding months of waiting, Irene went straight out in a demand for all the amusement and fun that life could offer. And, to a half-child, half-woman of her temperament, the monotony of life at Frayne Abbey offered very little. Waincliff, near which the Abbey was situated, was only a tiny fishing village, and, since Irene was no sportswoman, the diversions offered by the countryside around meant nothing to her. Born and brought up in London, she was forever craving the gaiety which only a big city can provide.

Candover, fully occupied with his own pursuits of shooting and hunting and the management of the estate, and charmed by the advent of Elizabeth, never saw, never realized her boredom. But some one else did. Under the circumstances, the result was practically a foregone conclusion. Candover came home late one evening from a long day's hunting to find that his wife had gone away with O'Neill, leaving only an incoherent little letter of explanation behind her.

Frayne's world had crashed about his ears, and all that remained was to pack the débris out of sight as decently as might be. The divorce went through quite unobtrusively.

Meanwhile, Frayne had proceeded to let the Abbey for a term of fifteen years. All that remained to him out of the wreckage was Elizabeth, and the child became the pivot of his existence. Accompanied by the old nurse who had looked after her ever since she was born, she wandered all over Europe with her father, and in those years of wandering was laid the foundation of the good comradeship which bound them together now that Elizabeth had grown up.

But few lives are altogether destroyed by a single thrust of Fate's dagger. Time, with slow and patient fingers, works his constant miracle of healing, and at last there came a time when the suffering and anger of the past had become no more than a dulled and bitter memory.

It was then that Violet had come into his life, and once again the world was transformed. The succeeding years, while Elizabeth was at school, only spending occasional holidays with them, spelt a chapter of romantic wanderings, and now that the time had arrived when she must perforce be included in the equation of their lives, Violet was rebelling against the new order of things. Frayne wondered how in earth he was to broach the matter to his daughter. He had to steer a course betwixt the two women who loved him, and whom he loved, each in a different way. It was the latter fact which complicated matters. He was loath to hurt or disappoint either of them.

Elizabeth's voice, with a faint, underlying humor in its tone, broke in upon his thoughts. "What's the trouble, Candy?"

Frayne flashed a glance at her, half-deprecating, half-whimsical. He pulled out his case and proceeded to light a cigarette.

"Oh, well," he said at last. "It's no use beating about the bush. The truth is, Violet's getting fed up with Lake Como. The wander-fever's bitten her again. By Christmas she may feel like giving the Abbey a trial. The only thing is—" He paused. It was abominably difficult to put it into words—to tell this best of chums that she wasn't wanted.

"'M?" came encouragingly from Elizabeth.

"Well," said Frayne slowly. "The thing is, what would *you* like to do while we're traveling?"

It was out at last. Elizabeth took it like a thoroughbred. The swift glance he stole at her face revealed no change in its expression.

"What would you like me to do, Candy?" she said gently. "Haven't you got some plan you could suggest? I should feel rather like a very small nut in a very large shell, alone at the Abbey, shouldn't I?"

"God bless my soul! I never dreamed of planting you down in the Abbey. Nothing of the kind. No, my idea was that you should stay with some people in the neighborhood."

"What people?"

"You've heard me speak of Jane Wentworth? She was," —he hesitated, then went on rapidly— "she was a great friend of your mother's. And, oddly enough, a friend of mine, too, though we disagreed rather badly over—over certain things." Elizabeth nodded. She knew all the circumstances of her father's first marriage. "Still," he resumed, "in spite of that, Jane and I have always remained friends, and we've kept in touch ever since I quitted the Abbey. Whenever I run over to London, if she happens to be in town at the moment, she and I lunch or dine together. And on the last occasion she said that, now you had left school, she would so much like to meet you. In fact, she wanted you to go and stay with her at Waincliff. But I'm afraid I told her that I couldn't spare you. I couldn't, you know"—smiling a little. "You'd only just come home, then, for 'keeps'."

"Of course not. I shouldn't have wanted to go, either," assented Elizabeth fervently. "But *now*, I think I should like to go to your Jane."

He heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then that's settled," he began.

"Not quite," she broke in laughingly. "I'm perfectly willing to go and stay with Jane, but you must find out first whether she still wants to have me or not. Besides, if you

and Violet are going to be away some months, I can't very well dump myself on Jane for the whole time, can I?"

"Yes, you can. That was her idea—that we should probably be traveling about as usual, after you'd left school, and that you might spend a few months with her at Brownleaves—that's her home, hers and Colin's. You knew she had a brother, Colin, didn't you? Got badly knocked about in the war, poor chap. He's lame, and a trifle difficult at times, in consequence, I believe, but you won't mind that?"

"No, I shan't mind that," she answered.

He rose and, pulling her to her feet beside him, stood looking down at her searchingly a moment. "So I'm to write to Jane, am I? That settled?" She nodded affirmatively.

"You're a good little sport, Elizabeth," he said. That was all, but she knew that in his own way he was thanking her for having understood.

FRAYNE'S letter to Jane Wentworth brought a reply by return of post—two replies, in fact, one addressed to Frayne himself and the other to Elizabeth.

"Jane writes that she will be delighted to have you," he announced at breakfast a few mornings later.

"I know," returned Elizabeth, looking up from her own correspondence. "She's written to me, too."

"Does she seem nice?" asked Violet. "Do you think you'll like her?"

"I'm sure I shall," replied Elizabeth composedly.

She did not vouchsafe why she felt so sure. It was something intimate to herself which ran between the lines of Jane's letter.

"I can't tell you how delighted I am that you are coming to me," wrote Jane. "I've always felt that you and I ought to 'belong' in a rather special kind of way, because you were Irene's child. And I'm so glad that at last Candy is going to let me have my share in you."

Often, during the few days that remained before the date fixed for her departure to England, the recollection of Jane's letter recurred to Elizabeth's mind, bringing with it a pleasant little glow of eagerness to meet the writer, and softening, in some unaccountable way, the sharp edges of the impending parting with her beloved Candy.

Pluckily though she might strive against it, Elizabeth was conscious of a smothered feeling of being set aside.

It was at these moments that the thought of Jane's cheery letter created a comforting little sense of warmth in her heart, and she applied herself to her packing with renewed vigor.

By three o'clock in the afternoon it was all finished, except for the few odds and ends which always remain to be put in at the last moment, and she strolled out onto the terrace to take a final peep at the lake. It was looking very beautiful.

An odd kind of stillness prevailed. It was almost, she told herself, as though the lake had gone to sleep, so quiet and almost rippleless it lay. Below, moored at the foot of the steps, lay the *Carlotta*, the villa boat, brushing very gently against the stonework. Elizabeth turned impulsively to descend the steps. She would take the boat out for a final pull—just scull round the bend of the bay and up the lake a little way to where she could glimpse the mountains folding one behind the other towards Bellagio.

A few minutes sufficed to put her plan into action, and presently she was rowing leisurely out across the tranquil water. She pulled round the arm of the bay, heading the boat for the middle of the lake, and, having achieved this point of vantage, she allowed the sculls to trail idly from the rowlocks. Then she surrendered herself idly to thoughts of the future . . . .

A chill little flurry of water sprayed suddenly across the back of her hand, rousing her from her train of thought to an abrupt realization that the boat was rocking rather unsteadily. She glanced round her, and what she saw filled her with a quick sense of dismay.

Elizabeth knew that unexpected squalls sometimes blew up out of quite a clear sky and swept down between the mountains—dangerous squalls, converting the placid lake into a sea of battling waves in which no small craft could live.

She threw a hasty glance over her shoulder towards the shore. It looked a long way off, and her hard sculling didn't seem to bring her appreciably nearer to it. Thy sky was heavy now with menacingly dark clouds, and the surface of the lake tufted with angry foam. The *Carlotta* was a narrow, lightly built boat, not constructed to withstand a rough sea.

Her mind worked swiftly. Now that it was too late she realized that, with her experience of the lake, she ought to have taken warning from that curious oily stillness which had prevailed when she set out. Other people evidently had done so, and had remained safely on land.

In less than five minutes, so swiftly had the gale gathered force, she recognized the futility of her efforts. There was actual danger now! She struggled on desperately, pulling with aching arms while the boat staggered and lurched as the waves pitched against it. By this time there was water round her feet, a shallow pool slopping about in the bottom of the boat, clammily cold. She felt dazed, almost as though she were in a dream—a horrible nightmare.

And then all at once, through the rushing noise of wind and water she became conscious of another sound—the

"I Came—I Came To Fetch Mrs. Damerell's Fan. She Left It Upstairs," She Volunteered Hastily

sound of a human voice. Some one was shouting—shouting to her across the hurly-burly. Still clutching the oars, she turned her head and over her shoulder discerned a motor-boat churning its way towards her, a man at the steering wheel. "Hold on! Hold on!"

She could not catch the words, but she saw him wave his arm and heard his voice ringing across to her. Her glance measured the distance between her boat and his. The latter was leaping and rolling through the chopping waves, straining to reach her.

"You're all right! Don't lose your head! Hold *on!*"

Once more the voice came ringing over the water. This time the words reached her—encouraging, commanding, whipping her to fresh effort. She held on, suddenly sure that the man who was coming to her help would not fail her.

Elizabeth drew a long breath of relief, then the *Carlotta* pitched violently and she sat down abruptly on its broad seat. She remembered the beat of the engine suddenly loud in her ears, a shout of "ship your oars—quick!" then the grating of boat's side against boat's side as the waves flung them together, and the next moment she was aware of some one stooping towards her, of strong hands beneath her arm-pits, and a sharp, imperative command, "Catch hold—round my neck!" Instinctively she had obeyed. Next, she felt herself swung clear of the *Carlotta* and into the motor-boat alongside.

It had been quick work—and only just quick enough. The *Carlotta* sank out of sight with a suddenness that was appalling.

"We timed that rather well," remarked a cool voice with a touch of grim amusement in it.

Elizabeth looked across at the man who had come to her rescue. He was a lean, brown person—brown hair, skin sunburnt brown as Candy's own, and out of the surrounding brownness, startlingly vivid by contrast, gleamed a pair of very keen, very blue eyes.

Her glance rested for a moment on the hands manipulating the wheel—muscular, sunburnt hands which yet held a definite suggestion of sensitiveness in their long supple fingers. Somehow those hands, with their implication of pliant strength, reassured her. If anyone could bring the little craft safely back to shore she felt that their owner would do it.

That it was no easy task she could guess from the man's intentness. Even when he had spoken to her, she had felt that he was only giving her the merest fringe of his attention. His whole mind was concentrated on the matter in hand. She relapsed into silence, covertly watching his face.

It was a face of contradictions, high cheek-boned, squarish as to jaw, with a somewhat ironic bitterness in the closing of the lips—a bitterness that belied the swift sweetness and gaiety of his smile. In repose, the face was grave, almost stern, as though some past discipline of suffering had hardened it prematurely; yet, in spite of this, it conveyed a suggestion of underlying resilience, of a certain dare-devil, mocking philosophy that would meet and defy the challenge of an ill fate. Somehow he did not look as though he would brook opposition very easily.

The boat was heading straight towards the harborage of a small, pink-stuccoed villa which faced the lake almost opposite to the spot where she had first found herself in difficulties with the *Carlotta*. No, there was no danger of drowning now. With every moment the plucky little motor-boat was beating its way nearer and nearer to land.

The villa garden terminated in a steep stone wall. A flight of steps, leading to the water's edge, broke its surface in the center. It was towards this arch that the motor-boat was headed. It would be ticklish work getting through, Elizabeth could see. But the man at the wheel seemed quite unperturbed. With a swift turn at precisely the psychological moment, he sent the boat shooting in between the broad, squat pillars of the arch.

As the calm of the little stone-built harborage succeeded the fury of the waves outside, Elizabeth felt the tension of her nerves relax. It all seemed so reassuringly familiar and normal after the horror of those few terrible moments when she had been within an ace of death.

The man who had brought her into safety busied himself tying up the motor-boat. Then he sprang out onto the landing-stage and held out his hand.

"Come," he said briefly, his keen glance traversing her face, a little pinched and pale as the result of her adventure., "The sooner you have a hot drink the better."

As they entered the house, he sent his voice ringing through the hall: "Marietta! Marietta!" In response an elderly Italian woman came bustling out from the servants' quarters. She stared at them both in astonishment.

"Yes, we're half-drowned, Marietta," said the man gaily, in answer to the alarmed interrogation on her wrinkled old face. "But only half. So light up the fire in the Oak Room, and bring some whiskey and lemons and boiling water."

"She understands English very well," observed Elizabeth.

"Oh, perfectly. She's lived with English friends of mine for the last twenty years. This is their villa—Villa Felice. They've lent it to me for a month while they're away."

He led the way into a quaint, oak-panelled room, octagonal in shape, with windows looking out upon the lake. On an open English hearth crackled and spluttered the fire which Marietta had just lit.

"That's a fad of my friends," he explained, noticing her quick glance of surprise. "That English fireplace—they had it specially put in."

"A very nice fad," she commented. "I wish we had one in our villa. It's often quite cold enough for a fire in this part of the world."

"You live by the lake, then?" he asked quickly.

She nodded, holding out her feet to the cheery blaze.

"Yes, not very far from Cernobbio."

The warmth of the fire drew a faint steam from her soaked shoes and stockings, and the man's sharp glance, which seemed to miss nothing, noted it at once.

"Take those off," he ordered. "Wait a moment." He disappeared, returning in a very short space of time carrying a bath towel.

"I'll give your feet a rub for you. You want to rub them hard—make them tingle, you know. You needn't feel shy," he added, a teasing note in his voice. "I am used to bare feet."

Old Marietta had already brought the necessary ingredients and he forthwith proceeded to mix a fairly strong glass of whiskey and hot water, adding a squeeze of lemon juice and a counterbalancing lump of sugar.

"Drink that up," he said, handing it to Elizabeth, and then, having mixed a similar drink for himself, he sat down on the opposite side of the hearth.

They sat in silence for a little while, then the girl said a little shyly: "I've never thanked you yet for really saving my life."

An odd expression crossed his face. [*Turn to page 69*]

"Then There Is—Someone?" She Asked. "And You're Not Telling Her, Not Asking Her Just Because You're A Little Lame? But How Absurd!"

"All in the day's work"... so heroism disposes of praise.

THERE WAS A WORD, A MOVEMENT OF BIG HORSES IN THE DARK — AND THE FALLING SNOW

DOC VIRGINIA

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

LATE Fall lay upon the northwest like a blanket of gloom. Snow was not yet falling but it hung high in the grey skies and threatened. It threatened the hapless stragglers from the ranch herds, left in the hills, it threatened all life on the bleak and wind-swept levels. Only those dwellers in the harsh land who stayed by year after year knew the downright menace of that threat.

Doc Virginia, looking from her cabin window on a grey day, knew it and frowned. She had filled and nearly closed the big iron stove that was the heart of the lonely habitation, preparing for her return at Heaven alone knew what hour of the night, and now stood wrapping her head in a woolen scarf, pulling on her fur-lined mittens, for the wind was biting cold.

She stood five feet eight in her stockings, this woman, and she was built of good man-stuff. She had the heart of a crusader and the mind of a Socrates as sword and buckler for the life she lived on the hinter side of the Line. In the Summer she drove all over a radius of a hundred miles in the rattling flivver which hung together through sheer loyalty to the cause of humanity, in the winters she battled blizzard and thaw behind the finest team of horses to be found in all the state. The scattered denisons of the country knew little of her apart from the sight of her bouncing over the roads in the ramshackle car, or coming in like a breath of cheer and healing where sickness or death held carnival. She was strong and quiet, with a smile that was quizzical behind its humanness, and she cared little for anything upon the earth, it seemed, or in the waters under the earth.

She had three mediums of health, and each was above price in the lonely land—her worn black bag of medicines, the tricks of her big hands with a body's bones, and her unfailing assurance of success.

They said of her for fifty miles each way that it was as good as a dose of her philters, just to see her come in from the cold outside, her cheeks glowing red above her smiling mouth, her brown eyes under their level brows alert and quick in their appraisal of what was to do. She took her pay in odd fashion, as best suited her patient's circumstance—sometimes a rangy steer, or hay for her barn, or wood hauled over the prairie to feed that hungry stove of hers, and how she spent it not many knew, for she was a lonely figure without close friends. Sanston at the cross-roads store knew her best of all perhaps, knew what scant mail she got, what bundles of books came in by far parcel-post, what periodicals, and he could tell nothing more.

What held her there in the bleak land under the Canadian line when she might have practised anywhere was a mystery, but there she stayed year by year, garnering a hoard of invisible laurels for service to her kind.

And so she stood this day pulling on the well worn gloves. It was a long drive to Darline's Dip and she thought of the horses in the corral, fearing the threat of snow. However, the messenger had said to hurry so she'd take a chance. Darline's Dip was the most forsaken spot in all her territory, a sedgy swale between the buttes in Spring, a whooping avenue for winds in Fall and Winter. In the very center of the lowest part a cabin sat huddled in upon itself as if hunching together against the pitiless cold. Here lived Pierre Poitré, a hunter of coyotes, a trapper of fur, handsome, slight, a gambler known for miles around, notorious in his philanderings. He had a wife and a child or two that no one ever saw unless he came by the lost little hut. The "lady Doc" had seen them once or twice. She saw them again this bleak fall day, a pathetic group in the solitude. There was a fire in the stove and the two faces of the children, girls of six and four, were pressed, flat-nosed, against the dingy pane, and the woman lay upon the bed against the farther wall. The doctor went direct to her, before she untied her scarf.

"What's all this?" she asked in her deep contralto voice that was half a laugh, half a warning.

The small dark woman looked up with starry eyes of fear and faith.

"I am so glad!" she said breathlessly. "So ver' glad you are arrive'! The leetlest one—the ver' leetlest one—the new one, *mon docteur*—"

Doc Virginia straightened up with a jerk. She stripped her hands, flung off her mackinaw.

"Where's Pierre?" she asked sharply.

The pale face flushed, a shadow fled across it palpably. "I don't know. He went yesterday—day before—to sell hees furs at Sanston's."

The soft brown eyes of the doctor hardened. Then they crinkled to a smile.

"Never mind Pierre," she said firmly, "we don't need him." Suddenly the woman on the bed turned her face to the wall, her shoulders heaving.

"Bot yes, Ma'amselle!" she whispered, "I do! Oh, *mon Dieu!* I need heem now!"

Doc Virginia sat down and gathered the neat black head

against her breast, comforting the fearful, aching heart. Then she was up and about her preparations, the sleeves rolled high on her capable arms, a starched white apron tied over her under-slip.

She must be *accoucheur*, nurse and spiritual consoler, there in the windy night a hundred miles from nowhere so far as human help was concerned, and she was ready.

So the night—and the dawn—and there were three children in the forsaken hut. The doctor cooked a breakfast, fed the poor brood, milked the cow in the barn and put hay in the manger. She carried in a pile of wood and bade small Marie to mind the stove and to give her mother milk from the pitcher at noon.

Then she bent and kissed Annette, put a finger on the wee red cheek against her breast.

"In two hours I'll be back," she said, "with Mrs. Broderick from Two Point Rise."

She was good as her word and when she drove bouncing away toward home in the late afternoon she was weary in every bone, though the line of her lips was thin and narrow and the brown eyes boded evil.

She slept the night in her cold house, tumbling in with her clothes on after she had looked to the horses in their corral. The door of the barn was always open, the hay settling in its slatted loft, the spring running through the corral itself, so she had little care for her friends when she was away like this, knowing they were safe.

Early next day she strode in to the store at the cross-roads.

"Where's Pierre Poitré, Sanston?" she asked bluntly. "Did he sell you some furs?"

Sanston nodded, spat disgustedly.

"Yes," he said, "he did. That pile yonder."

"You pay him cash?"

Sanston nodded.

"Then where's he now?"

The store-keeper put his hands on the counter and leaned forward in the earnestness of his indignation.

"I s'pect he's far as Angel Station by now," he said.

"Across the Line!" cried Doc Virginia.

"Yes. John Buford met him headin' there—and he had with him that Minnie from Tom's place over in Sinkin' Stretch, th' yellow headed little hussy!"

"Well, by———!" swore the doctor frankly, and turning looked at the light without. "Thanks, Sanston," she said and went away with a roar and a rattle.

"Three good days the start of me," she told herself grimly, "and it's coming on to snow sure as the dickens!"

So the ramshackle flivver went into its shed and the doctor gave the rangy bays a heavy feed of oats from the bin in the snug barn.

"It'll take some steady stepping, Boys," she told them rumpling an ear of each bent head in rough hands, "for Angel's Station is a long, long way from here. But Annette Poitré needs her man, and by the same token that man needs a charge of shot."

It was noon by the watch on her wrist—a heavy nickle affair set in its strong leather band—when the two big horses pulled out of the unfenced cabin yard and headed north. The rig behind them was nothing much for looks, but it was strong as good hickory could make it, and very light. It had four wheels, a flat box made by hand and covered in with a lid behind, a low top of heavy leather with buckled curtains, and a curved dash hooded high against the wind and snow.

Old Johan Brinke at Sanston's Cross had made the most of it and it was built for service. Not a soul on the forty mile stretch of Double Prairies but knew it far as eye could see, and many a woman's prayer went up for the lonely figure inside, driving like split into the dark and the cold to fight for some one's life. The fact that the doctor was a woman added a certain sense of awe to the sight.

The horses were keen with life, full-fed, their hides bristling with their winter coat of shag, and they were all for swinging out at a running trot but Doc Virginia held them back.

"Easy, Boys, easy," she admonished them, "you'll have enough and more by this time tomorrow."

Out from the cross-roads at Sanston's a good road went north toward the Line. It was only a ribbon laid along the illimitable levels, but it was the main thread of communication between the two countries, known to both governments, and with the customary Immigration Office at the point of intersection. Along this dim thoroughfare Doc Virginia drove for two good hours. Her hands were hot with the fire of the chaffing reins and she wore no mittens. The feel of coming snow had softened the cold, but her cheeks showed red beneath the little cap of fur on her dark head. The sky was grey as a hooded nun and the light was already waning toward the dense darkness of northern night, when she began to search every rod of the way with keen eyes narrowed.

She was looking for a mark in the monotony of the levels, a long, low depression, like the print of the Modeller's finger left in the soft clay of creation, and running west for several miles. Along the far edge of this strange mark there had once been a prairie road, and Doc Virginia knew it. Ten years ago she had travelled it. It had never been a public way. Dim and disused, it was hard to know in the tall brown grass that ran wild in the dip of the narrow hollow, and at the point where it should turn off the horses stamped and shook their heads, unwilling to leave the beaten track.

But the hands on the lines were firm hands, and they whipped them into the thick grass just as the first soft flakes of snow came drifting down from the heavy skies.

But There Was One Who Did Accord Lieutenant Jord Nelson A Welcome And No Mistake—

ANGEL Station was notorious. It lay just over the Line a matter of some few miles beyond the Office, and it was broad open to all except the Law. A thousand secret things went on there which the Northwest Royal Mounted knew but couldn't prove. A huddle of huts and houses, rimmed by the wilderness where the woods came down to meet the plains, it sat and grinned with its thumb in its mouth, figuratively. There was a store or two, a post-office, a filling station for summer travel—and Pryde's.

At Pryde's the talk of the North Pole flowed to the south, a subterranean stream. Peter Pryde and his half-breed wife knew everything—why Inspector Blaintree was demoted, who killed Lieutenant Dolan on Pot Hole Flat, the hidden place where liquid contraband ran over the rim like treacle in the sun, and they kept it to themselves, thereby profiting prettily many times.

Pryde's was an ostentatious place, rambling and many roomed, all under its wide roof, where doors led everywhere. Its main room was the store-saloon-and-gambling-hall, where a constantly changing and motley throng danced, played and drank—leaving gold in the strong steel safe behind the bar. That safe was a source of great satisfaction to Pryde, who, strangely, had an ambition for the future—namely a house and lot in a real town somewhere, where his half-breed wife might dress and attend card-parties with other men's wives! As if all the gold in Canada could ever cover the brown of her skin, the shifty craft of her opaque eyes, or make her a lady. But Pryde put away his money and rubbed his oily hands, fully expecting that these things would be.

The huge coal-oil lamp under its yard-wide reflector shone down upon the room this night. A half-drunk boy in a sheepskin coat kept putting coins in the slot of the player-piano and the mechanical blare covered the hum of many voices. The bar was damp under Pete's flourishing cloth. Business was very good. Three card tables were going and little white-livered Andy had stacked the pack three times in as many hours to the great wonderment of the two Australians who played against him. At the third table beyond, with his back against the wall sat Pierre Poitré.

The little French quarter-blood was suave and laughing, in the highest of high fettle. His slim hands were clean as a lady's, the nails scraped white to the quick. He wore a striped silk shirt beneath his gay vest, a mark of vanity which sacrificed warmth to beauty, and the black hair of his head was oiled to a sheet of shining ebony. Beneath his nose a small black mustache was clipped sharp at the corners, giving him a smart and dapper look.

For all of him there might have been no cabin lost in the wind of Darline's Dip, no little girls playing with sticks of stove-wood for want of other toys, no poor mother with a babe on her breast turning tear-dim eyes to the wall.

And over by the red-hot, big-bellied stove the hussy, Minnie, preened and walked, with her hands on her narrow hips. She looked with alert eyes at all the men in the room and found none so handsome, so *chic* and dapper, as Poitré. Therefore she was well satisfied with her trade of Tom's Place for Pryde's, of the U. S. A. for Canada, of Tom

himself for Pierre. So she ruffled her yellow curls on her high forehead that was none too wide between temples or eyes, and switched her cheap black velvet skirt above her high-laced shoes.

A cheap little vixen was Minnie, having nothing to offer her cavaliers but youth and the beauty of shallow blue eyes above a skin of dazzling whiteness dashed with fairest pink, the unfailing good-nature of a worthless heart. These, however, had always been sufficient to insure her a livelihood.

Pryde's was in full swing. Everyone in the big room was free and easy, relaxed, jovial, excepting Pryde himself who was never relaxed though he smiled always, and Andy, the cheat, who must needs be strained to the highest pitch to ply his trade successfully. And then above the noise of the crowd a hand-bell, hung on a cord above the door, jangled.

Like the snapping of fingers Pryde's changed. A stranger would have known instantly that all these roysterers, or nearly all, were habitues of the place, accustomed to its ways, by the flashing of hands across tables, the magic with which every coin, every chip, disappeared, thrust into pockets on their persons. At the astonished and protesting looks on the faces of the few uninitiated there were warning signals, fingers on lips, the hissed word *"Mounties!"*

And it was a member of that intrepid tribe, the Northwest Royal Mounted, who opened the door and stepped in from the night outside.

He was tall and straight as an Indian in his hard-worn uniform, and the bright blue eyes in his fair blond face were clear and uncompromising. The strictest man on the local post where all were strict, Lieutenant Nelson was both feared and hated for miles along the Line. Pryde's hated him to a man. They accorded him however, the respect of fear. He was neither to bribe nor outwit, given a medium fair chance at the latter, though Pryde's had outwitted him always at the hand-bell's jangle. It was an innocent enough hostelry that played in the warm lamp-light as the officer surveyed it, holding his chilled hands to the red-hot stove. It was always so when he dropped in without, as he thought, a breath of warning. Pryde himself, talking genially to him, laughed in his sleeve and counted well spent the money paid monthly for the Indian lookout in the great loft who pulled the string on the hand-bell. Now he was coolly greeted by those to whom he passed nearest. But there was one who did accord Lieutenant Jord Nelson a welcome and no mistake—Minnie, the light-o'-love.

Minnie, whose pale blue eyes lighted to their shallow depths, whose loose pink lips shook back in ready laughter, who rumpled her curls and came round the stove to gaze at him in delighted wonder.

This was nothing like Pierre, like Tom, or like any of her hundred others! This was a *man* in every line of face and form and demeanor! This was like the heroes of the novels Minnie read!

So she came and stood before him, looking up in his stern face with her childish eyes, and Pierre at his table glanced sidewise under his long lashes.

"Jump You Rat!" And She Fired At The Floor A Nice Inch From Pierre's Booted Foot

"Ain't you the handsome thing!" the girl said frankly. "I wish I was good!"

This "line" had worked a hundred times for Minnie, but it failed her for once. Lieutenant Jord looked down at her with a quiet pity, bowing at her address.

"I'm sorry," he said simply, whereat the half-drunk boy tittered shrilly and Pierre Poitré held a card too long before he played it.

"Have a bit to warm you up, Lieutenant?" Pryde asked hurriedly, though the man's abstinence was well known through all the country.

"No, thanks," said Nelson, laying off his heavy top coat and standing forth more striking than ever in his black-and-yellow which fitted his tall figure like the bark on a tree.

Minnie ran to ease the coat along its chair, to pat the sleeve with shameless hands. And Pierre rose and sauntered over.

"Ma'amselle," he said pointedly, "*my* coat lies yonder. M'sieu Lieutenant—"

What he was about to say, what fool accusation he meant to make, was not disclosed, for again the outer door had opened and a figure stood there, halted on the threshold, blinking in the sudden light.

This again was a tall figure. It too was Indian, straight, but no trim uniform set it off, there was about it no glamor of the Law.

Rather it was shabby in its muffling coat from which the fur was worn in patches, powdered with the snow. It wore knee-laced loggers' boots beneath a serviceable short skirt, and under the little round fur cap two dark eyes frowned. The whole room gaped—for it was a woman and a stranger. Not a soul there knew it save and except Pierre Poitré, and he shut his open mouth in a sudden dismay.

It was on his face at last that the searching eyes came to focus, picking it out from the crowded back-ground.

Doc Virginia, standing in the open doorway, nodded.

"Poitré," she said thinly and her contralto voice went clearly into every corner of the place, "I've come for you."

Silence. Deep as a wilderness night. No one moved or spoke. Pierre by the stove did not answer.

Now Doctor Virginia had worked and driven hard for forty-five hours with only one stretch of sleep between. She had been cold and somewhat hungry a deal of the time, and her emotions had been harrowed.

With that silence she felt rising in her that recklessness of temper which weariness sometimes rouses in strong natures.

"Snap out of it, you, Pierre," she said. "You're going home with me."

Poitré found his tongue and his daring. He shrugged eloquently.

"Come, Ma'amselle," he said airily, offering his arm to Minnie, "it is time you retired."

Thereupon something transpired that was part a whirlwind and part an avalanche. Flinging off her coat the big woman ran down the room and caught the little Frenchman by the scruff of his collar. At the lift she gave him the gaudy silk gave way, but so did his equilibrium, and Pierre staggered back against her, while Minnie shrieked and fled.

"You'll come with me, you little devil, or I'll kill you here!" said Doc Virginia grimly and started for the door.

There was a scraping of feet, a craning of necks, clicks of astounded tongues. Then Pierre, fighting against that relentless grip which had fastened on his neck itself, cried cleverly upon the Law which he had been about to insult when his disaster came upon him.

"M'sieu Lieutenant!" he screamed, "I demand protection! Canada—the Line—protect—"

At those words Lieutenant Jord Nelson came out of his gaping astonishment, became again that Law which he had forgotten for the first and only waking moment in five years.

He strode forward with up-flung hand.

"Stop!" he cried, "young woman!"

No one stopped and his fair face [*Turn to page 89*]

"I Have A . . . Suspicion That My Sister Eunice Was The Woman In The Case"

The MEANEST WOMAN *In The* WORLD?

BY JOHN K. WINKLER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

Is this the story of an unusual woman or the story of every woman who loves?

THE divorce of the Stephen Franklyns occasioned no particular comment in the fast-riding, faster-drinking and fastest-flirting circle upon the outer rim of which they modestly moved. It was just another pebble in the puddle, like their marriage. In fact, when two youngsters of unimpeachable lineage but almost *no* income, my dear, choose to commit social suicide by combining their poverty why—one asks them *in* occasionally as a matter of kindness but one pays no especial attention when they go *out!*

PRESTON PAGE was puzzled and annoyed. He was unaccustomed to and did not enjoy either state.

For the third time, within a fortnight, Alicia Cooper had contrived to have herself placed next to him at dinner parties. At the Penfields, on the first, the unwelcome contact had but mildly surprised him. At the Dearborns, on the sixth, he had striven to conceal his chagrin. And tonight, confound it, what did Marjorie Pendleton mean, anyway, by shoving Alicia almost into his lap and giving her opportunity to flirt with him like any moon-struck or moonshine-struck flapper?

He had arrived at Pendleton Park late and weary to death from a seventy-two hour wrestle with a titanic legal job. Towards the end it had been necessary to dominate and dictate to his bull-headed clients by sheer power of will. At the last moment of the long conference he had taken matters into his own hands, as he usually did eventually, and snapped a rubber band about seven warring aluminum companies. Now they were welded into one great law-proof combination.

To finish a perfect day, he had fired that stupid clerk who was always stumbling in with the wrong reference books.

The aluminum amalgamation had been a great personal triumph for him. But now, confound it, all the elation was squeezed from his spirits. The butler led him to the only vacant place at the imposing Pendleton banquet board and, sure enough, Alicia was there and seated as usual at his right!

"Good evening, Preston," she gaily greeted as he took his seat, "cheer up. You look like one of those Hindu figurines of the God of Gloom himself!"

"I have an absurd impulse to rush to the window and dive into the flower beds," he replied shortly. "I am sure they are rich and warm and soothing."

"No, they are not," she laughed. "Nothing out there but rose bushes full of thorns. Here, try this."

He gulped the mixture she offered and the liquor soaked up some of his rancor. She leaned closer and murmured:

"There was a time when you spoke of me as warmly as you did of the flower beds. You said I was rich and warm and soothing and—and juicy like a ripe peach. You called me Demeter, the Goddess of Earth. Do you remember?"

Anne Page was seated across the table, [*Turn to page 67*]

BEATING WINGS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

"I Tell You," She Said, "To Look At Those Things Seemed To Pep Me Up"

THE child of an ex-actress and a man who gained a rather uncertain living from the race tracks, Ellie Lessing grew up like any other normal child in that part of New York City known as the Bronx. The death of her father led her to leave high school and enter a business college, but she was never forced to look for a position. One Sunday, while on a beach party with her "gang," she met by chance a wealthy young engineer, John Westall. During a long drive and walk some time later she won his friendship and interest by confiding in him her determination to educate herself and become a sculptress. Returning from the drive, she finds that her mother, ill for weeks, has died. Judge Barrett, a friend of her father's, arranges all of her affairs following the funeral.

BY the end of the week Ellie Lessing had accomplished something; she found an unfurnished room on West 86th Street. There was an architect on one floor, a piano teacher on another, a beauty parlor on the first floor, and a real-estate office in the basement. Her floor, the top, had a sort of pent-house. It was now divided into two very large, square rooms with two kitchenettes and two baths connecting. An actress occupied the front room.

Twice Ellie went up to 125th Street to Judge Barrett's office, where her bills and other financial matters were being straightened out. The Judge put everything through in a hurry because the racing season was about to begin at Saratoga, and he and George Considine had never missed an opening day in thirty years.

"Come on up with us," he said to Ellie; "we'll stake you to a good time. You'll meet a lot of your father's friends."

"I'd like to," she said wistfully, "but I've got to hustle. I want to start doing something. It's lonely—to sit and do nothing."

"Sure, Ellie. Go to it if you feel like that. . . Say—under your hat—is there anything between you and that Lacy lad?"

"Who, Jimmy?" she demanded.

"Yeh."

"No," she said shortly.

"Oh . . . Oh, all right. His father, old Tim Lacy, is a friend o' mine . . . . . He's well heeled. The boy gets it all, and the garage business—if you want to marry money . . . ."

"I'd rather marry brains," said the girl crisply.

"Heaven save us, listen to the child! Isn't

Can a girl get ahead in the most sophisticated city in the world without cheapening herself in her own eyes?

it brains that make money? Isn't it brains that keep it? Young Lacy's no fool—"

"I mean brains that—that are educated. Brains that think and study and know all kinds of things—I know the kind of man I mean . . . Only—well, that kind don't—doesn't—marry uneducated girls . . . Will they send me a cheque for a hundred dollars on August first?"

"They will, darling, or I'll twist their necks."

Ellie thanked him, kissed his shaven cheek, and went back to the dismantled flat where, already, an Italian family's furniture was being moved in. She stood for a few moments in the empty room where Helen had died; then she went slowly into her own bedroom.

In this empty, carpetless, uncurtained room she had first spoken to John Westall over the wire. Once only this had happened. Now she was going to try it again.

A strange voice answered. She gave her name, learned that Mr. Westall was busy at another wire; waited.

After a long while: "Hello, Ellie!" came his voice very gaily. "Did you call me up to remind me that we are going to have a swim tomorrow?"

"No . . . . I can't go."

There was a pause; then his voice: "Are you well? And has your mother recovered?"

"Mother died. The day we went to the Bronx," added the girl . . . . . "She died all alone."

"You poor girl. Is there anything I can do in any way—?"

"Thank you for the books and for the plastolina. I haven't read them or opened the tin box . . . . Well, I thought I'd call you up."

She gave him her address and telephone number.

"I'll be busy getting settled and hunting up a job," she explained . . . . "Perhaps a week from tomorrow we could—see each other if you feel that way, too—"

"I'm so sorry," he said; "I have to make a business trip to Montana. I'm leaving Sunday . . . Really, I'm sorry—"

"How long will you be away?"

"Several weeks . . . . I can't tell, now, definitely . . . . I'm awfully sorry not to see you—"

"So am I," she said. "Are you going to the beach tomorrow? I suppose you are."

"Yes, I think I'll go."

"If you get back in time, will you give me a ring? I'll be in my new dump."

"I won't go to the beach if I can be of any help to you—"

"You're so sweet to me! No, there isn't anything, Mr. Westall. I've done everything . . . I've got enough to live on, and when I find a job I'll be all right . . . . I'm not going to wait for a stenographer's job, either; I'm going to take whatever I can get." Her voice became lower and confidential: "—I'll tell you why, Mr. Westall, shall I?"

"By all means."

"Then I'll tell you; I want to make enough to have a teacher learn me—"

"Teach, not learn," he interrupted sharply.

"Oh, thank you so much! I want somebody to teach me how to make statues—"

"You want to be taught how to model in clay or wax. That art is the art of sculpture. You would like to be a sculptress. Isn't that it? Just say that you wish to learn how to model in clay—take lessons in modelling."

"Thank you, Mr. Westall. It's such a pleasure to have you tell me . . . . Now, I really mustn't keep you any longer. So now I'm going back to my new dump. And I do hope you'll call me up tomorrow night. Good-by, Mr. Westall—"

LEDA LAY WATCHING HER, FASCINATED ... BY THE CLEVER CHARM OF HER FACE

SHE slept in the "new dump" that night. In the morning she awoke in tears, dreaming of her mother.

It was very hot in her room. A cold bath helped. She got her breakfast in the kitchenette—toast, cereal, fruit, tea.

When she had made up her young features with the inevitable cosmetic abominations—transformed her lovely mouth into a featureless cupid's-bow, pencilled eyebrows, rouged, powdered, scented, curled—she got into her thin black gown and little crêpe hat, took her reticule with its list of help-wanted, cut from yesterday's paper, and started down the steep stairway.

The architect lived and planned and draughted and had his being on the floor below hers. Whenever he heard anybody on the stairs he came out to see who it was. He came out now and stared at Ellie who gave him an insolent look and passed on.

The piano professor was in boisterous action on the next floor. Ellie continued on down stairs to the first floor landing. The dingy vestibule doors were open; a slatternly negress was sweeping out the Beauty Parlor. Business had not yet begun. The empty shop reeked of cosmetics.

Outside on the brownstone stoop Ellie looked up at the gilded sign:

BEAUTY PARLOR FELICE

All kinds of bobbing $1
Marcel waving — Permanent waving
Hair coloring — Manicuring
Chiropody

But what interested her was a white placard below this sign on which was scrawled: "Girl wanted."

As she hesitated, a neat, short, stout woman came up the stoop, gave her a baffling look out of shallow, yellowish eyes, passed her, and entered the beauty shop. In reply to Ellie's whispered inquiry the slatternly negress informed her that the woman who had just entered was Madame Felice.

On impulse Ellie re-entered the hallway and came face to face with Madame Felice on the threshold of the Beauty Parlor. The woman somehow reminded her of a yellow cat—her cheek-bones, light reddish-yellow hair, and shallow eyes, crystalline, intent.

"Good morning," said Madame Felice. "Have you come about the position?"

"I noticed your sign—"

"You understand the business?"—her yellowish eyes appraising the girl from head to foot, person and clothing.

Ellie explained that stenography and typing were her business, but that, being out of a position, she thought she'd try something else.

"If you want a high-class girl, I think I'm that; and I learn things quickly," she added.

"I need a skilled operator," returned Madame Felice, staring at her.

"You'll have one by the middle of the week," remarked Ellie coolly. "I take care of my own hair and skin and nails, and I know how it's done." added the girl, calmly confident. She walked into the shop, glanced around, inspected one of the separate compartments, picked up several jars and flasks and examined the labels.

"We don't teach the business," observed Madame Felice, watching her.

Ellie shrugged: "You don't have to. I only need to watch you operate once."

"Oh. Just like that!" said the woman. But the girl's personal attractiveness, clever features, and self-confidence were having their effect. "What is your name?"

"Eleanor Lessing."

"Married?"

"Not that you'd notice."

"I tell you what I'll do," said Madame Felice. "You can start in as lady's assistant—if you think you can pick up the business so darned easy—"

"What do I do?"

"Fetch and carry and help. There's five of us. My husband, Dr. Crouch, is the chiropodist. You'll take off

his patients' stockings and shoes and put 'em on again. Angelo's the barber. He does bobbing, coloring, and marcel waving. He and me does permanent waves. You assist us when we want you. Then there's Miss Stella," continued Madame, "and Miss Grayce. Miss Stella does manicuring. Miss Grayce and me does facial treatments and massage." She gave Ellie another of her odd, intent looks. Something between a smile and a sneer was always twitching at her squatty, feline features: "If you're as smart as you say you are, Miss Lessing, you'll pick up the business like you tell me you can. I'll believe you when you show me."

"What do I start on?"

"Ten, per. And you can start right now."

Ellie reddened: "Ten a week?"

"And half the tips you get—"

"—And you gotta wear a cap and apron, too!" added Madame. "I can lend you some for today."

Madame produced both from a drawer. They were frail, lacy affairs. Ellie put them on before a pier-glass. Her cheeks were burning at the insignia of domestic servitude.

"You can hang your hat and bag in that closet," purred Madame Felice.

Two young women came in a moment later. Madame made the introductions: "Miss Stella, meet Miss Eleanor; Miss Grayce, Miss Eleanor, our new assistant."

Miss Stella's features were so obscured by cosmetics that it was difficult to judge what they really resembled under a shock of henna hair. Miss Grayce, equally masked with rouge and powder, reeked with a suffocating perfume. Angelo, a lively little man with frizzy golden-brown hair and tiny mustache, came gaily in, all smiles and bows; and Ellie smiled in sympathy when introduced to him. He had such kind eyes. He shook her extended hand deferentially, bowed from the waist, and went off at a lively trot to change into white clothing.

The first client arrived shortly afterward—a Mrs. Hymen Mandelbaun—to be facially improved—if possible—and have her bristly eyebrows and mustache plucked. A cloak-model—a Miss Rae Schoenberg—appeared in a hurry for a manicure. Ellie fetched the crystal bowl of tepid water and two towels for Miss Stella. Madame Felice needed her, also. And about the same time a West Side Flapper came in to be bobbed; and Ellie took her to the barber's chair, and there invested her with a bib and fresh cotton slip.

Angelo appeared, smiled his thanks, bowed politely to the flapper.

"Hello, Angelo!" she drawled. "Gimme a clip like the last one—" extracting from her wrist-bag, a cigarette which Angelo lighted for her. It was scented.

Catching a glimpse of Madame peeping around the corner; "Hello, Felice," she said, "is the Doc in? I got a bum foot. Gee, I thought I'd pass out, dancing last night—"

Dr. Crouch came bustling in—a short, stocky man with puffy eyes, thick, wet-looking lips from which there sagged the unpleasant-looking remains of a cigar.

He greeted everybody amiably but bluntly; looked hard at Ellie, and, when he caught her eye, smiled his thick-lipped smile; and went on into his office. From whence, presently, he emerged, very neat in a white duck mess jacket; looked a little too steadily at Ellie; retired again until the flapper had been bobbed. Shampoo and tonic left her thick, brown hair damp and straight and shiny. Angelo curled it into two crescent-points over the ears and cheek-bones.

"Is the Doc ready for me?" she drawled, lighting another cigarette.

Ellie went to inquire.

"Bring her in, my dear," said the Doctor, suavely.

So Ellie piloted Miss Meyer in; knelt down and drew off her stockings and shoes, carelessly conscious all the time of the bold, thick-lipped smile of Dr. Crouch.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, patting Ellie's shoulder as she passed toward the door.

"That," thought the girl coolly, "is where I've trouble coming to me."

When she returned to the outer shop a number of clients were being treated; the place was heavy with scent of pastes, powders, tonics, and the acrid stink of depilatories and of singed hair, a characteristic beauty parlor.

They kept Ellie busy enough waiting on them all.

At a quarter before twelve Miss Stella, glancing out of the window, whispered in Ellie's ear: "Here comes that old Becker woman, and I got a date for lunch. Could you take her? She likes her nails pointed and the cuticle trimmed. Can you fix her up?"

"I guess so," said Ellie, "—if Madame will stand for it—"

"I'm going to make a sneak anyway; I'm so empty I got a belly-ache," muttered Miss Stella; and she slunk away to the cloak-room, pulled on her hat, crept swiftly out of the front door as Mrs. Becker waddled into the shop.

"Miss Stella has gone for the day; it's nearly noon," said Ellie to Madame Felice; "I'll take Mrs. Becker."

Madame darted an odd look at her: "All right. Take off your cap and apron."

When Mrs. Becker had been manicured she gave Ellie ten cents for a tip and went out all smiles. The others were finishing their jobs. Madame Felice, watching Ellie, came over to where she stood.

"You can go now," she said.

Ellie got her hat. Going, she said to Madame: "I'll be ready to take anybody Monday morning . . . . At twenty, per, and tips . . . Shall I buy white uniforms?"

The woman's smile was always a sneer, too: "You don't hate yourself, Miss Eleanor, do you!"

"I'll work for ten next week," repeated the girl. "Week after I'll need twenty, and all my tips. High-class girls pull trade . . ." She counted out her tips; gave half to Madame: "—It's all right if you won't want me after next week—"

"I didn't say so. You're doing the talking. Will you be here Monday?"

"All right. Think it over in time for me to get something in white goods—" She took her hat and wrist-bag and went away up the stairs to her own quarters, where she prepared herself some tea, bread, and a chop.

She took a full hour to wash her teeth, tint up, re-count her tips.

"Darned grafter," she said aloud, dropping the small change into her wrist-bag purse.

She had gone out that afternoon to explore and enjoy the unknown down-town of that vast metropolitan area in which she had been born.

It being Saturday, shops were closed; Fifth Avenue without attraction; so she decided to make for Broadway by way of Central Park.

To cross this unfamiliar park was not so simple an undertaking as she supposed, but after an hour or so she found herself on the east side of it, and very near the Metropolitan Museum.

She did not know what the vast, silvery-gray building was, but, seeing a stream of people going in, followed them, quite unconscious that Fate stood awaiting in the cool, gray demi-light of the vaulted lobby.

The first object that met her gaze was the bronze Bacchante. Suddenly she became aware [*Turn to page 58*]

"One Of Those Scandals In Greek Mythology . . . . You Know It, Don't You?"

The Story of Frances Hodgson Burnett

"DEAREST"

BY VIVIAN BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

And so they were married!
Like all the love stories she ever wrote, the romance of Frances Hodgson Burnett ran true to the fairy tale pattern. How that romance blossomed into wifehood and motherhood is told here for the first time by the son who knew her best of all.

FRANCES HODGSON, the young authoress from East Tennessee, had already stepped toward fame when she married and went with her doctor-husband and two little sons to live in the literary and diplomatic world of Washington. There—her life began to flower. But, busy and sought-out as she was by the rich and the interesting and the great, the center of her life and thought was her relationship with her two dear, delightful little sons.

WITH all she had to do she might easily have considered herself justified in leaving the personal care of the boys to a servant. But she did not. Her daily scrubbings included a minute, and, it might seem, too vigorous searching of "the corners" into which a small boy would not think it necessary to go after grime, by himself, and in a hurry. The daily hair brushing and curling was a somewhat mixed pleasure. Dearest, it is sure, thoroughly enjoyed the event. It was a sort of sacrament of mother worship. She somewhere speaks of her delight in feeling the "warm little body" pressing against her knees. And, to cap the climax, she had the added joy of her beloved art—story telling.

The real feature of these events, from the boys' point of view, was the "Hair Curling Story." The name has a delusive suggestion, for the stories were not fierce, but, on the contrary, Dearest made her inspiration purr as gently as possible, and produced tales wonderfully adapted to hold fast the attention of six and seven year old boys and divert it from the anguish of tangles.

It was her passionate desire that her boys should appear comely, and for that reason she took great delight in dressing them with individuality. They wore, for a time, blue jersey suits with red sashes and red jersey caps, and later on, "best" suits of velvet, with lace collars. This originality, of course, aroused comment, and the newspaper men of Washington, when called upon to write aritcles about the Burnett family, usually took liberties with the actual facts.

After they were out of kilts, Dearest began to be very much troubled by ill health, and she could not live so closely with the romping, noise making boys. There came years when, after spending the Summer with her, in some northern resort, they would have to return to Washington, while she remained in the north, taking treatments, in her endeavor to gather enough strength to take up her writing again. These weeks or months seemed long and tedious to the boys, but their hearts were always encouraged by the hope that she would be home for Christmas, it seeming an impossible thing that Dearest should not be of the family circle at that most important time. Once, when she was too ill to travel, she bought a great fort and stocked it with soldiers and cannon beyond what any little boys could imagine of military richness. But the store shipped it by "freight," and Christmas was weeks past when it arrived. This remains in memory as one of the bitterest disappointments of childhood connected with Dearest.

There were great deeps in her love of Lionel. As her first baby he had been the marvel of all marvels, and there was something in his character, as he grew older, that made a special appeal to her heart. He was high strung, sensitive, and emotional, and not able to protect himself very well from the knocks and disappointments of the world. He had more illnesses than Vivian, and they were more serious. She felt that he needed her. Weakness always found a champion in her, and it was Lionel's weakness that bound her to him. He turned to her for help, and she gave overflowing response. She felt she was his first, his *only* line of defense against a world he seemed not able to battle with.

And then came the crushing blow; further relapses and the diagnosis by the physicians that Lionel's trouble was "galloping consumption," with no hope of recovery. Of course, she would not accept this verdict. Despite her own invalidism she engaged passage for America immediately, sailing April 5, 1890, and within a very few weeks was in Washington at her "Big Boy's" side.

Then began the strange, fierce battle. During her long voyage across the water the Mother—the Imagination—saw, with a bitter clearness, how impossible it would be for Lionel to face Death. And so she made, for herself and for all who should be about him, the resolve that he should pass without having to agonize through months or perhaps years of the chill horror of knowing that he was marked.

And so she came into his little room in the Washington house, with a smile on her face, a gay dress, flowers in her hand, and everything in her look and manner to say that her "Big Boy" would soon be well.

The country's greatest specialists were called in; a few weeks were spent at Atlantic City; a few in Philadelphia, and then, accompanied by a famous doctor, she took her "Big Boy" to Goebersdorf, the best recommended sanatorium in Europe, in the pine forests of South Germany. Luisita Chullini, her companion, and Vivian were with her to help comfort her. A Dr. Stephen Townesend and a sweet little nurse from St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London joined them as the boat touched at Southampton, to make the medical care as perfect as possible after the specialist had returned to his practice in America. Goebersdorf proved fruitless, and a further search for help was made at Marienbad, in Bohemia, where Vivian had to leave to go back to school in America.

From Marienbad Lionel was taken by stages to Paris. From Paris she wrote to Vivian:

16 Rue Christophe Colombe, Paris.

My Vivvie Dear:

Lionel is reading and I have crept away from him to see if I can snatch a few minutes to write to my far away boy and tell him that I received his letter last night and I

[*Turn to page 68*]

ALWAYS BEFORE HER WAS THE IDEAL OF THE LADY BOUNTIFUL, SHARING THE REWARDS OF HER SUCCESS WITH THOSE NOT SO FORTUNATE

"It's A Good Custom," He Remarked, "To Feed The Doomed. All Civilized Men Should Do That"

The dream that HAPPENED

BY MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

PETER KING, disguised as Sir Heriot Mayo and bound on a dangerous mission to Persia, has at last been trapped and drugged in Cairo by the beautiful Carey Mills who loves—yet hates him.

PETER KING awoke on a divan in a quiet, high room. He stirred, and found he moved with difficulty. As his faculties returned, he realized that he was bound, but quite comfortably, hand and foot. He turned his head, and saw Carey Mills watching him.

Then he leaped back to full consciousness and to an intense silence.

"Come here, Carey," he said softly, after a while.

Carey came and stood beside him. She came on insolent feet, and in her white face was rage and torture, revenge and horror. She stood there, gazing at him. "Are you afraid now?" she said.

He stared at her. "Afraid?" he said, with a smile that matched her own. "No."

"You will be," she said. And suddenly she shook all over.

"Untie these cursed knots, Carey," he said, not taking his eyes from her face.

"Almost," she said in a whisper, "I had forgotten all I have to repay. We women are such fools. But now that I know . . . You thought I didn't matter. I nearly loved you—but now I have my sense back; I've got my heart back, Heriot Mayo . . . There is a girl on the yacht . . ."

He knew for certain now what trump card Murillo had played to make her allegiance sure.

"I was a poor fool," said Carey with a smile, "but I am not such a fool as the girl on the yacht. No, I will never suffer for any man—as she will."

"You are suffering now, Carey," said Peter.

She was sobbing, yet not crying.

Then the door opened and Murillo came in.

"Good evening, Sir Heriot," said he, with more irony than courtesy. "Are you coming, perfectly quietly, to the place where I purpose to take you?"

"No," said Peter. "I am not coming at all quietly."

Murillo smiled. "Very well," he murmured. He took a small bottle from his pocket and a pad formed from a folded linen handkerchief. When he had sprinkled this copiously from the bottle, the smell of chloroform was faint but distinct in the air. And suddenly he clapped the pad over Peter's nose and mouth.

Carey gave a little cry. Then she turned and made blindly for the door. Perfectly helpless under the pressure of Murillo's great body and the fatal breath of the chloroform, Peter was yet able to turn his eyes and watch. He saw the fair little face of Zarah, the dancer, suddenly peering curiously in the doorway. The face began to swim in a mist. And far, far away, after aeons of time, the door of the room closed with an unreal sound.

PETER was very sick when he opened his eyes again. He was traveling, he realized, by some means utterly unfamiliar. He tried to move and found himself strapped. Then he thought to himself: "I'm flying."

By and by, steadfastly making an effort for sustained thought, he glanced to his right and a bulky figure was sitting against him.

Peter shouted after a while, and saw Murillo's eyes turn on him in the moonlight. "Where are we going?"

For answer Murillo flicked him on the mouth with a huge leather glove hard enough to cut Peter's lip against his teeth and make his blood boil.

He kept silent, however, and tried to memorize all the details of this part of the great war field.

"I suppose I'm now going by way of Bagdad into Persia . . . There's no sense flying south into the desert anyway . . . If only we've still got some surveillance in this part of the world; surely they can't take a British subject off like this . . ."

He went on arguing the matter with himself, till he felt the machine volplaning down in a series of short rushes. He peered over the side and saw silvered earth rising with a few dark specks moving apparently direct in their path. Then he knew that they had indeed turned south into the Syrian desert.

They came to ground smoothly, and the dark specks, growing larger, moved towards them. "Camels," said Peter to himself. He felt Murillo tugging at his straps himself already free. "Get out," said Murillo, and Peter climbed out. By this time the convoy had reached them; the surly, sneering beasts, fidgeting, grunting, and baring their teeth; the vociferous Arab drivers. When a black she-camel obeyed an order to kneel for his mounting, Peter mounted her without demur. And they set off across the desert.

He was still feeling pretty sick the following nightfall when, having traversed the Persian gulf, the party took to the hills on starved but sturdy ponies and came to a village of tents, pitched on a rough hillside. Peter dropped to the earthy floor of the tent into which they pushed him, and slept.

He awoke, shivering, in the dawn and found himself pegged down. While he slept they had loosely shackled his legs and arms, and the pegs were driven deep into the earth.

Cold as he was, stiff as he was, fury rose in him and warned him. He lay there in his battered dinner clothes, unbathed, unshaven, unbrushed, with an Arab burnous, still dirtier than his own garments, and in which Murillo had ordered him to be wrapped the day before, huddled over him, and he cursed quietly. He cursed Murillo; he cursed the cold dawn; the dirt; the snoring sentry. But he did not curse Carey.

The Kurd awoke and sat up. Prisoner and guard eyed one another. The Kurd rose, crept over the prostrated man, and left the tent.

A few minutes passed by before the tent flap lifted again. Murillo stood there. He looked rested and carefully groomed.

"Good morning," said Murillo, with an ironic little bow. "Have you slept?"

"Like a top," said Peter blandly. "Would it be possible to wash and eat as well?"

"To eat, yes," said Murillo. "To wash—" he put his head outside the tent again, called, and the same Kurd appeared again, received an order and vanished.

"It's a good custom," he remarked, "to feed the doomed. All civilized men should do that. But we want a long talk with you, later, when you have washed and eaten."

"We?"

"My very good friend, Sheikh Suleiman," said Murillo, "who is much interested in your movements, Sir Heriot. He would have taken you to his Summer palace on the coast, and entertained you properly for your few remaining hours if it were feasible. But it is not feasible to take an Englishman of your prominence there. You are safer in the hills. So the Sheikh will presently come to you."

"What do you want?" said Peter.

Murillo proceeded: "We shall get what we want."

"Not from me," said Peter in a casual voice and with a casual smile.

"Even from you, Sir Heriot," said Murillo baring his teeth.

The Kurd reappeared with a vessel of steaming water and a great cloth that might by courtesy be called a towel. At a sign from Murillo he loosened Peter's shackles.

"I will sit here while you wash," said Murillo. He talked a little in a quiet way. "You are a man who has seen a great deal of the world, Sir Heriot, who has done some very strange and remarkable things in your time. You count as a clever man; psychologist as well as a man of action. And I am sure you agree with me when I say that a man suffering from a direct discomfort is often too—shall I say—too fed-up to care much what happens further. But a man who has fed and rested after direct discomforts is more likely to take a sane and reasoned view of things. Now that is my idea. I do not want to see you for any personal reason—" he paused, and said with a smile, "seriously incommoded if we can get at what we want without incommoding you. Death is certain for you, Sir Heriot. But I am a civilized man, and I am willing to offer you a quick finish. To stand against a rock and take a bullet is not so bad, after all. One must finish some day. There are worse ways."

Peter smoothed his face with the flat of his hand. He got again into his stained dinner jacket. "The alternative?" he asked.

Murillo got up, and looked very steadily into Peter's eyes.

"Torture," he said, "days of it; nights of it. As much as you can stand. More . . . Take my advice, Sir Heriot Mayo, answer our questions. Satisfy us. Then—well, the rock and the bullet, of course . . . Your friends will never hear of you again, anyway."

Peter smiled.

The Kurd came in again with some stewed food in a dish, and some wine. Peter squatted upon the floor and ate.

Murillo watched him.

"You are a brave man," he said, "I have heard so."

Peter finished a big meal and got up. His one thought was: "Heaven send I behave myself decently. Heaven grant I take my gruel quietly. I s'pose Mayo would." He hoped it desperately as he stepped out of the yellowish dim tent with Murillo beside him, and two or three Kurds appeared suddenly as escorts.

THE sun outside the large tent was high and hot.

"And so," said the Sheikh, in very low English that had to be interpreted frequently by Murillo, "you do not accede to the demand. You do not answer questions at all. No?"

"I have nothing to say to you," said Peter in a bland voice, for at least the hundredth time.

"We have been very patient with you, Sir Heriot," said Murillo. "We ask you once more for the terms of the concession offered by your Government for certain concessions. That is your errand."

"I do not say so," said Peter.

"You lose nothing more if you put your cards on the table. Your life you have already lost."

"I gain nothing either," Peter smiled, astonished at his own lightness of heart.

"I am afraid," said Murillo, "that presently you will understand what you would gain." He conferred with old Suleiman whose fat, pale face was an expressionless mask. Peter vouchsafed no reply; Murillo looked at Suleiman and the Sheikh nodded.

"Sir Heriot Mayo," said Murillo quickly, "today you will receive a little foretaste of what tomorrow will be, if you do not speak. You know, probably, a good deal of the most barbaric practices in existence. You know that there are ways of changing a man—even a strong man and a brave man, as I am told you are—into—well—I have said, a yowling puppy. You know all about these things, I presume."

Peter did not know, nor could he guess; but he assented laconically.

"You choose then," said Murillo as the Sheikh nodded slowly and portentously.

THE sun was now setting over the stern hills and the soft valleys and the villages clustered on the hillsides.

Peter lay again in the yellowish dim tent, with a rug over him and a rug under him; but there was no guard beside him, and no shackles upon him. He needed neither.

But he knew that strength was returning. That was the worst of it. Hours of wild pain—cessation, to ask for surrender—and then the torture waking again . . . .

HE WAS STILL FEELING PRETTY SICK THE FOLLOWING NIGHTFALL WHEN, HAVING TRAVERSED THE PERSIAN GULF, THE PARTY

A face peered at him through the tent flap. It was only his Kurd guard looking to see if the prisoner was safe. He feigned sleep and at last sleep really came to him; a long stupor of forgetfulness.

Peter awoke out of that sleep in the middle of the night, with the moonlight lighting the roof of his tent to the sound of cries, blows, trampling feet, gutteral groans. He tried to raise himself, but found that again he had been shackled while he slept—more loosely, but still effectually.

The shadows on his tent chased and ran, and fell and rallied. Then suddenly a lull came, and a voice as sharp and hard as a whip crack barked two or three indistinguishable words. The shapes of one or two horses stole round his tent. The cords which had tied down the flap were slashed through, and a man stood there briefly searching the gloom. An English voice, that whip crack voice which Peter had heard a few moments ago, cried swiftly: "You there, King?"

"Here I am," said Peter.

The intruder sent the beam of a flash lamp over the tent. He came in, a lean man a little over middle height, in English riding clothes.

"You all right?"

"Pretty fair," said Peter.

"Fixed down, eh?"

He yanked up the pegs with a twist of an iron wrist, and hauled Peter up. Peter shivered and groaned before he could stop himself. The other man held him firmly, and by the flashlight they looked into each other's eyes. Peter saw a man bronzed red and brown like himself, with a toothbrush moustache like his own, hair bleached to an almost white fairness, and the hardiest, steadiest eyes in the world. They looked, level, into each other's face.

"Heriot Mayo!" said Peter.

"Come out," said Mayo. "What's left of the lot have been driven down into the valley."

Peter, in his frayed dinner clothes, held firmly by the arm, staggered out into the moon-bathed village.

"Able to ride?" said Mayo. Peter nodded.

They started without a moment's loss of time, the two of them, with two kind servants on long-enduring mountain ponies, and rode till dawn was streaking the sky, and under the shelter of overhanging rocks and scrub in a deep gully, Mayo called a halt, while the two Kurds prepared a fire and breakfast.

"Like to lie down, King?" Mayo asked. "A saddle doesn't make a bad pillow and we can fix you for an hour or so."

"Me?" said Peter. "Rot! I'm perfectly fit."

"No, you're not perfectly fit, my dear fellow," said Mayo with a very kindly look from his hard and steadfast eyes. "But you're perfectly game, which, of course, often brings the same results . . . We've been very lucky in you, King."

He stretched out a hand, and beside the roaring fire in the dim dawn of that Summer morning, for the first time Peter King and Heriot Mayo exchanged the handshakes of a friendship that was never afterwards broken.

"You'll wonder how this has happened," said Mayo. "Well, I'd performed my mission, and got comfortably back to Bagdad en route for Cairo, and found an urgent message for me at the Embassy from Lake about you. Your disappearance had been reported to him immediately, and the Legations at Cairo, Bagdad, Jeheran, had all mobilized their resources to find you.

"But, my son, in a land like this—" he shook his head, "my way was the only way to get you . . . in time." He stopped and said: "I say 'in time.' I wish I'd been a day earlier, King. I tried my best."

"Oh rot," said Peter. "It's been an eye-opener. What's the odds, though? Here we are."

Mayo's hard eyes shone at him, and he went on: "I went straight back from Bagdad and touched every sheikh I knew down the Persian Gulf—knowing old Suleiman was in on the job anyway—for news of you. Time I got to Ispahan—busting two cars on the way—I was on your track. I hired my robber band, and descended on your village in the best brigand style. They are always willing to loot. This isn't a country where you get things done by law and order."

"But," said Peter, "how did Lake know in such good time about this?"

"There was some girl," Mayo began.

Peter's heart began to beat like a drum.

"Who informed him," Mayo went on. "Went straight to him apparently. With a confession . . . I've known women very hard and very soft. They're usually at one extreme or the other. Lake is detaining her—at least the British authorities are—till we get back."

"When will that be?" said Peter in a steady voice.

"Three days," said Mayo. "Perhaps four. We shall fly to Cairo from Bagdad."

"But was Lake in Cairo, then?" asked Peter.

"Certainly," said Mayo. "It was his job to be where you—and that girl—and a fat cigar merchant happened to be."

"You're a wonderful lot," said Peter after a while longer.

Mayo smiled. "We've had to keep you in the dark a bit, King. But the simple fact was that I was to take a secret arrangement for mutual concessions, by word of mouth, from the British Government to Teheran, and get it, of course, duly and officially ratified there. The Bolsheviki—pretty strong in the north of Persia just now—had plans for a Government of their own, of course. Well, Murillo is one of their biggest agents in this country; the lady—if she is the lady I think she is—Lake didn't run to immaterial details—thinks she bears me a very big personal grudge, which impression I have, for official reasons, not been able to dissipate up till now; and old Suleiman will lend his aid to anything for a little loot. So there you have an explanation of the forces ranged against you as my impersonator."

THE three men sat at dinner at Shepheard's Hotel in the same room in which Peter had kneeled by Carey, and put his head on her breast, and thought himself at last in heaven.

All three, very English, very bronzed, very healthy, in dinner kit that might have been—and, as a matter of fact, were—built by the same London tailor, looked absolutely happy, absolutely leisurely, and at ease, with each other and the world. They had drunk to the happy ending.

"Now," said Guy Lake, when they [*Turn to page 64*]

TOOK TO THE HILLS ON STARVED BUT STURDY PONIES AND CAME TO A VILLAGE OF TENTS, PITCHED ON A ROUGH HILLSIDE

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

CHANG

DIRECTED BY
MERIAN C. COOPER and
ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK

REVIEWED BY
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE VILLAINS IN "CHANG"

BIMBO, A JUNGLE FILM COMEDIAN, AND HIS LITTLE MASTER

HAVING made that unforgettable picture called *Grass*, Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack started looking about the earth's surface for another unlikely spot on which to focus their attention and the lenses of their movie cameras. Darkest Africa—the big game country—had been worked to death; so had the South Sea Isles and the frozen North. After due inspection of the map, they decided to proceed, for no particular reason except that it was unexplored territory, into the depths of the Siamese jungle.

They carried an amazingly small amount of mechanical equipment—but they did have with them an unlimited supply of courage, enterprise and artistic sensibility. The film they produced, *Chang*, gives evidence of all three qualities.

Chang is a simple, forthright record of man's battle against environment: a family of Siamese farmers is the hero of the drama; the jungle itself is the villain. When the hero has carved out his little plot of tillable soil, the jungle strikes back with its formidable forces—demolishing his home, devouring his essential beasts of burden, and trampling down his miserable crops.

The jungle is represented by tigers, leopards, snakes and many other unfriendly forms of fauna, including a herd of elephants that surges, in a wild stampede, across the screen, promoting an extraordinarily valid thrill. Indeed, *Chang* is a succession of thrills that are distinguished by their unassailable genuineness. The wild animals that snarl and spring toward Mr. Schoedsack's camera, that succumb (always in the nick of time) to Mr. Cooper's extremely useful rifle, are not mere trumpery wild animals, tamed and de-toothed in a Hollywood zoo. They are uncomfortably real, and the spectator begins to wish that Mr. Cooper would shoot a trifle sooner, without waiting for the tigers and leopards to get near enough for close-up views.

I can recommend *Chang* above all the so-called wild animal pictures I have ever seen. It has an authenticity that the others have lacked; it has plenty of melodramatic excitement; above all, it has sympathy. It represents not man's gross inhumanity (as most of the big game movies have done), but man's primitive and eternal desire for self-preservation. It is a fine picture.

Also recommended: *The King of Kings; What Price Glory?; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Stark Love; Beau Geste; The Fire Brigade; Old Ironsides* and *The Big Parade.*

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE CHICAGO ELECTION

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING

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IT has always seemed to me that municipal politics offers the great outstanding challenge to the women voters of the United States. I remember in my undergraduate days, when woman suffrage was still a matter for academic debate, that even the more faint-hearted male debaters used to admit that women might make a contribution to the problems of municipal housekeeping which the cities of this country could ill afford to neglect. Cities should be beautiful, comfortable, orderly, and clean; they should insure and supervise an adequate supply of pure milk, food, and water; they should offer their citizens the best system of education they can afford, and should follow this up by providing libraries, museums, concerts. We should not have to argue that women are as interested in these problems as men; they should be much more interested in them.

But the recent municipal election in Chicago would seem to indicate that the progress made in city politics since woman suffrage was granted has been very slight indeed. Apparently the women of Chicago allowed the men to turn an election, which should have centered upon the problems of making Chicago a better place to live in, into a battle royal and an insult to the intelligence of the voters. The headquarters of a political organization was actually blown up. Voters were threatened with revolvers and machine guns. Conditions were generally so ominous that most non-combatants must have preferred to stay at home.

Moreover, by drawing the red herring of Jingoism across the trail, Mayor Thompson avoided all the real issues of Chicago government. Dever, the former mayor, did attempt to discuss local problems and to appeal to the voters on the record of his term in office. But "Big Bill" would have none of it. In speech after speech he attacked the one person in the world who would seem to have least to do with the city of Chicago, namely, King George V of England. A most blatant appeal was made not so much to the voters' patriotism as to their racial prejudices and their ignorance of history. We used to denounce the Kaiser for his unbalanced Jingoism, but Thompson's campaign used precisely the same kind of incitements to international hatred that helped bring on the catastrophe of 1914.

Everyone knows that what Chicago really needs is a strong, independent police and a businesslike effort to carry on the work of improving traffic conditions and the lake front. But Thompson's sole objective, according to his speeches, was that the school children should be taught to hate the English as he himself presumably had been taught to hate them in his childhood. And so he has been elected without ever having pledged himself on any issue which could possibly forward the welfare of the city, and no one will be able to accuse him of going back on his election pledges.

What can women do to prevent elsewhere such an outcome as this election in Chicago? Can they agree to exclude the whole system of party politics from municipal housekeeping as enthusiastically as they would agree to exclude it from their domestic housekeeping? Cincinnati and Cleveland, the former of which had an especially black record in the past, have recently adopted new charters of government providing for a city manager, a trained specialist who can call in financial experts to plan the city budget and administrative experts to spend it. In both cities a very real improvement was brought about by the united efforts of the leading citizens, men and women. There is a great opportunity for women's local organizations to work towards some such solution of their municipal problems. Perhaps their greatest contribution would be to take the problems of city government more seriously than their brothers and husbands have taken them in the past, and not to abandon their work even under the most discouraging circumstances.

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

THE PROBLEM OF THE VOTE

BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

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THE granting and exercise of the vote has long been one of the serious problems which democracies, ancient and modern, have been obliged to solve. It has never been settled to the entire satisfaction of those who seek ideal conditions in matters appertaining to the administration of states, for the reason that the human equation is deeply involved and no hard and fast rule may be rigidly applied.

The fact that women now have the franchise in many countries adds to the interest of this question. It is too early to judge how their vote [*Turn to page 67*]

Why soup is the perfect one hot dish of the summer meal

IN THE summertime, naturally enough, your appetite ceases to enjoy many of the foods which are usually served hot at other times of the year. Cold meats, salads, iced foods and beverages now appear with regularity. So even more than ever it becomes important that your appetite and your digestion should have the benefit of a hot dish with the meal.

Indeed, a savory, hot, invigorating plate of soup is all the more appetizing and attractive at this time. It seems to taste better by very contrast with the rest of the menu. And those cold, inviting dishes you like so much in warm weather, take on added zest after a bracing soup has aroused and refreshed your appetite. For good soup stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and their freer activity promotes digestion.

And Campbell's make the serving of soup so easy and convenient! It's a mere incidental in the preparation of the meal. You have only to add the water and let the soup simmer a few minutes before serving—a feature doubly welcome in warm weather.

At home, at the seashore or the mountains—wherever you spend these months—see that your pantry is liberally supplied with Campbell's Soups. And one of your chief standbys will be Campbell's Vegetable Soup, for it is so tempting and hearty and nourishing that it completely satisfies the summer appetite.

With its thirty-two different ingredients, it is substantial enough for many a luncheon or supper, with little else. As the one hot dish of the larger meal, its rich meat broth invigorates digestion and its generous food supplies real nutriment.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

PINEAPPLE everywhere—as far as the eye can reach. Long, even rows—clean, weedless fields—plants remarkably uniform in size and shape. It takes care in breeding and cultivation to produce fine pineapples. And on all these thousands of acres—nothing but fine pineapples. Concentration.

Concentration is good for *Pineapples*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Hawaiian Pineapple Company began to grow and can Hawaiian Pineapples—and nothing else. *Concentration.*

Today—it is still growing and canning Hawaiian Pineapples—and nothing else. *Concentration.*

Right now we are spending $5,000,000 to develop another 20,000 acres to grow Hawaiian Pineapples—nothing else. Still *Concentration.*

Such concentration could have but one result—

Finer pineapple—placed upon your table as Nature ripened it—mellowed by tropical sunshine—tender—brimming with juice—Hawaiian Pineapple at its glorious best.

Evidently America likes that kind of pineapple for its approval has carried this Company from a modest pack of 45,000 cans in 1903 to 63,000,000 cans in 1926—in short, 1 in every 3 cans of Hawaiian Pineapple served in America's homes.

Concentration is good for Pineapples.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for canned Hawaiian Pineapple

THE romantic story of Hawaiian Pineapple and the young New Englander who made it possible for you to serve it, is told in this delightful booklet. Furthermore, it contains 30 new, tempting recipes prepared by the culinary departments of McCall's Magazine, Pictorial Review and Good Housekeeping. We shall be happy to send you a copy. Just drop a post card to Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Dept. M-8, 215 Market Street, San Francisco.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

C. E. AYRES, AUTHOR OF SCIENCE: THE FALSE MESSIAH (Portrait by Jane Ayres)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

SCIENCE: THE FALSE MESSIAH

By CLARENCE E. AYRES

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

A PROFESSOR of philosophy has provoked the first intelligent assault upon science in the current controversy between churchmen and the hordes of half-baked scientific writers now swarming in the book stores. The philosopher, C. E. Ayres, calls his work *Science: the False Messiah*. The book should prove a happy hunting ground for thousands of church members who have been pressing to defend their beliefs. For a dozen years now these church members have been defended by theologians who have made the cardinal mistake of contesting the actual technology of the biologist disputing the revelation of the Scriptures.

Mr. Ayres immediately begins by saying: "Scientific formulas, however charmingly mysterious they may be, do not touch the central problems of life."

He himself is possessed of marvelous erudition which he wears gracefully and wittily. For example, he proposes as the first thesis he intends to nail to the laboratory door—"That the truth of science is established only by belief, after the manner of all folk-lores."

He is even quite sure that, once we have all bowed down to the supreme guidance of scientific revelation, "new attempts to rectify its formulas will be persecuted as heresy."

Science: the False Messiah, despite its evident intention of becoming popular, must prove an immensely valuable speculative essay for scientists themselves. As Professor John Dewey points out, the author's destructive criticism of the much lauded science contains positive contributions to the thought of our time.

He agrees that Mr. Ayres has shown science to be a new way of controlling and editing folk-lore. The book will be deeply appreciated by all those who have been forced to read the recent works popularizing scientific research.

Mr. Ayres is quite sure that churches which reform their faith lose all their power. He also believes that the highest truths of religion, once they are proved, lose all their meaning and value to humanity. He pokes fun at a great many popular figures. He says flatly that science is a product of the machine of civilization that we live in, and not the interpreter and redeemer of mankind through a new revelation of spirit. He believes that the much vaunted industrial revolution is yet to come. The decline of the family and the decay of society—these things are in the future and are bound to come.

Mr. Ayres has contributed a brilliant summary of the forces at work in the world we live in. It is the most interesting of all current books on the modern mind.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

EVERY philosophy, even the most elementary, has some value; the value of the highest philosophy is that it is comprehensive: it shows us the pattern underlying other lives as well as our own. Count Keyserling is a philosopher; his viewpoint on life is many-sided. The book by which he is most familiar to English-speaking readers is his *Travel Diary*, a remarkable record of external observation of the world. Now, in his *World in the Making*, he gives us no longer a picture of what the world is, but a theory as to what it may become.

The world, in Count Keyserling's opinion, is tending towards unity. The chief agent in this tendency is the development of mechanical progress which has gone on ever since the end of the eighteenth century. In contrast to Spengler, Keyserling regards this development as world-wide and irreversible. It is producing, he says, everywhere, east and west, the type of man that can only be called the chauffeur. But the spiritual leaders of this age, nurtured as all of them are in the belief that man is something more than a mere instrument of mechanical progress, are seeking for some opposing counter-force to that of the machine. Some are seeking in the realm of instinct for an antidote to standardized living; these uphold everything primitive—Negro art, mass-psychology, rhythm in dancing. Others hold fast to the theory of democracy, believing that every man must in the long run become his own master and control his own environment according to his needs, thereby providing through cooperation an effective counterpoise to the blind drift of the mass. Still a third group believes that by means of a new type of intellectual and spiritual leader, the excesses of our emotional and instinctive reaction to our environment, as well as the weaknesses of the democratic theory, will somehow be overcome.

It is a noteworthy fact that Count Keyserling is in the last class I have just mentioned. He is above all an intellectual aristocrat. What men do matters less to him than the class-divisions in which they stand in regard to their fellows. In this book he argues for a new type of world-Fascism, a Fascism that, basing itself upon technical accomplishment, as Fascism does today, will yet subdivide men according to their capacities—somewhat in the style of an intelligence test—and produce eventually castes of its own, as in Ancient India. And when the technical development of this future world dictatorship is complete, the revival [*Turn to page 67*]

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING, AUTHOR AND PHILOSOPHER, WHOM MR. FLETCHER TERMS AN INTELLECTUAL ARISTOCRAT

REV. ERNEST F. TITTLE, D. D., PASTOR FIRST M. E. CHURCH, EVANSTON, ILL.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

WHAT IS HUMAN NATURE?

By Rev. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE, D. D.

REVIEWED BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

WHY is it," asks Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, "when we see a mean and ugly act, some sickening bit of selfishness, we say, 'It is human nature'? Who has not heard it suggested that human nature, being what it is, certain disgusting things are bound to occur, and certain desirable things can never come to pass? And who has not noticed that those who say such things hold a very poor opinion of the nature of human nature?"

"Suppose," he continues, "we should ask, What is Nature? And some one should answer that it is the earthquake that destroys, the avalanche that overturns, the drought that starves man, the germs that kill. Would not every one protest: 'Yes, that is true; but that is not the whole truth. Nature is all that, but vastly, gloriously more. It is the sun that warms, the rain that refreshes, the birds that sing, the sunset that disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts, the heavens that declare the glory of God.'"

So, logically, the preacher argues, since Nature is many things, human nature is also a strange mixture of meanness and mysticism, of dirt and deity. It is Benedict Arnold at West Point, and Washington at Valley Forge. It is the man who puts rotten leather in shoes to be worn by soldiers, and the hero who gives his life for an ideal. It is the profiteer, hoggish and heartless; and the patriot, heroic and high-hearted. Dr. Tittle puts it picturesquely:

"On the night when Jesus was arrested, His disciples forsook Him and fled. That, you may say, is human nature. During the night a jealous political priesthood, fearing the loss of its prestige, arranged his death. That, too, you may say, is human nature. Next morning a young man in His thirties, who has chosen to die rather than be false to His faith, was crucified outside the city gate. As they drove the nails into His hands, He said: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' That, too, was human nature!"

Why is Dr. Tittle telling us these things? Not simply to refute the sneering cynicism now so much in vogue, but to insist, in the face of industrial injustice, political corruption, and war between nations, that, human nature being what it is, it is quite as reasonable to believe in the possibility of a decent world as it is to believe in the impossibility of any better world than we have today.

"But we cannot get away from human nature," some one reminds Dr. Tittle. "It is not necessary to do so," he replies. "Until very recent times dueling [*Turn to page 67*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

SCENE FROM BURMESE PLAY AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE (Photo by Florence Vandamm)

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THE play of any month whatever in our American theater could scarcely be so important as the closing of the Neighborhood Playhouse. With the end of the present season the doors of that beloved little theater in Grand Street will shut, and the only American theatrical organization of first-rate importance created and run by women will go out of existence.

It is not through any failure that the directors of the Neighborhood Playhouse are discontinuing their work which has, in fact, been more and more of a success as the years have gone by. On such productions as their *Little Clay Cart*, *The Dybbuk* or the *Grand Street Follies* they could have cashed in with long runs to packed houses, if they had been willing to give up their ideal of repertory and to prove themselves only one more illustration of that famous cynicism, "When is a repertory theater not a repertory theater? When it is a success." But they have never lost their way.

If there were space to set forth the reasons for closing the Neighborhood Playhouse they would comment significantly on many theatrical problems and conditions. I can barely suggest some of these reasons: the theater itself is too small for the Neighborhood's public, even full houses mean a loss in money; the venture has outgrown the district; the number of art theaters and theaters of innovation and revolt has greatly increased over the land, making the need for the Neighborhood less pressing; some new kind of theater needs to be evolved to follow after this type that the Neighborhood has represented; such a theater cannot be thought out in the midst of rehearsals and routine and busy affairs. Time must be taken if a worthy and fruitful new venture is to be created.

The Neighborhood Playhouse was organized in 1915. The underlying intention was to develop a group of workers in the arts contributing to the art of the theater, that is to say, playwriting, scenic design, music, [*Turn to page 67*]

ART OF THE MONTH

AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART

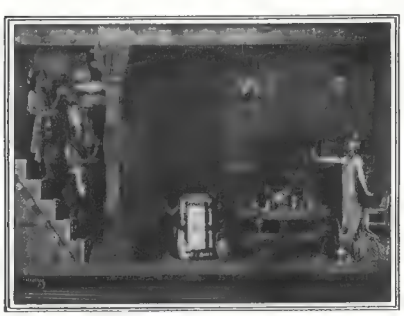
REVIEWED BY WALDO FRANK

I HAVE just come from a very complete exhibition of ultra-modern art. It was held in Mannheim which is a huge industrial and commercial city on the Rhine. But although Mannheim is a very matter-of-fact sort of place, full of rather plump and very busy burghers, it has a remarkable theater, an opera which gives performances of Wagner vastly superior to any I have heard in New York, and an art museum which architecturally is an achievement. In these capacious, yet intimate, perfectly lighted halls were representatives of a good deal of what has been going on in European painting, for the past twenty years; going on, to the horror of the conservatives and "old ones" and to the delight of the young.

Pablo Picasso, of course, was there; that genius out of Spanish Málaga who, just before the War, "conquered" Paris and revolutionized the styles in painting. And Georges Braques, the Frenchman, who originated Cubism. Other leading Frenchmen were there, also: Albert Gleizes, Robert Delaunay, Fernand Léger. For Paris has been the heart and focus of the modern movement. A good many Germans as well, many of them famous like Wassily Kandinsky and Paul Klee, also spread their gay and garish songs on the white walls. And there were Russians, Hungarians, Czechs. Of all Europe, only England was not represented. And indeed, if one be sure to except the Irish, England has contributed precious little (far less than America) to the vital modern movements in literature, music, art.

I won't attempt to describe in any detail the work of these men. What struck me first and last about this "show," taken as a whole, was the intense *excitement* let loose upon those walls. The phantasmagoria of color, the darting, leaping forms, the whirls of powerful design, seemed to shout at you, to shout, perhaps articulately, perhaps not—but at any rate to *shout*.

This modern exhibition occupied only the ground floor of the Museum. Upstairs was the permanent collection, for the most part of academic nineteenth century painting. I went up. A part of the work (by such men as Manet or Lehmbruck) was good. Most of the artists represented were mediocre. I should say the ratio of talent to no talent was about the same as in the modern "show" downstairs. But here, taking the collection as a whole, was a contrasting atmosphere of subdued, rule-abiding peace. The colors did not leap at you; the designs did not shout at you. The forms were of a conventional, anatomical compliance; for the most part, they depicted what the ordinary [*Turn to page 67*]



ABOVE—"GUIBOUR," A 14TH CENTURY MIRACLE PLAY GIVEN AT THE GRAND STREET THEATRE

LEFT—FROM "THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES," ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE'S MOST EFFECTIVE DRAMAS

RIGHT—A STRIKING SCENE FROM "SALUT AU MONDE" AS PERFORMED AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD

CECILE SHERMAN AS CHO-CHO-SAN IN THE ROCHESTER COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF "BUTTERFLY"

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

THE ROCHESTER AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

WHEN the Rochester Opera Company invaded New York this Spring for a week's engagement at the Guild Theater, the astounded metropolitan music critics found themselves waxing enthusiastic over that most unlikely of ventures, grand opera in the vernacular.

Usually, when some musical missionary conceives the idea of producing opera in English, he proceeds by hiring eight principals, six of whom have obtained their operatic training in church choirs, while the other two made more or less vaguely authenticated European appearances in 1896. He likewise assembles a chorus, largely amateurs, and a twelve-piece orchestra, selects some easy work like *Lohengrin* or *Aïda*, rehearses his company for four weeks, hires some bad scenery, and gives a performance from which everyone goes away remarking: "Opera's all very well in foreign languages, but it's fundamentally an exotic art-form, don't you think? It doesn't sound right, somehow, in English."

The Rochester company had gone about matters somewhat differently. Four years ago Vladimir Rosing, a young Russian operatic tenor who had already attracted considerable attention in New York by some remarkable song-recitals, went to Rochester to found an opera school in connection with the Eastman School of Music. He proceeded on the sound but strangely unappreciated theory that grand opera is a dramatic as well as a musical entertainment. He selected his singers through a series of competitive auditions and drilled them tirelessly in operatic singing, diction, acting and deportment.

After a year's work the young company gave its first performance in Rochester, and followed with others during succeeding seasons, until it had a repertory of nine complete operas in English. The company that came to the Guild Theater was therefore an organization with four years of rehearsals and tryout performances to [*Turn to page 67*]

LIKE TROPICAL FLOWERS, *in their brilliant frocks · how do the women of these exclusive cottage colonies take care of their skin?*

AT THE MOST FASHIONABLE RESORTS

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Here, in the season, the most beautiful women in America are to be seen—riding, golfing, swimming, dancing—or, wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter, making the loveliest of pictures as they skate, ski, toboggan.

How do these women, accustomed to every luxury, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to keep the texture smooth, soft, exquisite?

In the fashionable cottage colonies at Newport and Bar Harbor—three-fourths of the 193 women we questioned said they find Woodbury's Facial Soap best for their skin.

Among 208 women guests at Lake Placid Club—nearly two-thirds were using Woodbury's.

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No one bathes these days, in ocean, river or lake, without also taking a bath in the sun

BEAUTY BATHES *in* SUN *and* WAVE

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

REMEMBER the dear, dead days of pantalettes and propriety when bright sunlight was supposed to be as bad for women's faces as for parlor carpets? Then no true lady ever let herself get tanned; if she saw the least little freckle, out came her bleach paste, and her heart wasn't at ease again until the offending blemish disappeared. Now, thank goodness, we know that the sun is just about the best friend we have. Its rays have been pulled apart by scientists, and tagged for their effect on bodily conditions. So beneficial are some of these rays that doctors now use them in treating anemia, general debility and rickets in children. Though many people, both summer and winter, go to fashionable beaches merely because it's the smart thing to do, an increasing number go to "bake" in the sun, to get the full benefit of the ultra-violet rays which help to put that mysterious chemical component, Vitamin D, to work.

In the Summertime one can sun one's self anywhere; roofs, back lawns and sun porches may all be put to use as solaria. But the freedom and playtime atmosphere of a beach makes it the ideal place to get a smooth, golden-bronzy tan. No one bathes these days, in ocean, river or lake, without also taking a bath in the sun. True, all skins don't tan becomingly.

WHEN I talked to a clever woman who knows the skin needs of the people who go to smart beaches, she told me that the chief trouble is that many girls don't know how to acquire a good tan. There is technique in tanning. You must go about it systematically. First of all, better take your sun-bath before you go for a swim. Then, if a cool breeze comes up as you're coming out of the water you can dress quickly and avoid the possibility of a chill. For the first days don't expose any part of your body more than half an hour at a time. Even this may be too much, if the angle of the sun's rays is particularly penetrating. Several exposures of a few minutes each are preferable to one long period of bright sunlight. And the exhilaration we experience afterwards is, in the words of one sun-bath enthusiast, like a drink of pre-prohibition champagne!

Though I'm strong for the smoothly tanned skin, I hesitate to advise exposing the face along with the rest of the body. Especially when you lie on your back, facing the sun, take the advice of an expert I know and protect your face with a black handkerchief.

The exposure you get when you walk, golf, or swim will give the sensitive skin of your face a chance to tan without running the risk of peeling noses and burned foreheads. And, above all, as soon as you feel the sun burning you, run for shelter! Sunstroke, nausea, and a permanently scarred skin are some of the penalties for foolish exposure. The sun's a great healer and a true aid to beauty. There is health and life in its rays, but there is also danger which we cannot ignore. In your bag of accessories carry a watch to time yourself; if any spot gets more than its share of baking, apply a little healing ointment immediately.

To avoid blistering and the blotchy red and brown patches that sunburn often leaves, it is best to squeeze a generous amount of ointment on when you come in from the beach and smooth it over softly without rubbing. If you must dress immediately and find you can not do this, bathe the exposed portions in mild, soothing, non-astringent lotion. But before you retire at night give the skin a good coating of ointment. If the surface seems hot to touch, it will absorb the first application quickly. Another application will keep it soft and lubricated. On some tropical beaches cocoanut oil is used for this purpose; it has long been a favorite at French resorts. But I have found our own commercial remedies equally effective and easy to use. The best precaution I know against a serious skin burn is a liberal use of common sense; but if you are unfortunate enough to get one it should be treated like any severe burn, preferably by a doctor.

Where umbrellas, canopies and canopied chairs are plentiful, there just isn't any excuse for getting a bad burn. At the exclusive new Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach there are charming *cabanes*, luxurious little huts fitted with comfortable pillows, where beach enthusiasts may find shelter from the sun and have luncheon and tea brought to them—or carry it themselves from the cafeteria! On the Riviera where almost the whole day's amusement is found on the beach, this has long been the custom. I must say I know of no more delightful way of spending a summer day, and I don't at all like the idea which prevails at some exclusive beaches of bathing at one hour, and then only, or running the risk of challenging convention. My own favorite time to swim is before breakfast. The water then always seems more blue, more sparkling, and the sand cleaner and whiter than at any other time. If you belong to a "dip-before-breakfast" club, remember to have an extra suit, for when you go in later in the day the morning one will hardly be dry. I use a plain swimming suit and keep my smarter ensemble for times when the rest of the world bathes and promenades.

YOU may avoid a painful burn on the beach by seeking shelter occasionally, but beware of the consequences if you go sailing or canoeing. You may be becalmed or find yourself unable to land and thus be left quite unprotected from the sun's rays. Unless your skin already has a deep coat of tan, better use a protective cream on the exposed portion before going out on such a trip. And remember that cloudy days are treacherous. You can burn yourself badly then.

Besides painting you with a nice, golden tan the sun works wonders with skin blemishes. It dries them up naturally and leaves a fresh, firm surface. If your skin peels a little, use plenty of nourishing cream at night to keep it from getting too dry. You'll probably find that your ordinary shade of powder looks too white on a tanned skin, so get a darker shade. "Ochre" and "sunburn" usually tone in well, but if you have difficulty matching it, blend one of these shades with your own powder till the desired tint is reached. A healthy tanned skin usually has enough pigment in it to carry its own color, so you may even leave off rouge for a while. On one famous beach, smart feminine bathers use a raspberry or deep pinkish lipstick after they become well-tanned. This, even more than the natural lip color, makes a tan complexion striking.

Though most skins, properly treated, flourish under sun treatment, there is danger, always, of acquiring squint lines around the eyes. If you wear glasses habitually you'd better have your oculist give you a pair of tinted glasses for protection against the sun and glare of white beaches and light-reflecting water. For the rest of us, ordinary sun glasses are fine. Put them on whenever you feel your eyes puckering up. At night gently massage an eye cream on the lids and under the eyes, smoothing away the crow's feet with an upward, rotary motion. You may use an eye cup with a good lotion, too. For eyes that are tired and strained, eye packs left on during ten minutes' relaxation will bring relief.

SO far I've been talking only about the girls who really want a smart tan this Summer. I realize that exposure to the sun's rays doesn't always mean enhanced good looks. You may belong to that number who have decided not to let the sun have its way with their skins even if it means giving up Vitamin D! Red-haired girls are notoriously unfortunate, for many of them burn a bright tomato color and then fade back to normal again. Some white-skinned brunettes find tan unbecoming because it makes their skins look dark and dirty. Older women, with hair just turning gray, often want to keep their skins as creamy as possible in this in-between, muddy stage. Waterproof and sunproof lotions and creams solve this problem. But don't use them only on your face, for you want to protect your neck, legs and arms, as well. I remember one lovely girl on the beach in Bermuda whose skin, in the fortnight I was there, remained an almost transparent pink and white. It must have taken patience to apply protective cream faithfully on face, legs, arms and neck! But it was worth it, for she wasn't even faintly tanned when I last saw her and she had gone in swimming every day.

One word describes smart beaches everywhere this year—*color*. Never before have I seen lovelier shades in suits, capes and beach coats, as well as in the brilliant striped awnings and beach umbrellas. In general the colors used are the same colors we have in summer sports suits in composé shades of rose, beige, French blue and soft greens.

A rubberized bag, big enough for the following objects is the best aid for beach and bathing comfort, and beauty. It should hold your watch, sun-glasses, powder, a large handkerchief (for water *will* get into one's nose and eyes), a small tube of ointment, keys to your bathhouse and your pocket change. If your hair is long, you'll want to keep some hairpins in it, too. Both this bag and your bathing bag should be turned inside out after using and washed in fresh water. Bathing caps are much less ornate than they used to be. Rubberized silk triangles or squares to match the suit are the smartest thing. They are worn bandanna fashion over the cap.

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For a searching gentle cleansing that frees the pores, use Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it generously over face, throat, hands, often during the day and before retiring. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. For a dry skin, leave some of the cream on overnight.

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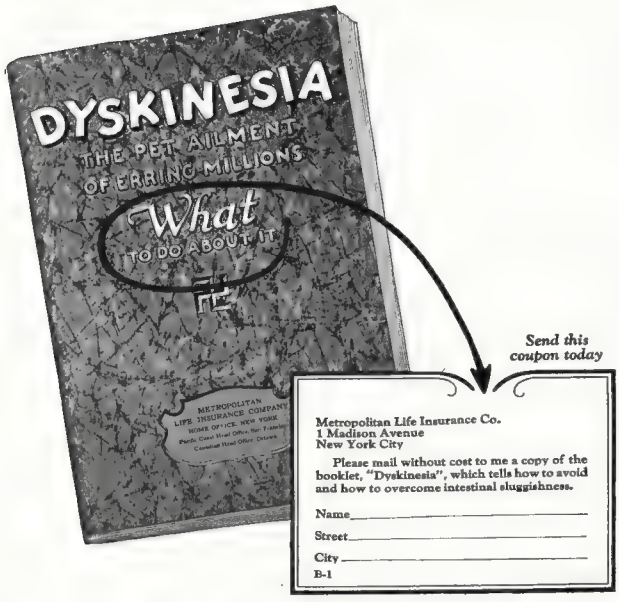

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The booklet, "Dyskinesia", one of the latest printed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will probably be of value to more people than any booklet this Company has ever offered for free distribution.

The Metropolitan, since the inception of its welfare work, has printed and distributed more than 400,000,000 booklets and pamphlets dealing with the cause and prevention of most of the common diseases which afflict the people of the United States and Canada.

The free booklet service is an important part of Metropolitan work for the promotion of health and the reduction of mortality.

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HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN"

BECKY SHARP

Illustrated with a portrait of William Makepeace Thackeray's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.

LIKE most great books which attempt to show the foolishness of mankind, *Vanity Fair* makes that foolishness vastly attractive. Like most bad characters presented attractively lively, red-haired, green-eyed, bewitching *Becky Sharp* has probably led more young girls to flirtation and, perhaps, even to dyeing their pallid tresses, than any other real heroine in English fiction. She is the villainess *de luxe*. Now you will know better than I whether women ever really set out to be villainesses; but, if they do, *Becky* must have exerted a profound influence during the last eighty years, since she bowed her saucy head to the English public.

Thackeray announced *Vanity Fair* as "A Novel Without a Hero." It is more than that; it is a novel without a heroine. For suppose we had chosen to write of lovely *Amelia Osborne* who suffers through these pages and whose virtue is rewarded at the end by happiness? How many of you would remember her quiet airs and graces in comparison with the silks and flounces of lovely, naughty *Becky?*

Thackeray was too great an artist to punish his lovely flirt. She has some bad moments, but he lets her triumph in the end, if it is a triumph to have worldly wealth, a title used only by courtesy, and a social position which does not admit of close scrutiny. For a woman suspected of murder, this is certainly not punishment. Poor *Becky!* Never was a lovely woman in the history of literature treated so wickedly by an author. Thackeray, the great satirist, knows perfectly how to make a woman attractive in every way and yet make her heart so cold and so hollow that, while the eye admires, the mind hates. Yet he is not preaching against women. For each *Becky Sharp* or *Beatrix Esmond* he draws, we see him creating a lovely soft character like *Amelia Osborne* or *Beatrix's* mother. Yet I don't think that Thackeray really believed in his good women. I might even go so far as to say that of the Victorian novelists none of them believed in their good women. They set up an impossible and ridiculous ideal and then found every flesh and blood girl they met falling short of it.

It is a curious fact that the Victorian writers, Thackeray among them, usually confused vivacity with wickedness or, at least, with a lack of prudence. Yet there is a little sermon to the contrary which he preaches in the course of *Vanity Fair:* "It *is* the pretty face that creates sympathy in the hearts of men those wicked rogues."

One more glance at *Becky* as she sat "on a sofa covered with a pattern of gaudy flowers." It was when she was still in her heyday before her duplicity with *Lord Steyne* had been discovered. "She was in a pink dress, that looked as fresh as a rose; her dazzling white arms and shoulders were half covered with a thin hazy scarf through which they sparkled; her hair hung in curls round her neck; one of her little feet peeped out from the fresh crisp folds of the silk; the prettiest little foot in the prettiest little sandal in the finest silk stocking in the world."

A perfect lady on which to base a tirade against women! Now the question is, have women changed? Has the increase in their liberties made them more frank, more charitable? Were the ladies of society ever so hollow as Thackeray painted them?

Have not women, perhaps, turned some of their cleverness away from fooling men to competing with them? Now that all their brains do not go into housekeeping they do not need to be so hypocritical about men.

Then, what about "men's women?" *Becky*, according to Thackeray, was the perfect "man's woman," "being welcomed entirely by all the gentlemen, and cut or slighted by all their wives," and, "I am inclined to think that to be despised by her sex is a very great compliment to a woman."

I am sure you will agree with me that the "man's woman" has not vanished from the scene. She is, perhaps, emphasized by the change in woman's status; for where some women continue to live lives somewhat comparable to those lived by our grandmothers, others of the same social status are engaged in complicated business or charitable concerns. The result is that there are more women than ever before who meet men on their own ground and do not find the time to mix with members of their own sex socially; who do not, in other words, play the social game. *Becky Sharp*, of course, wasn't able to play the social game because the other women wouldn't allow her to.

What interests me most in this problem is just this, and I should like an answer from you. In every social group there are always one or two women who may be termed, in Thackeray's phrase, "men's women." Now, is it because they are popular with men? I think not. Is it because they will not take the pains to follow the dictates of society? I think not.

Do you not agree with me that the "men's women" in *Vanity Fair*, the "men's women" we see around us, are men's women first and foremost because they do not, themselves, *like women?* That these "men's women" are afraid of women because they know that women can understand them more quickly and devastatingly than men? That they don't like women because they, themselves, are flirts? That they don't like women because they couldn't like anyone? That they are first and foremost, *heartless?*

Nothing is more terrible than this quality of heartlessness. It is the core of *Becky Sharp*. She hated her child. She hated everyone except herself. She was a flirt, a poseur, and a "man's woman." She is neither old-fashioned nor new; she is universal. Yet the thing which Thackeray forgets is that men are heartless also. Thackeray sees men as fools and women as designing creatures. But there are foolish women, too, and designing men. All in all, however, *Vanity Fair* and its characters stand out as by far the greatest piece of writing we have yet considered in this series of articles. You have only to read a little of it to realize that no matter how dress and manners may change, the aspects of society do not differ, and oh! how little man's idea of woman changes!

Smiles Made Charming

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Do This Regularly Every Day as Present-Day Dental Opinion Largely Advises to Protect Teeth and Gums

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(*Left*) A CHANNEL ASPIRANT? From recent exhibitions Gloria Rowe may be expected soon to attempt the classic swim. Her flashing smile, that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white, shows that she is most confident of her prowess

(*Left*) IT'S THAT TWO-MINUTES-A-DAY that counts, Miss Margaret Mulhall is told by her dentist. One minute each morning to clean teeth of dingy film by Pepsodent and one minute more before going to bed

(*Above*) A DAILY TASK of sturdy Jackie Bedford is the bringing of the mail. One other thing he does each day and that's to brush his teeth with Pepsodent to keep them white and keep gums well and strong.

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of today's dental opinion.

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Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. To do so, obtain Pepsodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, as a twice a day habit, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being advised.

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent to firm and harden them.

(*Above*) A FUTURE TENNIS CHAMP at Beverly Hills is Betty Mar, whose brilliant play has won innumerable admirers—whose winning smile, thanks to Pepsodent, has gained her countless friends

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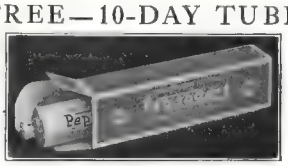

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Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN

IT is easy to be hospitable in Summer, no matter where you live, what time of day it is, or how high the temperature. You have only to provide a cold drink with, perhaps, some cookies or plain sandwiches and the trick is done! With that simple gesture you become a successful hostess in the eyes of your wilted guests.

But we were thinking not only of guests but of families, too—when we planned these beverages. You will find several nourishing milk and egg drinks which you can give the children when they turn up their noses at heartier food. These same drinks can be put in their vacuum bottles for lunch when they start back to school. Then there are one or two punches suitable for an informal dance, when the rugs are rolled back and the radio turned on.

Lastly, there are several fruit drinks you can have ready for a tired husband or son when he gets home from business just a little too early for dinner and is—well—not exactly amiable!

Keep in your refrigerator several flavors of sirup made by the recipes given below. You should also have a supply of carbonated beverages on hand, to be served either by themselves or in combination with other ingredients. There are a vast number of these delicious bottled beverages from which to choose. Thus fortified, you will be ready for any emergency.

SUGAR SIRUP FOR SWEETENING DRINKS

2 cups sugar 1 cup water

Add water to sugar in saucepan. Bring to boiling point, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil 5 minutes without stirring. When cool, bottle and keep in refrigerator.

It is better to sweeten cold drinks with this sirup than with sugar because it blends better and more quickly with the other ingredients.

COFFEE SIRUP

Make recipe for sugar sirup, using 1 cup strong coffee, freshly made, instead of water. Boil together 5 minutes. When cool, bottle and keep in refrigerator. This is a good flavor for malted milk, milk shakes, egg coffee and other egg and milk drinks.

ORANGE SIRUP

Make recipe for sugar sirup, using ½ cup water instead of 1 cup. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes. Remove from fire, add 1 cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and grated rind of 2 oranges. Mix well and let stand until cold. Strain, bottle and keep well-covered in refrigerator.

VANILLA SIRUP

(1) Make sugar sirup by first recipe above. When cool, add 3 tablespoons vanilla flavoring and mix thoroughly. Bottle and keep in refrigerator.

(2) To recipe for sugar sirup add ½ to 1 vanilla bean, broken in pieces. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes. When cold, strain, bottle, and keep in refrigerator.

LEMON SIRUP

Make recipe for sugar sirup, using ½ cup water instead of 1 cup. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes. Remove from fire. Add ½ cup lemon juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Mix well and let stand until cold. Strain, bottle and keep in refrigerator.

CARAMEL SIRUP

2 cups sugar 1 cup boiling water

Put sugar into heavy saucepan over hot fire. Stir constantly until all lumps are melted, taking care that sugar does not stick to side of pan or to spoon. Continue to stir until sirup is rich brown. Add boiling water, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Simmer over low flame until consistency of smooth, thick sirup, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Cool, bottle and keep in cool place.

There are several fruit drinks you can have ready for a tired husband or son

CHOCOLATE SIRUP

Make sugar sirup by first recipe above. When sirup begins to boil, add 4 squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted over hot water and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Boil 5 minutes. When cool, add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bottle and keep in refrigerator.

FRUIT SIRUP

Cook together 2 cups sugar and 2 cups crushed fruit or berries and juice 5 minutes. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, cherries, loganberries or fresh or canned pineapple can be used. Remove from fire and add juice of 1 lemon. Cool, strain, bottle and keep in refrigerator.

MINT SIRUP

To recipe for sugar sirup add 1 bunch of mint, crushed. Let stand 1 hour. Bring to boiling point and boil 2 minutes.

[*Turn to page 53*]

More delicate than any recipe in the world

"... this rich blend of coffees which has become the first choice of the entire United States

From many countries scattered across the earth they have been coming for years to American homes. Myriads of types and grades of coffee to choose from for our breakfast cup.

Some with flavors as distinct as the individual notes of a song. Some with shades of difference almost too fine to taste.

Yet of them all, no single coffee has ever yielded just that taste on which the critical women of the United States could agree. It is to please them that a special art has been developed, an art of blending more delicate, more difficult than any other in the world of foods.

Today the first real nation-wide fame in America has come not to any single kind of coffee grown, but to an exquisite mingling of flavors, to a blend created years ago in the South.

A southerner with a talent for flavor, growing to manhood in a land noted for good living, Joel Cheek brought to his great work of coffee blending an unusual combination of experience and natural gifts. He had the hope of one rare shade of flavor—a flavor which he had never tasted. And he had the courage to persist—through trial after trial—until he achieved it.

Just a touch of extra richness

To the great families of Dixie his blend of coffees came as a new pleasure among many old ones. The news of its special, mellow goodness spread rapidly. Long ago it became the favorite coffee of the cities of the South.

Today that touch of extra richness is changing the habits of a whole nation. From New York to Los Angeles, Joel Cheek's blend is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

In a few brief years it has become by far the largest selling coffee in all America.

To you and to your family the shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee will come with all the zest of a new adventure. Its full-bodied liquor, its rich aroma will bring new contentment at breakfast and at dinner. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

Throughout all the southern states, the old Maxwell House was famous for its food and for its coffee

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

Flavor Comes First

Long ago, when we first began to make pickles we determined to make the best pickles that ever were made. But vinegar good enough was not to be found. Vinegar at that time was just a raw sour taste. To get such vinegar as we needed for our pickles we had to make it. For Heinz Cider Vinegar, for example, we used choice apples and the first pressing of those apples. We aged it in wood to mellow and develop it. We made vinegar something it had never been before —a flavor—smooth, refined, tart, stimulating—with the fragrance of apples still in it.

Heinz Vinegars are still made in this slow, careful way—to give you, as it gives us in making many of our products, the utmost in aroma and flavor.

In every one of the 57 Varieties the Heinz flavor is unmistakable. To secure it we search the world for the best that grows, even raising our own fruits and vegetables when necessary. No trouble is too great, no process too costly, and no distance too far to go in order to insure this greatest of all qualities—the Heinz Flavor. The Taste is the Test.

Write for
HEINZ BOOK OF SALADS

The Heinz Book of Salads, profusely illustrated in full color, and containing over one hundred tested recipes for salads, salad dressings, sandwiches, etc. will be sent free upon request • • H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ PURE VINEGARS—FOUR KINDS

Heinz Cider Vinegar, made from the whole juice of fresh apples; Heinz Malt Vinegar, brewed from barley malt; Heinz Tarragon Vinegar, infused with aromatic tarragon; and Heinz White Vinegar, distilled from corn, rye and barley malt.

HEINZ PURE VINEGARS

ASK GROCER FOR NEW PRICES

THE QUEST

[Continued from page 7]

said Tressider quietly. "It is not my intention when I find her—if I find her—to drag her back against her will. I only want to get some news of her so as to be able to satisfy her brother that all is well with her."

Tressider had ceased to take any note of the storm without, though this had increased in violence during the past half-hour. But when there came a sudden thumping upon the door behind him, he started and turned in his chair.

Peter pointed to the room beyond. "You get in there!" he said.

Tressider looked at him. "What for?"

Peter's grip on his shoulder was urgent. "I'll tell you afterwards. But for goodness' sake do as I say now!"

Tressider found himself in a room somewhat larger than the kitchen containing a narrow camp-bed. He looked around him and took in every wretched detail. "Poor little beggar!" he said compassionately.

The turmoil of wind and rain outside almost drowned the sound of voices in the outer room, but the gruff tones of a man reached him from time to time, and he gathered that one of the fishermen had come for a word with Peter.

Then suddenly the door opened, and Peter stood before him in his oilskins.

"Look here! There's a boat out there near the reef. They think she's in trouble. The life-boat at Spear Head is damaged and can't put out. It's up to us to do what we can. I'm going down to help."

"You!" said Tressider. But he was gone.

Tressider snatched his own mackintosh and pursued him at full speed.

Peter made straight for the shore at the mouth of the river, and as they rounded a jutting corner of the cliff they came upon a handful of fishermen's cottages above a tiny quay. He turned along it, running with his head down in the teeth of the wind. A little crowd of fisher-folk had congregated there in the shelter of the stone wall, and as Tressider came up with them he saw that they were standing round a boat which was drawn up out of reach of the dashing surf.

Peter ran into the middle of them and in a moment or two Tressider saw him standing on a thwart of the boat waving his arms and shouting. He could barely catch his voice in the tumult, but he saw that his presence and action took instant effect. They closed around him in the boat and began to push it down to the foaming sea-edge. He himself pressed forward, but there was no place for him.

An old woman at his side turned and shouted in his ear. "They wouldn't have gone without Peter with 'em, for they calls him the luck of the fleet. He'll bring 'em back safe. He'll bring 'em back."

The moonlight shone suddenly through a rift in the clouds, and he had a glimpse of an old man standing at his side.

"Ay!" said the old man as one who addressed the world in general. "They shouldn't have taken the child! They shouldn't have taken the child!"

Tressider was on the point of agreeing with him and securing what satisfaction he might therefrom, when there arose a sudden shout from the little shivering group. "The boat! The boat! She's back!"

And on the crest of a great wave he saw her poised in the moonlight—an unforgettable picture ere the great clouds blotted it from his sight.

Though Tressider helped to drag the boat out, it was some time before he saw Peter. He was leaning on the shoulder of the old man who had deplored his going, as though exhausted. The boy was dripping from head to foot and seemed scarcely able to walk, but when Tressider appeared on his other side and thrust a strong arm round him, he started away slightly.

"You come along to my place!" said the old fisherman. "Old Tim'll fix ye up."

They reached old Tim's cottage. He supported him while the old man stumped round his kitchen, lighting a candle and searching for the rum. Peter was shivering violently. His face was ashen, his lips blue with cold.

"Can't we get off some of these wet clothes?" Tressider said, and began to suit the action to the words.

Peter's teeth were chattering. He murmured something unintelligible.

Old Tim, on his knees on the hearth, looked up through his red-rimmed eyes. "Shouldn't do that, sir, shouldn't do that! Give 'im a drop more rum! That'll do it quicker'n anything."

"You go and get some blankets!" said Tressider. "And be quick about it! There's no time to lose."

It was in the very early hours before Peter awoke and stared up at Tressider in blank amazement. Then his arms fell and he pulled up the coat that covered his chest.

"It's all right," said Tressider kindly.

Remembrance dawned on Peter. His look changed and he turned his face away without speaking. "I'm better," said Peter in a low voice. "I'll dress."

"I'll wait for you," said Tressider, and stepped out into the moonlight, shutting the door behind him.

The waves broke with a sullen roaring. There was more than an hour yet to the dawn. He had his back to Tom Faraday's cottage when at length the door opened and Peter emerged. The young fisherman stood barefooted on the step watching him with a furrowed brow. He, too, looked as if he had some problem to solve. Finally, as Tressider turned, he stepped down and went to meet him.

"I'll walk with you to your cottage to get my knapsack."

"You are going?" said Peter quickly.

"Yes I am going," Tressider corroborated the words calmly. "I shall return to town tomorrow."

"Then you are giving up—the quest that you told me of last night?" Peter's tone had a tinge of anxiety.

"Yes, I have given it up," Tressider said. Peter turned and began to walk along the quay towards the cliff-path. Tressider walked beside him in silence. When they reached the steps Peter took the lead, Tressider following, till they stood once more on the threshold of the wretched hovel that was his home.

"You've been jolly decent to me," said Peter, "and I'm grateful. I said I'd tell you why I didn't want anyone to know you were in my cottage. It's because I told old Faraday long ago that I'd never let anyone in. But you were different, and you'd have gone and killed yourself if I had let you go on. Old Tim is getting senile now, but he knows all about me. But there's no one else that does, or that is ever going to."

Peter turned from him abruptly and opened the cottage door. "You had better come in," he said over his shoulder, "and have something to eat before you go."

Tressider entered quietly and picked up his knapsack. "I shall walk to the ferry," he said. "Good-by! And many thanks for your—hospitality."

"Wait!" said Peter. "I'll take you across."

"No, thanks." It was Tressider's turn to be uncompromising. "I'll go by the ferry."

"It won't be crossing for a long while yet," said Peter.

"I can wait," said Tressider.

"Why not go in my boat?"

Tressider stopped and looked at him. "I won't come because I don't think you are playing the game," he said.

"How dare you say that to me?" said Peter.

"Because you're a sportsman, that's why. You're capable of fine things; I've seen it. But you're shirking now."

"Shirking!" flashed Peter. Tressider stood for a moment; then: "You know what I've come for, and that unless you play the game, I have failed. Donald Prior is dying, and there is only one person who can make death easy for him. If you won't send that person along—I'm done."

"How can I?" said Peter, breathing quickly through parted lips. "You must know it's impossible now."

"No," Tressider said deliberately. "I haven't asked you to do the impossible. If you choose to call it so, that is another matter. Well, as I said, I am going. But on second thought I shall not be crossing the river yet. I shall go to Cherry Morton and put up at the inn there for another night."

"What for?" said Peter quickly.

"Just to be quite sure." Tressider spoke as he sometimes spoke in a tense moment at the Law Courts with a suavity, a certain half-veiled strength of purpose.

"Sure of what?" demanded Peter.

"That I have acted for the best," said Tressider, with his quiet smile. "That's all. Good-by! And for goodness' sake put something on your feet!"

It was his final word. In another second he was swinging away back to the steps on his way to Cherry Morton. And Peter was left standing at the door of his cottage as one confounded, until the sounds of that steady tread had completely died away.

A SHAFT of sunlight shot through a chink at the side of the drawn blind and fell across the foot of the bed on which Donald Prior lay dying in such comfort as a pitying friend had been able to secure for him, and dreaming again those dreams of the dancing sunlit water that had lured him so long ago—long ago—when he was young and strong and free. They had haunted him very persistently of late, now that the nightmare of prison life had sunk into the past. The years of captivity seemed to be rolled up and apart from the rest of his life. He could look back now more clearly and see the golden days when he and Betty had swum together in the sparkling water. Such a ripping little companion she had always been, so fearless, and loyal to the core! In her young judgment the slightest deviation from integrity was as heinous as murder itself. And she had believed Donald to be the same as herself. He was to her the perfect knight, without fear and without reproach.

And now—now when his whole soul was crying out for Betty—he could scarcely in his conscious moments bring himself to speak of her. He had told Tressider—that was all; and the telling had been agony. But Godfrey Tressider was a man of vast sympathies, and he understood. Under happier circumstances he and Donald Prior might have been close friends, but life had not happened so and now the time was short. The one man lay dying in a London nursing-home, while the other had gone forth to seek the little sister who was lost.

A WONDERFUL improvement!" said Nurse Withers, who was optimistic always, even in the face of death. "I've never seen such a change. Magic, I call it."

She spoke to her night-colleague who was just coming on duty. Nurse Brown, who was fat and kindly and always looked on the dark side, shook her head sceptically.

"An improvement in a case like this is always the beginning of the end," she said. "It wouldn't surprise me if he went tonight."

"I don't mind betting you he doesn't," said Nurse Withers cheerily, "though it's against my own interests in a way. He's looking quite bright tonight. His sister's coming seems to have given him a new lease."

"What's she like?" said Nurse Brown.

"Oh, she's pretty, rather like a boy. Rather odd-looking," was Nurse Withers' final pronouncement. "But I think she's a good sort."

When Nurse Brown entered the room of the patient they had been discussing, she was surprised at the amazing improvement she saw in him.

He was propped up with pillows, and though looking terribly ill, there was more of animation about him than she had seen since he had been brought to the house. By his side sat a girl at whom Nurse Brown glanced first with casual interest, and then again with something more. She was very plainly dressed in blue serge. Her hair was fair, thick and short like a boy's, with no pretense at artificiality. Her face deeply tanned to a warmth of color seldom seen by Nurse Brown. Her eyes looked straight forth under level brows with an uncomprising directness. They were of a deep sapphire blue, like the blue of the ocean on a day of mid-summer.

She came to the side of the bed and looked at her patient. The visitor gravely inclined her head.

"I am staying the night," Betty said with calm authority. [Turn to page 54]

To keep you groomed through summer

To LOOK your best . . . traveling, motoring, dancing or just existing under the summer sun . . . you need a Face Powder that lasts, keeping you always as dainty as when you left your dressing table. In Armand Cold Cream Powder, *a tiny bit of Cold Cream* first gives your skin a delightful, rose-velvet bloom. Then, because it makes the Powder more adherent, this little magic bit of Cold Cream also preserves your good grooming—keeping your skin cool . . . making the fresh, pleasant look of your Powder last.

Write for free trial sample—to learn how just a different Powder can add to your comfort and smart appearance . . . on the hot days, the trying evenings of summer. (We will also include a free trial sample of the new Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream.) Write Armand, Dept. F, Des Moines.

Armand Cold Cream Powder

In the pink and white checked hat box

Have Lustrous, *Clean* Hair with *Lemon Rinse*

THE mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and water, assuring that absolute *cleanliness* which means truly beautiful hair. That's why thousands of women today are using this natural aid to complete hair beauty. They know it means the shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

Try this shampoo accessory next time. See for yourself the new beauty that your hair contains. Note its silky lustre, its soft, fluffy texture, the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results first wash the hair thoroughly — at least two soapings — and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one best way to insure the complete beauty of your hair—to make all its loveliness apparent—whether you wear it bobbed or long.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair. _____

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 608, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

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A motor picnic or a beach party offers infinite variety

DO *you* DREAD *your* SUMMER GUESTS—*Or Enjoy Them?*

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE

ONE of the joys of having a home should be to entertain guests in it. But to the woman who has no maid and who must plan, prepare and serve three meals a day as well as amuse her guests, "company" is often a burden. In order that you summer hostesses may do your duty by your guests and still have some leisure to spend with them, I suggest the following:

TEN RULES FOR PAINLESS ENTERTAINING

1. Make simplicity the keynote of all meal preparation.
2. Do as much cooking as possible a day or two before your guests arrive.
3. Plan your meals ahead and market ahead as much as possible.
4. Have your pantry well stocked with canned supplies (soups, milk, vegetables, fruits and so forth), crackers, pickles, jellies, as well as salted nuts, cookies and candies; and your refrigerator with bottled and prepared beverages and fresh fruits.
5. Buy plain and fancy breads and rolls from your nearest baker instead of making them.
6. Buy ice-cream and ices instead of making them.
7. Plan simple breakfasts which can be prepared at the table with the aid of electrical equipment and with each guest helping.
8. Have many luncheon dishes cold.
9. Let supper sometimes take the place of dinner at night.
10. Try a motor picnic or beach party often, for variety.

A SUGGESTED BREAKFAST MENU

Bananas with Red Currants
Curried Eggs Whole Wheat Toast
Butter Balls Coffee

BANANAS WITH RED CURRANTS

Cut bananas lengthwise into thin pieces and then cut into small dice about the size of currants. Have half as many currants as banana dice. Mix and serve very cold with powdered sugar.

CURRIED EGGS

3 hard-cooked eggs
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1¼ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon curry powder

Slice eggs lengthwise. Melt butter. Stir in flour. When smooth, add milk gradually, stirring to prevent lumping. When thick, add salt and curry powder. Add eggs and cook long enough to heat them thoroughly. If eggs are boiled beforehand, this can be prepared on an electric grill at the table.

FOR A SUMMER LUNCHEON

Clam or Fruit Cocktail
Jellied Chicken Soup with Crackers
Molded Salmon with Cucumber Sauce, or
Fresh Boiled Salmon with New Peas
Potato Chips Brown Bread Sandwiches
Sponge Cake filled with Berries and
Whipped Cream or Cherry Tarts
Coffee or Tea

JELLIED CHICKEN SOUP

1 quart chicken stock
2 tablespoons gelatin
Salt
Pepper

Soak gelatin in ½ cup cold stock 5 minutes. Heat balance of stock and pour over gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Cool and season well with salt and pepper. Pour into shallow pans to depth of ½ inch. Set in cool place to become firm. Cut in cubes and pile lightly in bouillon cups. If fresh chicken stock is not available, chicken bouillon cubes dissolved in hot water can be used.

CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 cup stiff mayonnaise
½ cup finely chopped cucumber
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 tablespoons minced celery
1 teaspoon minced onion

Add to mayonnaise the cucumber well-drained, green pepper, celery and onion and mix well. Serve with cold or hot salmon or other fish. This makes a delicious dressing, too, to use on a plain lettuce salad to which it adds piquancy.

AN AFTERNOON TEA MENU

Ice Mochalate Iced Tea
Orange Cream Sandwiches
Tea Crackers Peppermint Wafers
Sponge Cake pat-a-pans

ICED MOCHALATE

¾ cup rich cocoa
¼ cup strong coffee
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Combine cocoa and coffee while hot. Chill, add vanilla and serve with cracked ice and sugar to taste. Whipped cream may be added, if desired.

ORANGE CREAM FILLING

Mash a cream cheese with a fork, season with salt and paprika and add 1 tablespoon grated orange peel and orange juice to make of spreading consistency.

MENUS FOR MOTOR OR OTHER PICNICS

Chicken and Pineapple Salad
Olives Buttered Rolls
Quick Raisin Gingerbread Stick Candy
Coffee (in vacuum bottle)

Beefsteak to Broil Graham Biscuits
Mustard Pickles Fresh Radishes
Fruit Turnovers Nuts Ginger Ale

QUICK RAISIN GINGERBREAD

2¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger
¾ teaspoon clove
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup seeded raisins
1 cup molasses
½ cup boiling water
1/3 cup melted shortening

Sift together flour, salt, soda and spices. Mix with raisins. Mix together molasses and hot water and add to flour mixture. Beat well. Add melted shortening last. Bake in square pan in moderate oven (350° F to 360° F) about 25 minutes.

MENUS FOR A BEACH PARTY

Sausages in Split Rolls with Mustard
(Toasted over coals in a corn popper) or
Pickles Grilled Clams Buttered Rolls
Toasted Marshmallows on Crackers,
or Doughnuts
Dates Raisins Hot Coffee

GRILLED CLAMS

Wash clams and remove necks. Wrap each clam in a thin slice of bacon and fasten with toothpick. Place in hot frying-pan or in corn popper and grill over fire.

The Last Dance Over —Vivacity Gone

An evening of good dances . . . but you're tired with the dancing, the sparkle has fled from your eyes. Your mouth is weary from laughter, from idle dancing chatter. Your face feels really tired.

How can you relieve this tiredness around your eyes, this drawn feeling about your mouth, this facial fatigue?

This Cleansing Treatment relieves Facial Fatigue

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Beauty Specialist

JUST to kick off your shoes, and sink down on the bed . . . but that wouldn't rest your tired face. A little gentle rubbing, a very thorough cleansing, will do wonders for your face, will relieve facial fatigue.

Pompeian Night Cream smoothed over your face in a generous creamy layer is in itself cleansing and restful. Follow that by careful manipulation of your drawn facial muscles (according to the directions given here) and your face will begin to feel refreshed, rested.

Gently wipe away almost all of the Night Cream . . . leave the merest coating on during the night for nourishment. In the morning, how clean and gloriously youthful your skin feels! No drawn feeling across the bridge of your nose . . . no tightness around your mouth. Your face feels sweetly clean, completely refreshed.

This soothing away of all traces of weariness from your face each time you are tired—after a shopping expedition, or an afternoon of sport—this gentle cleansing of your skin with Pompeian Night Cream means a fresh and youthful face in the years to come. No fagged lines to show that you have led a busy life, but a complexion that shows intelligent care.

Pompeian Night Cream has a dual purpose. It is at once cleansing and nourishing. Because it is a rather heavy cream, it needs to be massaged into the pores. Because it is a nourishing cream it needs to be left on the face—a half hour, an hour, all night if you can. Pompeian Night Cream cleans the skin and relieves Facial Fatigue.

Four areas of your face where Facial Fatigue first shows

The forehead . . . Those perpendicular and parallel lines in your forehead are worked away by massaging in Pompeian Night Cream with swift up-and-down strokes, and with slow outward-pulling strokes that slide out to the temples and down.

The eyes . . . Weariness around the eyes is banished by gently massaging Night Cream around and around the eye socket—by gently stroking over the lids.

The nose and mouth . . . Take the lines at the corners of your mouth and nose away with outward strokes that curve far out to the ears.

The chin and neck . . . Beginning under the chin, stroke upward and outward—this lifts the sagging muscles of the chin. To keep the neck column smooth and unwrinkled, stroke downward and all around.

Pompeian Night Cream
for facial fatigue

For a Powder Base
DAY CREAM

Pompeian Day Cream prepares your skin for a busy day. It is light and disappears instantly as it is applied—yet it gives a smooth, cool, delicate finish to the skin. A little Pompeian Day Cream spread on your face the first thing in the morning makes powder dust on evenly and stay on all day. Then through the day you are relieved from embarrassing face shine—from the bother of powdering your nose frequently.

Because Pompeian Day Cream is slightly astringent, it also has an enlivening effect on the skin.

. . .

Generous free samples will be sent you of both Pompeian Night and Day Creams—if you will clip and send in the coupon below . . .

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
Dept. 602 H, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

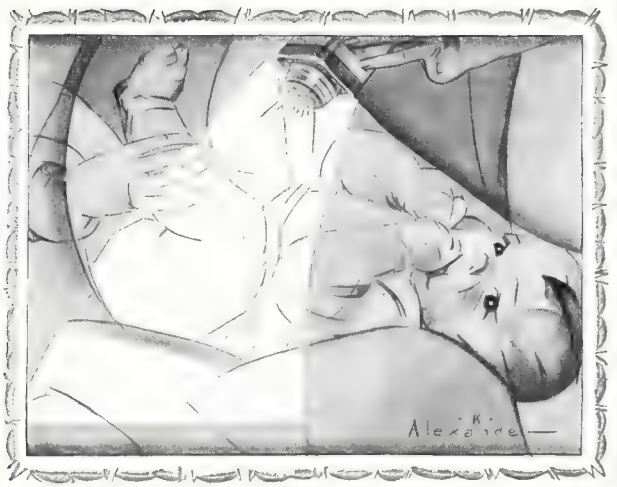
Kindly send me free sample tubes of Pompeian Night Cream for Facial Fatigue, and Pompeian Day Cream for a powder base.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

A Super-Soft Flaky Powder



...like a healing cream, this powder-lubricant protects your baby's skin

YOU know how a mother buys an undergarment for her baby. She tries its softness with her finger tips, presses it against her own cheek to make certain that the fibres will not roughen or chafe.

Yet even a baby's silken skin can carry its own source of irritation. For, skin-folds, if not properly protected, grow moist and rub against each other. And painful chafing quickly results.

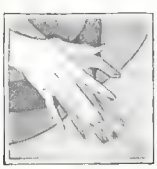
To prevent this very condition—to shield your baby's skin against itself—Johnson & Johnson have produced a super-soft, flaky powder, Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Light as a fairy veil, its effect on the skin is that of soothing cream. By covering sensitive flesh, by *lubricating* the skin-folds, it prevents discomfort.

The base of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder is Italian talc, a super-soft substance, which breaks into airy powder, light as thistle-down. Blended with boracic compound and delicate perfume, it becomes a gentle skin-healer, useful after the baby's bath, every time diapers are changed. It guards tender skin without clogging the pores, keeps your baby fresh and sweet every hour of the day.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the skin care that will keep him always beautiful. Growing children, too, need this protection. Eminent physicians, famous hospitals, recommend Johnson's. Mothers who care for their children scientifically, demand it above any other baby powder.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Make this simple hand test



Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.

First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally relieve roughness, rash, or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.

YOUR DRUGGIST is more than a merchant

Ninety-five per cent of America's homemakers do all the work in the home themselves

How Much Are You Worth AS A HOMEMAKER?

BY MIRIAM RAPP

Assistant, Department of Household Administration Iowa State College

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

HOMEMAKERS of the United States add eighteen billion dollars to the total annual income of their country!

If such a headline were to appear some morning in every paper, it is barely possible that it would set the minds of husbands wondering. Yet such a figure is an actual estimate of the value put on the work of the homemakers of this country a few years ago by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

"That may be true," we hear some Doubting-Thomas of a husband say. "But my bank account does not seem to show the results. Before we were married, Alice did have a fine position, but the work she does at home does not add anything to our income."

In one sense that husband is right in his reasoning—Alice's work in the home does not actually add cash to the family treasury. But has he stopped to figure what amount would be deducted from that same treasury if Alice insisted on hiring some one to do all the tasks she does?

We can classify her tasks generally as follows: 1. Preparing three meals a day; 2. Caring for the house; 3. Washing and ironing; 4. Sewing and mending; 5. Caring for the children; 6. Managing the business of the household.

In the average home you will find the homemaker doing these six tasks without outside help. Only five percent of the homes in the United States have even one servant, which means that ninety-five percent of the homemakers are doing all the work in the home themselves.

The task which seems to take the greatest amount of their time is that of planning and preparing three meals a day. Alice, who is an average homemaker, spends 14 hours a week in the cooking of food. A cook in a restaurant receives $5 a day. At the same rate the value of the time Alice spends in cooking for her family will amount to $455. in one year.

Dishwashing follows meals as unfailingly as Tuesday follows Monday! A hired dishwasher receives only 40 cents an hour. Her task, although not as skilled as that of a cook, must be done nevertheless, and paid for. Alice finds that while she is washing dishes she can be doing other things, such as cooking apple sauce for lunch or planning the menus for next week's company dinner. In addition she must always have an ear alert for Jimmy and Betty at play. Alice spends about 10 hours a week washing dishes and the time spent is worth $208. a year.

Each day she must spend a little time cleaning house. Besides this, there must be a more thorough weekly cleaning and semi-yearly cleanings. With an average of ten hours a week spent in cleaning, at 40 cents an hour, Alice's annual wage for cleaning would amount to $208.

The family's clothes must be kept washed and ironed, so Alice spends eight hours a week washing and ironing. At 40 cents an hour, the total yearly amount would be $166.40.

Some of the clothing Alice's family wears is bought ready made, but she finds that she can save a considerable amount by making some of her own wash dresses and little Jimmy's and Betty's play clothes. Mending, too, takes time each week. An ordinary seamstress receives $40 a week. Allowing 3 hours a week for sewing and mending, this time in a year would be worth $129.94.

The actual care of the children includes so many different things! They must be bathed, dressed, supervised in their play, guided in their morals and manners and nursed when they are [*Turn to page 63*]

"Oh · · why did you wash it *that* way?"

Now she knows that *all* silks must be given the gentlest kind of care

The Woodward, Washington, D. C.

"FOR YEARS my perfect jewel of a maid has been washing all my nice things in Lux. And doing them exquisitely!

"Then, one day she failed! A new orchid-color slip was so streaked and faded and lustreless after washing that it was quite ruined. When asked what had happened, she confessed that she was out of Lux so had rubbed the slip with cake soap—thinking it wouldn't matter since the slip was less expensive than my others.

"But she has promised *never* to do it again—for she fully realizes that *any* fine fabric whether rare and costly or merely a 'bargain' needs the same special care. Now she always keeps an extra box of Lux on hand to guard against such a disaster."

—Winifred Mallon.

Three interesting letters selected from the 475,000 received during the past year by the makers of Lux

5204 Maple Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

"CAUGHT IN THE RAIN the very first time I wore it, my lovely light blue sweater dress was a sight . . . Of course I washed it, but thoughtlessly rubbing it with ordinary soap, I completely ruined it. Because 'he' liked it so much, I bought another sweater suit so like the first that 'he' never has known the difference. Washed six or seven times in Lux, it is still as adorably soft and blue and smart as the day I got it."

Dorothy B. Shands

270 Ferry Ave. East, Detroit, Mich.

FIRST FOR SISTER . . . NOW FOR SONNY. "The fluffiest, softest carriage robe I ever saw was sent to my first baby by a friend living abroad. It was so light and delicate that I feared to use it lest it should lose its radiant, downy softness if washed or cleaned! But mother said I ought to know by this time that Lux would keep it beautiful. And it has! The robe has been used constantly, first for Sister—and now for Sonny... Of course, *all* of the children's woolens are washed in Lux, too."

Mrs. J. H. Porter

In St. Louis 78% of the women interviewed, in Detroit 71%, in Washington 92%, use Lux for washing their silks and woolens.

The big package is most convenient

If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Your questions are as varied as the postmarks

Are you a social success, or a failure? The answer is another question— Do you do things correctly?

THE POST BOX

BY EMILY PRICE POST

America's greatest authority on matters of ethics and good taste, and author of "The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN CALHOUN

TODAY'S Post Box is filled with shorter letters and on subjects as varied as the post marks, which range from Maine to Montana. Let us consider a few of these letters which represent queries from a great many writers. Beginning with the ever present and perplexing question of table manners:

I am told the correct way to eat is to cut off a piece of meat, then lay down knife, change fork to right hand, eat the piece (holding the fork tines up or down?) and then change it back into my left and cut off another piece of meat. Are toothpicks ever permissible? Is it allowable to tip the soup plate so as to get the last spoonful? I am the mother of four children and I want to be sure that I am teaching them to behave at the table correctly.

I would also like very much to ask if it is true that fashionable hostesses have smoking sets on their dining tables when ladies are present, and that the ladies themselves smoke at the table?

"Zig-Zag" eating is a ridiculous manoeuvre that is twin to the hand-shake at face level. In other words, practices of the grotesques.

If you cut off one piece of meat at a time, do not change the fork to your right hand nor take the prongs out of the piece of meat—simply raise it to your mouth. Do not, however, pile a lot of vegetables on the back of the fork on top of the meat. When eating vegetables at the same time, it is better to cut off a number of pieces of meat, then transfer the fork to the right hand and eat both meat and vegetables with the fork in that hand. Prongs up.

Toothpicks should be used only in the seclusion of the bathroom. (And so should a comb!)

Except at a formal dinner, it is quite correct to tip soup plate *away* from you. Do not let a child "hug it" toward him!

At informal dinners it is (alas!) true that cigarettes, matches and ash receivers are part of the table setting in the houses of nearly all the younger fashionables. But at formal dinners and at others in the houses of the correct and conservative, smoking is not encouraged or prepared for until after the dinner is over and the guests have repaired to the living room.

In answer to a hostess who asks how to entertain a book club:

As "Ask me a question" is the latest fad, you might make a selection of quotations from books and supply each guest with a pad and pencil. Then have prepared a selection of quotations and let the guests write down the names of the books and the authors. Or, giving a list of authors' names, let each guest put down the titles of the books he has written, or giving the first line of a poem ask them to write the second.

The prizes for best scores could be books, paper cutters, or book ends. The booby prize might be an inexpensive waste-paper basket or perhaps an advertisement for a book on "Training the Memory."

Dear Mrs. Post:

How should I close a letter when writing to one whom I cannot consider either "sincerely" or "truly"? I do not like to practice insincerity, but there are occasions when one must answer communications from persons for whom one has no regard. Neither do I want to give the impression of being uninformed.

"As always" would answer for the circumstance of which you speak. But "Sincerely" and "Yours truly" are mere forms and do not of necessity mean that your personal regard is either *sincere* or *true*, any more than beginning your letter "My dear" means that the person is dear to you!

The following question is one which has perplexed many.

The man who owns the company for which my husband works has great wealth, a charming wife, a lovely home and all that goes with it. We have very little and cannot possibly keep up with them socially or live in anything approaching the luxury they do. Our problem is this: They are very friendly to us and we have been invited several times to take dinner with them. As they are kind and lovely people, we would like very much to go, but we decline most of their invitations because we don't like accepting hospitality that we can't return. I don't know how to go on refusing without offending. I don't like to ask them to what I feel isn't good enough. Can you advise me?

There is no reason in the world why, when you are invited to dinner, you should not go! It would be unexpected and out of place for you to attempt to return their hospitality in kind. Which does *not* mean that you cannot be as hospitable as you feel inclined. You don't have to give a dinner in return unless you want to. Or if you do ask them to dinner it can be "supper"! You must not feel embarrassed because you have to do things on a more simple scale. Just invite them to what you *can*, without attempting something beyond your ability. Be friendly and hospitable and your guests will have a delightful evening.

Remember also one almost infallible rule: Those of highest breeding are always least critical and never unappreciative of the motives of others. Those who are always criticising what flaws they can find are generally in the class of the frog who tried to blow himself to the size of the ox—in other words making believe they are what they are not.

The next letter is about making hotel reservations:

How does one word a telegram when one wants to reserve rooms in a hotel?

Does the hotel answer? How long before one needs the rooms does one telegraph?

Is it necessary to mention how many in the party or just ask for two double rooms or how?

Telegraph, Proprietor Blank Hotel, Strangetown. Please reserve two double rooms connecting bath, April fourth to seventh. Arrive three P. M. Wire confirmation Ten Broad Street, Middletown, California. Mrs. John Smith.

If you want double rooms and separate baths—or double rooms without baths—outside or inside rooms you must remember that the hotel people have only your telegram to guide them and in order to prepare for you it is necessary for them to know just what kind of rooms you want, when you will arrive and about how long you will stay.

If you are going at a busy time for the hotel—such as at the time of a convention—it is necessary to arrange for your room weeks, or even months, ahead. Ordinarily two or three days, or at most a week, is sufficient time.

Please especially notice that the telegram signature "Mrs. John Smith" is NOT to be taken as a retraction of my ruling against the inclusion of Mrs. in a signature. A business telegram and registering in a hotel are two exceptional occasions when a woman signs her name exactly like that on her visiting card. But at the end of a letter either title without a parenthesis is as great an error of etiquette as can be made.

GOOD NEWS
for the man supporting a family

If you are supporting a large family, here's good news for you. Listerine Tooth Paste, the finest achievement of dental science, costs but 25c for a large tube.

Those who have paid up to 50c for other dentifrices can now have whiter teeth and save $3 per year per person by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Think how that mounts up in a large family with everybody using tooth paste every day. Worth considering, isn't it?

In Listerine Tooth Paste is a marvelous new polishing agent that gets teeth gleaming white in quicker time than ever before.

Also included are fifteen other ingredients to keep gums firm and healthy and the mouth sweet and refreshed. You will be delighted the minute you try it. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

WHEREVER THERE ARE FLIES USE FLY-TOX

In kitchen and dining room—in tents and bungalows—in every sleeping room—for health, cleanliness and comfort.

"IF YOU LOVE ME— *help me to Live*"

BABIES cannot say that. But in the summertime their pleading, plaintive cry will send that message straight to every mother's heart.

Babies cannot talk. You know that. But those great warm tears that trickle from trusting blue eyes—the fevered cheek so hot and burning against your face—precious little fingers that clutch yours—these beg for your love and plead for protection.

Flies transmit forty different diseases. They are the filthiest insects known.

Flies tease and torture babies—sicken them—make their little bodies writhe with fevered agony. Three hundred thousand little tots die each year in the United States. Many thousands of others are crippled for life.

Doctors consider it significant that more babies die in that season when flies are most active and contamination and infection is easiest.

FLY-TOX kills flies. Every room in the house should be sprayed with FLY TOX. Especially the kitchen to prevent flies from infecting food. And wherever the baby is. It is a duty every loving parent willingly accepts. For flies bite at babies' tender lips, sip at their eyes—inject germs of dread disease.

FLY-TOX kills flies. It is easy to use, safe dependable, sure. FLY-TOX is harmless to humans but sure death to flies, mosquitoes, and other disease-carrying insects.

Fly-Tox is the scientific insecticide developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research.

FLY-TOX kills flies. Brings priceless cleanliness, health, and a wonderful summer comfort at an insignificant cost.

. . . Fly-Tox the sleeping rooms . . . that kills mosquitoes . . . Fly-Tox behind the draperies . . . the window and door screens . . . in tents and bungalows at summer camps . . . especially kitchen and mess tents . . . Fly-Tox garbage dishes and pails . . . pools of stagnant water . . . living rooms . . . dining room . . . kitchens . . . closets . . . cellars . . . attics . . . all insects and bugs wherever they hide . . . dip a comb in Fly-Tox . . . draw comb through hair of dog . . . that gets fleas.

HALF PINT 50C • PINT 75C • QUART $1.25 • GALLON $4.00

Gallons in glass jugs are especially suitable for hotels, restaurants, summer camps, institutions.

FLY-TOX
KILLS FLIES MOSQUITOES
MOTHS, ROACHES, ANTS, FLEAS

Keeping the infant comfortable is very necessary for his general well being

HOW WELL DO YOU SAFEGUARD BABY'S HEALTH DURING SUMMER MONTHS?

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. CHICKERING

IN order to safeguard the lives of infants during the summer certain rules of management must be carried out not only during the summer but throughout the year.

Mortality records show that the month of June which is ordinarily not a particularly hot month supplies almost as many deaths as does August, the reason for this is that there are many infants with weakened gastro-intestinal resistance who become ill and succumb under comparatively slight provocation. These are the babies who habitually vomit or regurgitate a portion of their food. Also the baby that is allowed to become habitually constipated and requires the daily enemata or suppository is not a good summer risk. The infant with a persistent intestinal indigestion evidenced by frequent undigested evacuations is very apt to develop more serious troubles.

STATISTICS show that the chances of a breast fed baby passing through the heated term unharmed are much better than in babies that are bottle fed.

It is extremely rare for an infant under my personal direction to have a serious summer disorder, for the reason that he is always on a suitable feeding plan.

When the month of June arrives there are certain rules of management that I insist should be carried out. The best milk obtainable, bottled at the dairy is used, and the milk is never given raw. It is always heated to the boiling point. Every baby that is given a cooked milk should be given a daily allowance of orange juice, one or more teaspoonfuls diluted with an equal quantity of water. When the formula is prepared, it is bottled and kept in immediate contact with ice until used. The bottles should be boiled and scrubbed with a stiff brush, using plenty of hot water and pure soap, then rinsed and boiled fifteen minutes. The straight nipple is to be preferred for the reason it can be easily cleansed and turned inside out. After using, the nipple should be turned and scrubbed with a stiff brush and borax water—one tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water. While not in use they should be kept in the borax water and before placing a nipple on the bottle it should be rinsed in boiled water. The mother or nurse is told not to force the feeding if the child shows a disinclination to finish the portion allowed on hot and humid days. During exceedingly hot periods every infant's digestive capacity is lessened, but the thirst is great. In such heated periods instructions are given to reduce the food strength by diluting the regular formula with water. Thus—if a child has been given seven ounces at a feeding, give five or six ounces of the milk mixture with sufficient boiled water added to make the customary amount of seven ounces. If the child shows a tendency to regurgitate or vomit the food, strength is reduced in a like manner for a day or two.

MANY infants perspire profusely and may need more fluid than the regular formula provides. In such cases it is advisable to give the four hour interval baby (and all my bottle babies are fed on the four hour plan) an ounce or two of boiled water at the end of three hours.

Keeping the infant comfortable is very necessary for his general well being, for he digests his food much better when he is happy. In addition to the daily bath, a sponging with cool water will do much to cheer him up and make baby's life pleasanter when the thermometer is soaring into the 90's. One of the most common and dangerous mistakes in baby management is the habit of over-clothing. All the clothing baby needs in the hot weather is a cheesecloth napkin and a thin muslin slip. When he sleeps the latter garment may be abandoned and the little sleeper protected from flies and mosquitoes by arranging a netting over the crib.

Misty Summer Things

Wear Them Now Without Hesitancy Under Most Trying of Hygienic Conditions

This Remarkable NEW Way Provides Utter Protection Regardless of Circumstances, and Offers Besides Freedom Forever from the Embarrassing Problem of Disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

THESE adorably, dangerously light things women used to fear—wear them now in full security; dance, motor, go about for hours in them without an instant's doubt or fear!

The hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" have been supplanted with scientific and positive protection. Once you try this *new* way, you'll never again invoke the embarrassments of the old.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.*

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

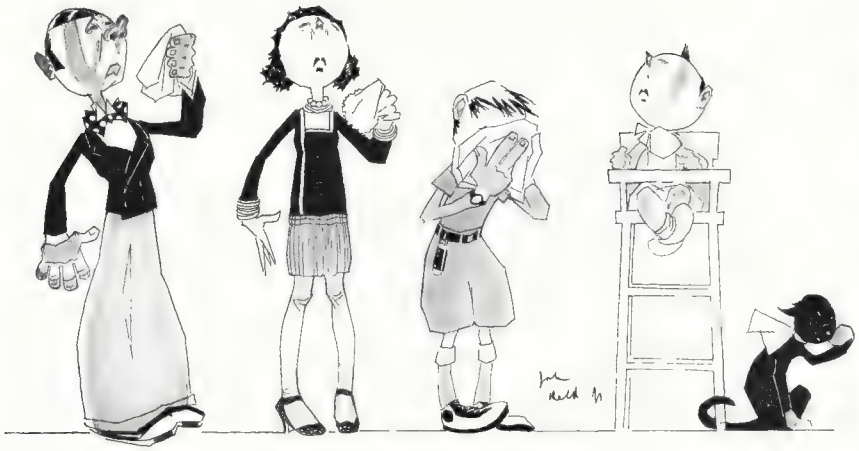
No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

It takes only a few moments to make mayonnaise. And those few moments are well repaid when this luscious, creamy dressing is ready to serve, seasoned as *you* like it, and delicious as *you* can make it. We have a booklet telling how to make mayonnaise and how to vary it for different salads. We shall be very glad to send it to you if you will drop a card to The Wesson Oil People, 837 Gravier Street, New Orleans.

Wesson Oil is an excellent salad oil. It is rich and delicate-flavored. It is so clear and pure that the light shines right through it as you pour it out. Salad dressings made with Wesson Oil taste very good.

A fine salad oil like Wesson Oil is useful for more than salad dressings. It's most convenient to fry with. There's no scooping and melting of hard fat—just a quick pour from the can, a moment for heating, and you're ready to fry. And fried food is deliciously appetizing when you fry with Wesson Oil, because Wesson Oil is so good to eat in itself.

Wesson Oil comes in handy as a shortening, too. It's particularly handy when a melted shortening is called for, for it saves the bother of melting. It's much easier just to pour out the required amount from the Wesson Oil can. And Wesson Oil is so rich and good that it gives delicious results as a shortening.



Susceptibility to hay fever is a kind of family trait

A WORD *to the* WISE ABOUT HAY FEVER

BY ROBERT A. COOK, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD

AUGUST is the month of sneezing—and, by the same token, the month when mothers and wives and nurses cry out that they must "dose you up tonight!" And so they will; but not, probably, with much success. For a sneeze in August generally means hay fever. And not all Mother's dosing, nor even the corner druggist's standard cures can prevail against this commonest autumnal form of the "summer cold."

At this time between three and four million Americans are exasperated with tingling noses and an itching in heads, eyes and even in ears.

Yes, hay fever, like very many of the commonest enemies of mankind, has been

Tradition lays hay fever at the feet of the goldenrod

allowed to have pretty much its own way. There is, for instance, a tradition that goldenrod is a great disseminator of the trouble; whereas, to tell the truth, it is one of the least dangerous of the "hay fever plants." The commonest form of the disease has its origin in the pollen of the ragweed. Goldenrod pollen is so heavy that it drops out of the air almost immediately; a susceptible person is in danger of contracting hay fever only in a closed room in which there is a great deal of goldenrod. The abundant pollen of the ragweed, which grows everywhere except in Florida, California and the Canadian woods, on the other hand, is extremely light and floats in the air a long time. It is the presence of this ragweed which makes America, of all the countries in the world, the most prolific of hay fever. In fact, Europe knows neither ragweed nor autumnal hay fever.

Hay fever symptoms appear in some people with the first spring blossoming of such common trees as the birch, hickory, oak, and elm. In fact, all air-borne pollens, even that of grass, carry the germ of hay fever—dangerous, of course, only to those who are susceptible.

As regards susceptibility or sensitivity, it can be explained only as an inherited trait and is usually not very difficult to detect. Although hay fever is sometimes mistaken, during the first two or three years, for the ordinary cold, and diagnosis is sometimes complicated by the presence of asthma concurrently with the hay fever, a summer cold is pretty sure to be some form of hay fever and if the symptoms occur two or three years in succession there can be little doubt.

Then too, as I have said, susceptibility is a kind of family trait. We find, on an average, that if one parent suffers from hay fever, half the children are susceptible; if both parents are afflicted, three out of four of the children inherit the condition.

Curiously enough, some sensitive people have hay fever when they come in contact with dogs, cats, cows or horses; others will catch it from the feathers of the very mattresses they sleep on. The sachet-powders of women, too, are a frequent cause—especially those powders containing corn starch, rice powder and orris root.

This matter of special sensitivity in certain people is the important element in the cure or prevention of hay fever, though really there is as yet no other cure than prevention. Once the symptoms have made their appearance and refused to depart or begun to recur annually, then the only cure is inoculation with a serum that exactly coincides with the complex and particular needs of the patient.

The first and fundamental step then is to find out, by a series of tests, to just what particular irritant the person under examination is sensitive. To accomplish this the patient is given injections with serums or, as we prefer to call them, extracts, made from the various pollens or other irritants under suspicion. When the guilty irritant is tried, a rash or hive will appear on the patient's skin within three or four minutes at the injection site. The rest is then simple enough. The sufferer may either remove himself annually from the proximity of the pollen to which he is sensitive or he may be inoculated with an extract made from the reacting pollens. It has been found that such prophylactic serums produce immunity in about nine out of ten cases.

The treatment for the prevention of hay fever is best begun six or eight weeks before the expected attack and continued by weekly injections through the season, but considerable relief is obtained and the symptoms stopped even when inoculations are started in the midst of an attack.

In the larger cities clinics employing this method of treatment have been established. But many small town and country practitioners are still inclined to rely upon the standard serums, without first ascertaining, through tests, just what extracts are needed. If, however, those who suffer from hay fever would insist on these careful tests, there is no good reason—other than lack of skill, knowledge, or adequate equipment—why they could not be given.

August is the month of sneezing

delightful relief

from that tired feeling

WHEN you are tired from work or from play—after a day down town or a tour of the shops, an afternoon of tennis or of golf, you can recover the snap and sparkle of early morning by taking a warm bath in which Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) has been dissolved.

You probably now have pure Bicarbonate of Soda in your home—Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, a standby in the kitchen for three generations, *is* Bicarbonate of Soda in its purest form, exceeding the U. S. P. Standards.

To enjoy a delightful and refreshing bath, dissolve half a pound to one pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) in a tub of water as warm as can be borne comfortably. A thorough Bicarbonate of Soda bath will bring you new life—get a package of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda at your grocer's today.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 Maiden Lane New York

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is also an effective dentifrice, a relief for indigestion, helpful in combating colds, a first aid for burns and sunburn, it has

68 FREE— uses

fill in the coupon and mail today

Church & Dwight Co., Inc.
80 Maiden Lane, New York

Please send me valuable Free Booklet on Baking Soda as a Household Remedy—also send me for the children a Free Set of Thirty Beautifully Colored Bird Cards.

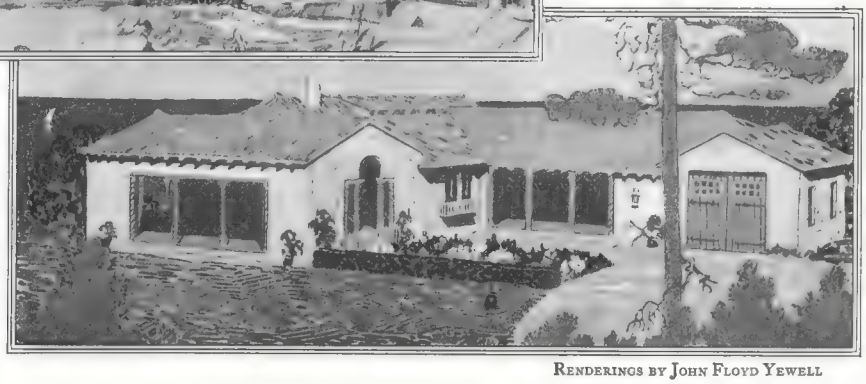
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(F)

For the cool depths of the woods is this house of rubble stone walls, low sloping roof of logs or hewn timbers and plain board shutters at the windows



The ocean front calls for the colorful Spanish style of architecture—red tiled roof and black wrought iron window grilles contrasted with warm stucco walls

RENDERINGS BY JOHN FLOYD YEWELL

A TWO-IN-ONE VILLA FOR MOUNTAIN *or* SHORE

Designed by MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Architectural Adviser*

WHERE the tastes of people who live in vacation houses differ is in regard to their surroundings, so we have worked out a plan that is applicable for those who prefer the seaside, and for those, too, who enjoy the cool shade of the mountain.

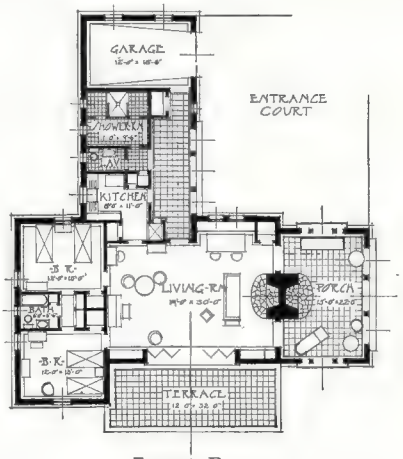
While this house is arranged for a maximum of vacation comfort and a minimum of work for everybody to do, it may, if one is so fortunate as to be able to live in so spacious a place all year 'round, be built in an all-year-round fashion, and the interior finished in the usual manner for continuous occupancy.

To most of us in this work-a-day world the call of the summer sea makes a stronger appeal than anything else in our dreams for vacation days. To others only the mystery of the woods and trees can satisfy the longings for change from the routine of business. But water, whether sea, lake, or stream, always represents our vision of summertime, and so our vacation home should look out upon some vista of water.

The ocean front, especially of our southern and western shores, calls for the colorful Spanish style of architecture—red tiled roofs, gay colored paint of rafter-ends and trim, the rich green of oxidized copper rain-water conductors, black wrought iron window openings suggesting cool spacious interiors. All of this simple richness, surrounded with low, sturdy, green shrubbery snuggled about the walls, is fitting in such a place.

Whatever the surroundings, the house should seem to grow out of the ground and be a part of the atmosphere of the place—not just four walls and a roof. The attainment of beauty in a building should be the objective in planning, aside from the technique of convenient arrangement of rooms and provision for sanitary plumbing. And in any structure, particularly in that of the home, nature should never be forgotten or neglected as one of the fundamentals of architectural design.

Essential in every home is a spacious living room where, of a cool evening, everybody gathers around a fire of snapping logs. The woodsman who delights in the swing of an axe and the challenge of a buck-saw, glories in the open fire of his own providing.



FLOOR PLAN
SCALE
VACATION HOUSE FOR SEASIDE OR LAKESIDE

At one end of the living room of our vacation house are the family bedrooms with ample closets, and the bathroom which is just as essential as in the steam-heated apartment in town. The kitchen is a small workshop with no waste spaces and requiring few steps in the preparation of food and refreshments. It is a bright and comfortable working place with cupboards and closets enough for the utensils.

The enclosed porch is really another room. We have put another fireplace here also, and, while the rooms are open through, there does remain a certain amount of privacy. Comfortable divans are always a part of the furniture of such a room and when guests come along for the night, draperies may be hung on cables to form private airy sleeping places.

Who does not love an early morning plunge, and at that early hour the dressing room may serve for the shower. In fact, any time during the day the dressing room will serve for bathers coming and going to wash and dress without passing through the living room in wet clothes.

Essential to every home alike is the garage, and to reach the garage without going out into the weather seems to me a very desirable feature.

This house of ours has no front or rear, but is attractive from all sides and it is light and full of sunshine. The windows toward the waterfront in the living room fold back, leaving the whole side of the room open to the out-of-doors. In a shallow alcove at the opposite side of the room, is a long seat and refectory table where few or many may dine by the open window. The tea wagon will dispense breakfast trays to the lie-a-beds in the mornings and tea to the loungers in the sun room at four.

The rooms extend up into the rafters, and in the living room are small windows, which afford additional light and better ventilation. The partitions in the service wing may be low, while the upper portion is open up into the roof. The lavatory is a closed room, ventilated only through door and window, and not into the open spaces above. The garage, of course, should be closed off by itself. The living room walls are carried up to the roof, enclosing this room completely, so that in cold and rainy weather the hearth-fire will make it warm and comfortable.

DELIGHTFUL BREADS *in Great Variety*

Bleichen

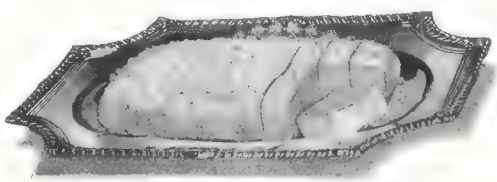
SINCE the most successful appetizer is—variety, particular housekeepers now vary their breads as frequently as they vary their meats, vegetables, salads and desserts.

Tender loaves of raisin, white and wholewheat bread; crisp, glistening brown rolls; dainty buns with delicate frosting; and coffee cakes so rich and appetizing they are excellent for dessert—you can always be sure of fascinating breads for every meal, now that your skillful baker makes dozens of interesting new kinds.

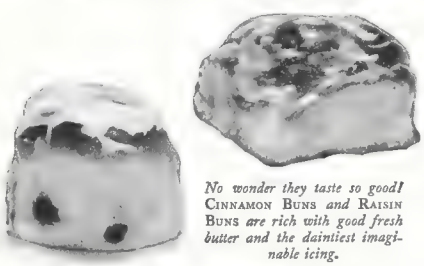
What fun it is to shop for these delicious breads!

Either your baker or grocer can now supply them. Ask for their "specials" and you will get these breads fresh from the oven. Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as your own family used to do when everybody baked at home. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities.*

WITH PROPER PLANNING breakfast can be so tempting! Morning after morning in the well-managed home one fascinating variety of bread follows another. Your baker now makes so many, many delightful kinds—Streusel Coffee Cake, Stollen (Saxon Cake), Braided Coffee Ring and dozens of others just as interesting.



STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *is sprinkled with spices rubbed with butter and sugar in luscious crumbly lumps.*



No wonder they taste so good! CINNAMON BUNS *and* RAISIN BUNS *are rich with good fresh butter and the daintiest imaginable icing.*

TO SERVE with milk or lemonade and other cooling summer drinks your own baker now makes dozens upon dozens of interesting varieties of breads. They will appeal to the older members of your household quite as much as to your children.

Fragrant, brown and tender crusted! SANDWICH ROLLS *save so much time and bother. Just split them and spread with the sandwich filling.*

YOUR BAKER MAKES THESE BREADS AND MANY OTHERS

So popular, so gay *with the laughing* MOUTH of YOUTH

Where the Mouth Glands are located

Three on each side, as the numbers show, are the mouth glands. Soft foods make them slow up, and cavities appear. Pebeco's special substance causes them to produce the fluids that prevent decay.

Adored by those whose admiration counts the most!

You can always have the joyous thrill of being admired and sought after. Your gleaming teeth, so white in smiles and laughter, make you proud and confident.

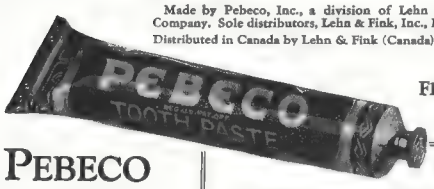
"It is the sharp, keen tang and the slightly salty taste," say people who brush their teeth with Pebeco, "that seem so refreshing and leave the mouth cleansed, the breath pure and sweet."

YOU can always keep your teeth shining white, your gums hard and healthy. You need only give daily care to the six important glands in your mouth.

Soft foods give the tiny mouth glands too little exercise. While we are still in our teens the natural fluids they produce begin to diminish. Then food-acids start decay.

A special formula which restores the youthful vigor of the mouth glands was perfected in Pebeco Tooth Paste. You can taste its main ingredient—pungent, slightly salty. A tingling and refreshing after-feeling tells you that your mouth glands are awakened. Your mouth is wholesome, happy. You talk and laugh with gay assurance.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



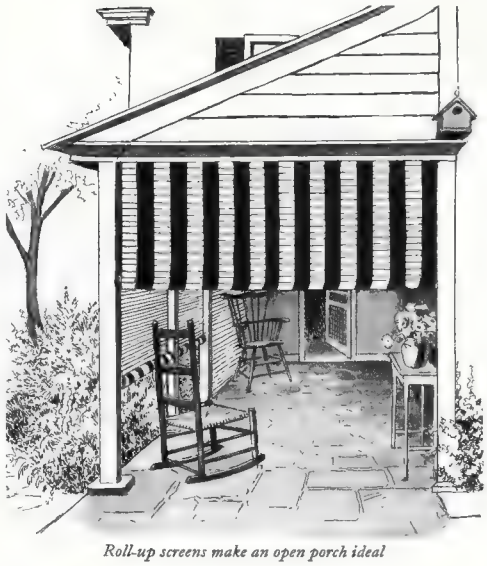
FREE OFFER:
Send coupon today for generous tube

PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands young

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. U-16, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....
(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER AUG., 1928)

Copyright, 1927, by Lehn & Fink Products Company.



Roll-up screens make an open porch ideal

WHEN YOU HAVE SUMMER'S SUN *to* DEFY

BY ESTELLE M. RIES

ILLUSTRATED BY SOPHIE SCHNEIDER

AWNINGS, which are neither inside the house nor exactly outside, have until recently been neglected by planners of both interior and exterior. But today we are beginning to see that objects of unquestioned use may be decorative as well, with the happy result that the modern awning may be had in so many and varied patterns, designs and colors that they satisfy all requirements. Stripes wide and narrow, from broad, fat ones to the slimmest hair-line, are seen. Solid colors with no stripes at all, but with simple stencil designs serve other purposes; while again, for the informal house there are blended scroll patterns, for all the world like a merry chintz, to adorn your windows. Good awnings nowadays are sun- and rainproof, the designs painted in oil, so that their gaiety suffers no hazards on account of any aberrations of the weather. Even the hardware and ropes have been improved, and it is possible for slightly additional cost to secure awning cords that have outgrown every childish vice of unravelling, catching into pulleys and other simple ills, and rods of galvanized iron that do not rust.

While, of course, the material selected for your awnings must be consistently adhered to throughout the house, the design, size and purpose of the window should dictate the actual style. A casement window requires an additional rod to support the roof of the awning so that it will not tear as the sash is swung in and out. Arched windows have specially rounded awnings instead of the squared top. For bedrooms that want every possible breeze at night when the awning is raised, choose the hooded type. In this form, the awning is hung a few inches below the top of the window, and air is freely admitted above it. To cover this space, a miniature awning with a drop and extension of about twelve inches, is hung. If this is attached well above the window opening it can be completely raised at night and has no bulk to obstruct the breezes (if any).

Serving a similar purpose is the awning whose top is like a ventilator that swings out on a hinge about five inches from the top. This also admits the air.

In making awning selections, consider also the sideless type which operates much like a window shade on spring rollers. This form of awning admits more light and air, is neater at the top when it is raised, and is lighter to operate. Inci-

[*Turn to page 59*]

The new glazed chintz shades set a merry note

don't fool yourself

Loses job and sweetheart

Your common sense tells you that neither employer nor sweetheart can stand a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) very long.

You, yourself, can never tell when you have halitosis. But you'll *never* have it, if every day you use Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

1/3
Had Halitosis

80 streetcar conductors, meeting the public at close range every day of the year, said that about one person out of three offends by halitosis. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

Listerine immediately destroys odors of all kinds and so leaves the breath normal and sweet. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Begin using it now. Common decency demands it. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. It puts you on the popular and polite side.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?

What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube?

Even without previous experience anyone can now make

PERFECT JAMS AND JELLIES

NINE-TENTHS of the difficulty in making jams and jellies has been due to the fact that the jelly forming substance in fruit is constantly changing—always decreasing in quantity as the fruit ripens.

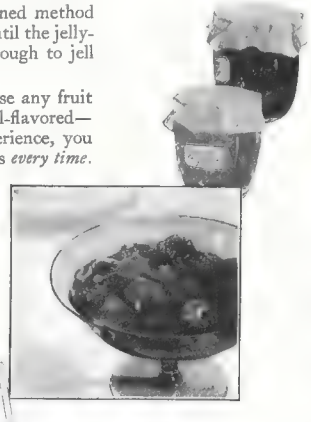
Very few fruits have enough of this jellying substance to jellify all the juice they contain.

That is why by the old-fashioned method the juice had to be boiled down until the jellying element was concentrated enough to jell the remaining juice.

But now with Certo you can use any fruit you like—when it is ripe and full-flavored—and, even without previous experience, you can make perfect jams and jellies *every time.*

For Certo is the natural jellying substance, taken from fruits in which it is abundant, concentrated, refined and bottled for your convenient use. Certo gives your fruit exactly the right amount of jellying substance to make it jell perfectly with only *one or two minutes' boiling.*

Jams and jellies made with Certo look better and taste better because the natural color of the fresh fruit is not darkened by long boiling and its delicate fresh flavor no longer drifts away in steam.



Ask your grocer for Certo. A booklet of nearly 100 recipes is attached to each bottle.

FREE—New booklet beautifully illustrated in color! 24 pages of new ideas about the making of jams and jellies—new and interesting ways to serve them. Mail this coupon today.

Douglas-Pectin Corp , Dept. 28.
Granite Building Rochester, New York
(In Canada add e Dotglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.)

Please send me free booklet on "How to Make Jams, Jellies, Marmalades with One Minute's Boiling."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts)

Those who spend their summers in lakeside cottages should prepare the way in advance

GETTING *the* BEST *of* YOUR CAMPING ENEMIES

BY MOLLIE AMOS POLK

IN this consideration of summer bungalows and vacation camps I'm not speaking of the summer cottage de luxe, located at an ultra smart resort, and boasting electric lights and modern plumbing, but the kind of cottages most of us have, where each family must appoint its own department of public works, water company, and board of health.

The success of the vacation, as well as the happiness and health of the family depend on following a few simple "good camping" rules, which begin with a knowledge of what chances to avoid taking.

One of the most dangerous of the summer vacationist's enemies is typhoid fever—"vacation typhoid," as the health reports call it. One state which is noted for its numerous summer colonies reports sixty-nine deaths from typhoid during the vacation period last year and an additional four hundred and twenty-nine cases. All states which have summer colonies report similar typhoid rates, an annual toll, so the reports agree, that can be materially lessened by individual care in the selection of drinking water that is free from contamination.

Water may have harmful bacteria in it and have no unpleasant taste or smell; it may be clear and sparkling and yet unfit to drink; it may have been used last year with no harmful results, and it may even be in daily use by people in the neighborhood who are free from disease, and still contain enough typhoid germs to infect and cause illness to newcomers whose rate of immunity is low. So be sure to have the water supply tested at the beginning of the season and to "check up" on the surroundings of the well or spring to make sure that no surface drainage or seepage from barnyard or outhouses can reach it. If the spring or well from which your supply is drawn serves several families, an analysis will be made free-of-charge by the State department of health, in cooperation with the local authorities A fee averaging about fifteen dollars is charged by most states for the analysis of private supplies. A note sent to the board of health in the township where your camp is located, a few days before you move in will give the local officer time to secure a sample bottle from the state capital. The state laboratories of hygiene, insist that all samples for analysis must be sent in their own sterilized containers, gathered according to particular directions and accompanied by a carefully answered questionnaire. A report may be expected in about a week, and if the water should prove to be a menace to health, an inspector will appear promptly to trace the pollution to its source, correct the difficulty, if possible, or placard the dangerous spot.

Summer cottages, dependent on springs for drinking water, usually draw a further supply directly from the lake by means of a hand pump with a long intake pipe. The lake end of this pipe, lifted above the water level when the cottage was closed last fall should be covered with fresh copper wire screening to keep out finny visitors, before it is replaced. Care should be taken that the end is well under the surface of the water but not resting on the bottom. When the pump was disconnected last fall the leather collar inside the "throat" should have been treated with some lubricant such as neat's-foot oil. If it was not, and seems badly cracked or hardened, a new one should be ordered at once, for a leaky pump will be sure to drive the chief cook and bottle washer to distraction before the summer is over. If the collar is in fair condition it may be restored to complete suppleness by kneading with warm oil, and should work perfectly after the pump has been primed once or twice.

So far, the water supply has seemed to demand the lion's share of time and attention! But fire precaution comes a close second.

Anyone studying fire insurance rates will be immediately [*Turn to page 63*]

Make your cold beverages more easily with these: An ice cream scoop with a blade inside which causes cream to drop out; a beverage shaker and an egg beater. Bottom row: two kinds of lemon or orange reamers —one with its own cup to catch juice; a combination knife, corkscrew and bottle opener and an ice-shaver that gathers up the ice as it is shaved

CLINK! CLINK! A COOL DRINK *for the* LANGUISHING!

[*Continued from page 34*]

Strain and cool. Add enough green vegetable coloring to make the sirup a vivid green, if desired. Bottle and keep in refrigerator for "company unexpected."

CARAMEL MALTED MILK

2 tablespoons malted milk
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons caramel sirup
Cracked ice, if desired

Blend malted milk with sirup until smooth. Stir in milk gradually. Add cracked ice and put into beverage shaker. Shake until cold and foamy. Makes 1 drink. Chocolate Malted Milk or Vanilla Malted Milk can be made by substituting chocolate or vanilla sirup for caramel sirup. Half evaporated milk and half water can be used instead of milk.

ORANGE MILK SHAKE

½ cup orange juice
Sugar
1/3 cup evaporated milk
1/3 cup water

To orange juice add sugar to taste. Mix evaporated milk and water and add slowly to orange juice, beating constantly. Add cracked ice and shake well in beverage shaker.

CIDER ALE PUNCH

Cracked ice or ice cubes
3 cups sweet cider
2 pints ginger ale

Add ice to cider in serving pitcher. When very cold, add ginger ale. Serve immediately. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

CARBONATED ICE TEA

1 pint strong cold tea
Juice of 2 lemons
Cracked ice or ice cubes
1 pint carbonated water or ginger ale
Sugar sirup
Mint

Put tea and lemon juice in serving pitcher. Mix well. Add ice and when cold add carbonated water or ginger ale. Sweeten to taste and serve immediately, adding a sprig of mint to garnish each glass. This makes 6 to 8 servings.

FRUIT LEMONADE

Juice of 6 lemons
½ cup fruit sirup
6 cups cold water
Sugar sirup
Cracked ice or ice cubes

Add lemon juice and fruit sirup to water. Sweeten to taste with sugar sirup. Put ice in each glass and pour lemonade over ice. Serve immediately. This has an added tang if carbonated water is used.

ROYAL PUNCH

6 bananas
1 dozen lemons
1 dozen oranges
1 can shredded pineapple
Sugar sirup, to taste
1 cup maraschino cherries and juice
3 pints ginger ale
Mint
2 to 3 quarts water

Slice bananas in thin rounds. Add lemon and orange juice and grated rind of 3 oranges. Let stand 5 minutes. (Putting lemon juice on banana will keep it from turning dark.) Add pineapple, sirup, cherries and ginger ale. Mix well. Put large piece of ice in punch bowl with crushed mint. Pour punch over it. Add more water if desired, and more sugar sirup if necessary.

IMPERIAL GRAPE PUNCH

12 lemons
6 oranges
2 pints carbonated grape juice
Sugar sirup
3 pints carbonated water
Ice or ice cubes

Add lemon and orange juice to grape juice. When ready to serve, add carbonated water and sweeten to taste with sirup. Put ice in punch bowl. Pour punch over it. Add more water, if desired.

MILK EGG-NOG

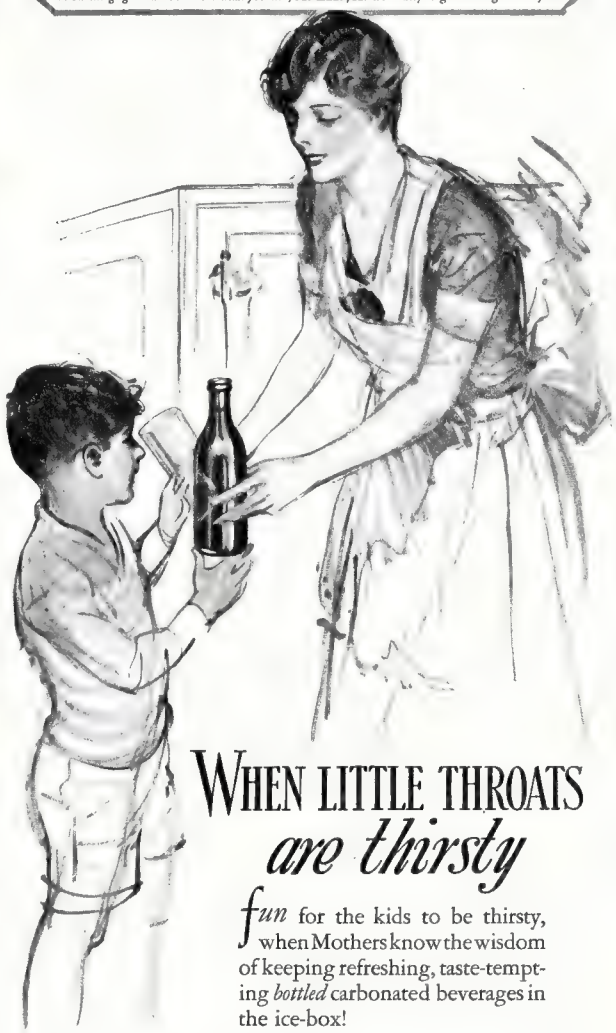
Beat 1 egg white until stiff. Fold in beaten yolk and 2 tablespoons sirup of any desired flavor. Add 1 cup milk gradually, beat 1 minute with egg beater. Serve with small quantity of cracked ice. Half a cup of evaporated milk and half a cup of water can be used instead of milk.

WHAT IS PICNIC PUNCH PLUS?

IT'S a leaflet containing a recipe for a new drink which really satisfies that amazing thirst one acquires on a picnic. ❦❦❦ In addition, some new thoughts about iced tea are revealed to the inquiring hostess. ❦❦❦ It will be sent to you free if you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!



WHEN LITTLE THROATS *are thirsty*

Fun for the kids to be thirsty, when Mothers know the wisdom of keeping refreshing, taste-tempting *bottled* carbonated beverages in the ice-box!

All of us delight in these piquant thirst-satisfying drinks. And the best of it is that they're not only good, but *good for us.* Pure water, finest sugar, and wholesome flavors, make these delicious beverages *food* as well as drink.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, director of the famous Westfield, Mass., Laboratories, says: "A bottled carbonated beverage is both food and drink. The average bottle contains energy value equal to a dish of tomato soup with rice."

SEND 10c (coin or stamps) for "*Recipes for Housewife and Hostess.*" Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A. B. C. B., 870 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SPONSORED BY

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES INCORPORATED

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

BEATRICE COMAN
5 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs A. P. Coman, Buena Vista, Va.

She's traveled everywhere with
EAGLE BRAND

EVEN as a tiny baby, Beatrice Coman was never left behind when her father's business took them frequently from place to place.

"We always carried Eagle Brand with us, both in automobiles and on trains," writes Mrs. Coman. "It agreed with her perfectly. She has a sunny disposition, and is strong and active in outdoor sports."

At home or away, Eagle Brand provides safe, digestible, *uniform* nourishment. If you cannot nurse your baby, try this whole cow's milk modified with sugar.

For practical feeding information and stories of Eagle Brand babies, send for *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

THE BORDEN COMPANY
232 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me free copies of *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

THE QUEST

[Continued from page 37]

TRESSIDER had come to the Home in a two-seater car. Betty did not keep him long, but as she joined him he realized that the ride he had proffered was the only thing that attracted her. She scarcely seemed to see him as she took her place by his side. Then, without any preliminaries she threw him a question: "What are you going to do with me? I've no money. You know that?"

"Yes, I know," he made quiet answer. "But in spite of that, it is I who am in your debt, not you in mine."

She glanced toward him. "That is only your way of putting it. My brother is destitute, and so, in effect, am I. We are both living on your charity."

He did not answer her. "I have realized that you must have somewhere to go to, and I have made provision, whether you will accept it or not is another matter. I want you to realize," he said, "that this is a matter for which I hold myself entirely responsible. It was I who brought you here, and it is for me to see that you are safe and comfortable."

"I have an old housekeeper," he continued, and oddly his words came with a touch of embarrassment. "I have sent for her from the country to come and take care of you as long as you will honor me by accepting my hospitality."

Betty paused for a second or two and then: "Have you told her about me?" she asked.

"She merely knows that you have business in the country and have come to me to be nearer your brother as long as he lives," said Tressider.

"She thinks we are old friends?" said Betty.

"Can't you look on me as an old friend, Betty?" he said.

She flushed. "I don't know. It's very difficult. Donald might."

"Then let me be Donald's friend to you!" he said.

"And if—if he lives for some time?" said Betty.

Tressider's eyes met her's with steady sympathy. "Can't we make it a partnership," he said, "to help him as long as he is here?"

She was silent.

"There will be no obligation afterwards," he said. "And the fact that you are now giving your help in the task to which I have set my hand does not constitute one now in my opinion."

"You see, you are a lawyer," said Betty. "You make it your business to—to—"

"To what?" he asked.

"To look at things the wrong way round," she said in her downright way.

He laughed. "Thank you. It's a good definition. I must remember it."

Betty's face was crimson with swift remorse. "I was a beast to put it like that," she said.

"No, no! I like it," he declared. "I can assure you I can appreciate honesty such as yours, in spite of my profession, possibly because of it."

That ride in the early morning was the first of many; for Donald Prior rallied, in accordance with Nurse Wither's cheery prediction. The coming of Betty had given him new life. She was very constantly with him, and he looked for her day after day with increasing pleasure. She spent no more nights at the Home, for immediate danger was over for the time, but she gave herself up to him very completely by day; and but for Tressider, who took her every morning for that invigorating run in the open air, she would have found the unwonted strain hard to bear.

Then came a day when Godfrey Tressider visited the Home and found his *protégé* sitting by the window. "Why this is splendid!" he said, as he shook hands.

"I'm afraid I'm defeating all expectations," said the sick man, with an apologetic smile. "It's your fault—and Betty's."

Tressider sat down beside him in the invalid-chair. "You're not supposed to talk very much, so I'm told," he said. "So you must be content to listen. Besides, I chance to have something to say, and not a great deal of time to say it in. I've been talking to the doctor about you. He is very well pleased with you and says that we may take you away. He suggests the sea before the heat of summer sets in in town. Do you agree to that?"

A great wave of color rose in Prior's worn face and as swiftly died away. "I would give my soul for the sea," he said under his breath.

"Good!" said Tressider. "And where would you like to go?"

"There's only one place in the world," whispered Prior. "It's on the Cornish coast," he added, bringing out the words with difficulty. "A little place—hardly a place at all—called Garland Cove."

"Ah!" said Tressider. "That's a long way off."

Prior's eyes came to him; they held entreaty. "Betty knows it—well. I told you, didn't I? It used to be—our holiday ground. I'm sure I could stand the journey. I would stand anything—just to see it again. If there's life anywhere, it's there. And if one has got to die—well, it's the best place to die in that I know."

"We won't talk of that," said Tressider gently.

THE old problem was reasserting itself—the problem upon which she had been forced to turn her back during the past weeks of her brother's illness. But now—now—she could not continue to turn her back. Something would have to be done very soon. They were living on the charity of Tressider, but so far as she was concerned it could not possibly continue. For Donald's sake she had submitted, but then she had been told he was dying. It had seemed her duty, and she had yielded. Tressider had asked her help, and she had responded with all her strength to the call. But now—Donald was getting better, and they were destitute.

Suddenly a voice spoke at her shoulder. "I thought you were enjoying yourself, and behold, you're grousing!"

She looked up sharply, meeting the slightly quizzical humor of Godfrey Tressider's eyes. "I wasn't grousing," said Betty.

He nodded. "I know. But I've put you into an intolerable situation. You're not angry with me I hope? It wasn't entirely my fault."

He went on in his quiet, easy fashion. "I am not to blame for everything. It is you who have complicated matters which otherwise would have been quite simple."

That fired her. She turned upon him. "How have I complicated matters? I don't know what you mean."

"By being yourself," said Tressider. "No, don't be angry! Why should you? Perhaps you are not altogether to blame for that either. But it has made things more difficult."

"What has?" demanded Betty.

"Your pride for one thing," he said. "I hoped it might get more pliable as we went on. But it hasn't. You hate accepting things from me, though you've agreed to do it."

"But of course I do!" said Betty. "I should be contemptible if I didn't."

"That is where we disagree," he said. "I think you would be merely—gracious."

She stared at him for a moment or two. Then, "You can't be serious," she said.

"Nothing you can say will alter the fact that I am under an obligation to you, and every day that passes makes it greater. I admit that there's no help for it—at least so far as Don is concerned—but—" She made a gesture of despair.

"But that was just what I was trying to point out," he said. "There is help. I have convinced your brother."

"I am not like Don," said Betty.

"No, you are not so broad-minded as Don. I only wish you were. Adversity has softened him, but I think it has had the opposite effect on you." He spoke with a certain bitterness. She nodded. "Yes, I know. I am hard. All I ask in life is independence. I can bear anything except the loss of that."

"And you won't forgive me for depriving you of it," he said.

She held up her head, "No one can deprive me of it permanently."

"Except the man you marry," he said.

The color flamed in her cheeks, "I shall never marry," she said. "No honorable man could ever want to marry me."

"Quite sure of that?" he queried. She nodded.

"What do you mean by an honorable man?" he said. "Would you call me one for instance?"

"Yes," said Betty.

"You would?" He dropped his voice standing close to her at the open window. "But if I were to suggest that you should marry me, you'd be furious," he said.

She drew back swiftly.

"I think you must be mad, what—what could you possibly gain by such an arrangement?"

He looked at her. "I should gain a wife," he said.

The color leaped back into her face. "Not the sort of wife you want," she said.

"I am the best judge of that," said Tressider.

"You must be mad," she said again.

"Mad—to know what I want?" said Tressider.

"No!" she said vehemently. "No! But mad—to dream—of wanting me!"

He threw his cigarette out of the window. "I do want you, Betty," he said. "I have a great admiration for you, and I venture to think that I could make you happy."

She turned from him abruptly. "Don't say any more, please!" she said. "I am going back to Don."

He made no attempt to detain her. He did not even watch her go. But when she was gone, he leaned his arms upon the door frame and gazed over the green stretches of country with a faint smile in his eyes.

THEY came to the end of the railway journey when evening was far advanced, an evening of soft lights and shadows that lay mistily upon the far-reaching Cornish landscape. Tressider's careful arrangements worked without a hitch, and the invalid was transported safely to the car. He had borne the day well and showed no signs of undue fatigue. It was Betty who, upright and watchful by his side, carried unmistakable lines of weariness on her young face.

She had scarcely exchanged a word with Tressider since that last talk they had had, and not once had she looked at him. Her whole attention had been centered upon her brother, and it so remained during the fifteen miles' run to Garland Cove.

They were going to room in an old farm that had been a favorite holiday haunt of their childhood days. The old folks who had kept it had given place to strangers, but the place remained the same, and at first sight of its whitewashed walls Donald Prior uttered a sound that was almost a groan.

"All right?" whispered Betty, regarding him anxiously.

He compelled a smile. "Yes, quite, dear. It was just the memory of old times. Betty, do you remember?"

Tressider took quiet command as they entered, went with Donald to his room and helped him to bed. Betty had a room adjoining, and here she unpacked their few belongings while the murmur of the sea came in at the lattice window, seeming to call her. Later, the farmer's wife brought up a supper tray for the sick man, and later still Betty went down to the old panelled parlor to eat her own meal with Tressider.

He spoke but little, as though he realized that she was too tired for much talk, and that little was entirely concerned with her brother.

"I am hoping that this place may do great things for him," he said, "now that he has stood the journey so well."

Betty could but echo the hope. "I don't think I will leave him for long tonight," she said.

He agreed. "Yes, don't let me keep you!"

She finished and got up without further ceremony. "Good-night—and thank you," she said.

He also rose, moved to open the door for her, then paused and held out his hand. "I am leaving tonight," he said. "Good-by!"

"Tonight!" said Betty in surprise.

"Yes, I am putting up at Cherry Morton. You won't want me again, I think. If you do, send for me!"

She stood hesitating.

"Won't you even shake hands with me?" he said.

She gave him her [*Turn to page 57*]

Mother's fondest wish for her Girl Baby

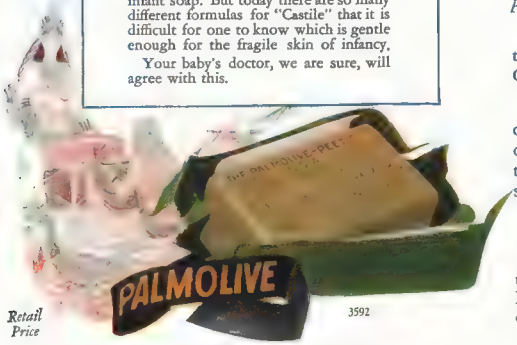
—"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The Ideal Baby Soap

Thousands of mothers recognize in Palmolive the ideal soap for a baby's bath—mild and gentle soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard and protect the skin.

In former days, Castile was the favored infant soap. But today there are so many different formulas for "Castile" that it is difficult for one to know which is gentle enough for the fragile skin of infancy.

Your baby's doctor, we are sure, will agree with this.



Retail Price 10c

3592

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE rule in skin care, under modern teachings, is the same in infancy as maturity—correct skin cleansing regularly with mild and gentle soap.

Priceless complexions are thus cultivated from the earliest days of childhood; natural loveliness invited and protected with nature's own *proved way.*

The only secret is to know *what kind of soap* to use. A true complexion soap must be chosen. Others often are too harsh.

Thus soothing Palmolive—a soap made for one purpose only, to be used freely and lavishly on the skin—is the ONE soap purchased for toilet use in thousands of homes where correct skin care is an object.

The baby's bath—how to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

Its only secret is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

This meets that CRAVING *you feel for* "*a* CHANGE *at* BREAKFAST"

A natural craving, say dieticians, that must be met; the result of monotony in diet. You meet it now with food that's "good" for you and wonderfully delicious, too

BREAKFAST, according to the leading dietary thought of today, is a meal that must not be slighted. Yet, as everyone knows, it is the most difficult meal of the day to properly tempt the appetite.

Most people eat the same thing day after day at breakfast. Most people become tired of this monotony. The appetite, refusing to be stimulated through lack of variety, rebels. And because of this, what you *force* yourself thus to eat often fails to nourish.

Thus your craving for a "change" may be construed as Nature's request for food that will, because of its deliciousness, or "difference," be more readily digested and assimilated.

That is why *variety* in the breakfast menu is so universally urged today—both for your appetite's sake and for health's sake.

For that reason, thousands are turning to Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice; the most unique cereal foods known. Prepared under a process applied to no other cereal foods in the world, they supply the great adventure of variety.

Foods that supply it

Instead of forcing the appetite, they *tempt* it. Instead of coming as food that is "good for you," they come with the enticement of confections, and thus tempt the appetite into accepting essentially needed grain food.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They attract like no other cereal. Children revel in their unique richness.

Each grain is steam-puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

Rich in food elements

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

hand; her eyes lowered. "Good-by!" she said; and then, with a great effort, "I'm sorry to have been—ungracious."

"But that is what you never have been," he said. "I knew you would turn me down."

"But why then—why on earth—did you ask me?" she said, the color rising again in her downcast face.

"I just wanted to put it into your head," he said gently. "It's only the first time of asking, you know. I shall do it again."

"But—but—" Betty gasped a little, "it's no use going on. I couldn't possibly—marry you."

"Could you marry anyone else?" he said.

"No!" said Betty emphatically. "No!"

DONALD'S health was marvellously improved, and he was more like the man he had been in the old days than she had ever thought to see him again. The atmosphere of his beloved shore seemed to put new life into him, and within a week he was actually able to walk down to it with a stick and leaning upon her. A spell of beautiful Summer weather followed their arrival, and very soon he began to look wistfully at the sea.

"If we could only hire a boat!" he said.

But there were no boats at Garland Cove. It was not a fishing-place. There was no spot nearer than Spur Head with its little hamlet down by the river-mouth, where they would be likely to obtain a boat, and that was several miles away by land though considerably less by sea.

Betty knitted her brows over the problem, and then one day she made a suggestion. If he could do without her for some hours she would go over to Spur Head and see if she could hire a boat from there. If she were successful, she would return in it from there. The distance was not great.

Her brother demurred about letting her go, but she was insistent. It would do her good to go.

Donald spent the morning in a sheltered corner. It was the second week-end after their arrival, and though he had not heard from Tressider he had a half-hope that he might make his appearance before the day was over. He rested indoors during the afternoon as was his custom, but after tea, feeling stronger than usual, he set out for the shore for the first time alone.

The wind had died down, but the sky was misty, with a hint of storm-clouds on the horizon. The sun, declining now over the cliffs, was veiled. He felt no serious anxiety, however, for there did not appear to be any sudden change at hand, and as he took the winding, narrow path that led to the shore he told himself that the weather might not break even yet for some days. His progress was slow, but it pleased him. The solitude was so novel as to be welcome. He had not been thus alone since the days of his imprisonment. It sent a strange exhilaration through him. For the first time he tasted freedom.

And the sea was there, waiting for him; no illusion this time, but a blessed, shining reality, calling him, drawing him. He went down to it as a child escaped from a kindly but severe guardianship. There was no one to hold him back. The sense of liberty regained, thrilled through his veins like wine.

"I am free! I am free!" he exclaimed.

His pace quickened as he reached the shore. He was young again, marvellously, overwhelmingly young. He felt his youth flow through him once again with a lion-like force. He looked upon the leaden blue of the quiet water and laughed. It was like a lake tonight. No tumbling waves, but a still, receding tide!

He could scarcely hear the waves upon the beach. The water almost lapped his feet. How still it was! No effort to keep afloat on such a sea as this! He stopped and dabbled his hand. How warm!

There were rocks in the little cove, and he sat down on one of them and began to pull off his shoes. Betty would disapprove of course. He laughed again at the thought. He might have some difficulty in convincing her that his strength—the free, splendid strength of his youth—had indeed returned, but she would have to admit it in the end. But—thank heaven—he was alone for the moment, to make his test unhindered!

He got up, bare-foot, and stepped to the water's edge, actually forgetting his supporting stick. Yes, the water was warm. Just a faint chill from lack of custom went through him and was gone. Again he laughed. What a muff he had been to let them coddle him for so long! Why, there was time for a complete dip before the sun went down. Betty came down mornings for hers. He would show her—he would show her tomorrow morning that he too could hold his own in the still, lapping water of the cove.

He turned back to the beach and began to throw off his clothes, kicking aside with contempt the stick which he had forgotten. He would never need it again, so he told himself. His strength had returned, and one plunge into that quiet, blue water would give him back all that he had lost during the dreadful years. He would come back from his adventure delivered for ever from the yoke—a free man once more—a man in whom the zest of life ran high.

The oppressive heat of the evening made him hasten. The longing within him had become a surging, urgent desire. Not until he was out from the shore and cleaving his way through those still waters would the full glory of freedom regained be his. He flung away the last of his clothes with feverish haste. He turned to the calling sea.

It struck cold as he entered it, but the craving was too strong to be denied. Over-head sailed a gull, supremely free, with level wings cleaving the air. He caught the gleam of its feathers as it wheeled, and somehow the sight goaded him. The water was splashing round his knees. He urged himself in thigh-deep. Yes, it was cold, colder than he had thought, but still it drew him. It was only the beginning. He would soon be used to it. A few minutes of hard swimming would warm his chilled blood. It was the one thing he needed, the cure for which he had pined.

THE QUEST

[*Continued from page 54*]

Waist-deep he let himself go, and struck out. Yes, it was cold, it was cold! He splashed and gasped. But the salt taste in his mouth was better than any wine. He was free at last—at last!

He made a few breast-strokes, then turned upon his side. Perhaps it was better after all not to try his strength too far. He would float and get his breath. He wished the sun would come out, for the cold was beginning to get hold of him. He clenched his teeth so that they should not chatter, for he would not be conquered by it.

He was on his back now, breathing in short, laboring gasps. Weakness of course! Just lingering weakness to which he would not be a slave! How often he had lain breathing like this while Nurse Brown and Nurse Withers had exchanged their whispered prognostications in the background!

Surely that was cheery Nurse Withers just going off for the night!

"Oh, yes, he's had another attack, but he's coming through it very well considering. He might take a turn even now."

And Nurse Brown: "It'll be a turn for the worse if he does."

"Oh, very likely!" Withers again. "I never said he'd get well, mind you. He's too far gone for that, poor dear. But it's wonderful how he goes on. You never know, Brown. These heart cases play you up sometimes. Well, I'm off to bed." He could hear her yawn and knew that she was stretching. "I bet you'll keep him going till I come on again anyway. You always do, so cheerio!"

Cheerio! He began to laugh. Yes, she was very cheery. He had always liked Nurse Withers, though he was sure that when the time came she would lay him out as cheerily as she had nursed him. He was just one of the passing show to her. So cheerio—cheerio!

It was getting dark, and the old feeling of numbness was coming upon him. Was this the turn for the worse that Nurse Brown had predicted? Or was it merely the falling night and the eternal weariness that had become a part of his very existence?

He seemed to be sinking, and they were dashing water on his face. That was to bring him back of course. But they had never done it before. A spasm of pain went through him. The cold was gripping his heart. Suddenly panic caught him. He stretched out his arms for a human touch.

"Betty!" he cried. "Betty! Betty!"

The ice-cold water closed upon him as though a hand were drawing him down; but he broke free and came up again, his heart nearly bursting.

"Betty!" he cried again.

And through the falling darkness her answer reached him, clear and strong. "I am coming, Don! I am coming! Keep up!" He began to swim towards her, striking out blindly, with failing senses. But the effort was too great, the way too long. He suddenly thought of the sinking *Titanic*—and the hymn that Betty and he had always said they would remember when they went down themselves.

> "Nearer, my God, to Thee,
> Nearer to Thee;
> E'en though it be a Cross
> That raiseth me . . . . ."

Something raised him. He did not know what. Not Betty's—or any other mortal hand—as his lifeless body went down into the deep waters . . . .

I COULDN'T reach him," said Betty. "I left the boat and swam. But he was gone. I think he died before he went down."

"You poor child!" Tressider said.

She made a small movement as though to shake off all sympathy. Something rose in her throat and she put up her hand and held it for a moment, then went on firmly. "Well, it's over; and no doubt it's best. I can't thank you for all you've done. But I hope to repay—some day—all you have spent on me."

"We won't talk of that," said Tressider.

She nodded. "Very well. Another time. Is there anything we ought to do? I suppose we must tell the police."

"Leave all that to me!" he said. "You will probably have to make a statement. But—unless he is washed ashore—"

"That won't happen," said Betty with conviction. "Garland Cove is a mass of rock and weed and very deep." Her throat worked again as though there were some obstruction there, but in a moment she spoke again with the same steadiness. "I can't stay on here of course. The things he left are yours. There is very little, but if I might have his pocket-book—"

"Oh, Betty, stop!" he said.

She looked at him as though something in his tone surprised her.

"Everything he possessed is yours," he said. "Don't treat me like an utter stranger!"

"I am sorry," said Betty. "But—I can't take anything more from you. That is how it is."

She spoke quietly, rather wearily. Her face was very pale, but save for that occasional spasm in her throat she showed no signs of agitation. It was three hours ago that she had come stumbling up the cliff-path in her drenched clothes to tell the frightened farmer's wife that her brother was dead. And now that Tressider had come and she had repeated the tale to him, there seemed nothing more to be said.

"I suppose we can settle everything in the morning," she said.

"Whatever is easiest for you," he made answer. "But I wish you would tell me what you are thinking of doing."

"I am going back to work," she said.

He looked at her. "Betty—child, you can't! You're not fit for it."

She smiled wanly. "There are worse things in the world than work," she said.

"You won't go with my consent," he said.

"Perhaps not," said Betty. She left him then, and he heard her go to her brother's room.

He fell asleep towards dawn, still sitting musing in his chair; but though he slept, his thoughts yet dwelt upon her—Betty, the honest and intrepid, who faced life with so brave a front. He dreamed of her at last, dreamed that she came to him with all the hardness gone from her blue eyes and a shining tenderness left in its place. She came to him as he sat there, fast held in the bonds of sleep, and stood beside him, looking down upon him in a long farewell. Her presence reached his consciousness though he could not break away. He was aware of her while she lingered, and he knew when she softly went away. Thereafter he slept deeply and dreamlessly until the morning sun shone brightly in and awoke him.

He found a rain-washed world and a laughing sea had been evolved as though by the wave of a magic wand out of the storm of the previous night. He arose, stretching himself, scarcely believing in the tragedy of the day before, and then in a moment was arrested by the sight of an envelope on the table at his side.

It had not been there when he had fallen asleep, he was certain. He picked it up, and as if an electric current had passed between his fingers and the paper, the memory of his dream flashed back upon him. Then she had indeed been here, had indeed stood beside him with that long farewell in her eyes! His hands were trembling a little as he opened the envelope. It contained two enclosures. One was a half-sheet of paper with a single sentence written across it in a firm, upright hand.

"I found this in my brother's pocket-book, and as it is intended for you, I am leaving it; but please do not think it can make any difference—Betty."

There was something of stark, almost fanatical honesty in the brief message. He realized that she had not taken the easy course in passing on that slip of paper which Donald had left behind. He opened it and found the reason.

"Most people make a will," so the message went, "but I, having nothing to leave, can only express a wish. And that is, that the friendship which has been given to me so generously by Godfrey Tressider—surely one of the best men whom God ever created—may be given after me to my precious Betty who is far more worthy of it than I ever was. And I hereby beg her, if the gift is offered, to accept it for my sake—Donald Prior."

He read it to the end and laid it down. "Poor Betty!" he said aloud. He went out into the little garden, her note clasped in his hand. It was a morning of crystal purity with a buffeting wind blowing over the sea. So she had gone—had fled in the night—whither?

He suddenly remembered the boat that she had fetched from Spur Head the previous day, and his heart gave a jerk of dismay. Had she started back in that choppy sea after leaving that message for him? Almost before he knew it, he was running with his head bent to the wind, down the steep incline. It was still early. Perhaps she had not started! Or perhaps she had realized the madness of such a scheme and gone by land, leaving the boat in the cove!

But in his heart he knew this was not so. In his heart he knew before he started that he would find the cove empty. Yet when he came within sight of it, the fact of its emptiness struck him with a sense of shock.

When Tressider turned from Garland Cove that morning, he was changed. He had gone down eager-footed, with desperate speed. He returned as a man with dragging chains upon his feet. He went to the farm and left money and instructions regarding the safe keeping of the few belongings of the brother and sister. Then he drank a cup of coffee pressed upon him by the farmer's wife and departed.

There was no conveyance obtainable, and he set out to walk to Cherry Morton. The police there must be informed of the death of Donald Prior, and he would get a telephone message through to the coast-guard on Spur Head to keep a strict lookout for the wandering craft. There was no more than that to be done. Betty—Betty! He groaned and clenched his hands. There was nothing he could do for her now.

He reached Cherry Morton towards noon and after a long search eventually discovered the village constable who listened to his story, wrote it down at some length, and then suggested that he should go to the nearest town as he had no telephone. Tressider refused and wasted a further hour trying to find the post-mistress and get his message through. But it was Sunday and his search was in vain. He left at last in despair to tramp to Spur Head, since the car at the inn had broken down.

The morning glory had faded, and a mist was blowing up from the sea. He scarcely noticed the mist at first, and he had traversed some four miles before its increasing density attracted his attention. Whether it came upon him at last very suddenly, or whether it had been gradually surrounding him from the outset he never afterwards knew. But there came a time when he awoke with a sense of horror to the fact that the sun had ceased to shine and the world was gray around him, while the path that he had followed had disappeared. After that came hours of blind wandering through clammy fog that chilled his bones.

When darkness came down at length he was still feeling his way, straining his ears to catch any guiding sound, struggling in a species of dogged despair against the odds arrayed against him.

There was a sound in the baffling darkness, and at first he welcomed it with an almost feverish thankfulness, but soon its persistent booming only served to bewilder him the more. That sound was the siren of the Spur [*Turn to page 58*]

FOR A SMART BRILLIANT POLISH

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GRACEFUL finger tips. The smart Parisienne knows they depend on sparkling nails with bewitching Half Moons and transparent tips.

So she uses the Liquid Polish perfected by the greatest authority in the world on the manicure—Northam Warren. And it is more used here, too, than any other.

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THE QUEST

[*Continued from page 57*]

Head lighthouse which reached him at half-minute intervals; but each time he heard it, it seemed to come from a different direction, and he altered his course each time in vain.

With the falling of darkness came also a small falling rain that eventually drenched him to the skin. But still he pressed on, holding exhaustion at bay, determined by some means to reach his destination though aware, sub-consciously, that the fulfilment of his mission would not serve Betty now. The thought of her went continually with him.

His strength was beginning definitely to fail him now. He heard the siren with a vague monotony, not seeking further to guide his steps by it. For a space not calculable by time his feet seemed to tread on nothing, so utter was his sense of loss; and then strangely it came to him that he had reached a place in some fashion familiar to him. How it had come about he knew no more than how the vision of Betty had come to him in the early morning when she had paused by his side in that mute leave-taking.

And so at last weak and spent, he came to the haven for which he seemed to have been searching for the whole of his life, and sank down upon his knees before a closed door upon which he feebly beat ere the last of his strength failed him.

The door opened to him; that much he knew, though in his utter exhaustion he had not expected it to open. The door opened, and there came a voice that uttered a sound of deep and almost tragic compassion. A moment later, hands that were small and sinewy, like a boy's, were dragging at him, seeking to lift him over the threshold.

Mechanically almost, his stiff limbs responded. He stumbled up and forward.

As in a dream he saw the tiny kitchenplace of the hovel to which he had once been conducted by a none too willing guide, the wretched, flickering lamp upon the bare table—and the face of Peter Friar with its keen blue eyes under level brows looking down into his. He tried to speak but could not. At last with great effort he found his voice.

"So—you got back!"

"Yes—I got back," said Peter. Tressider sat for awhile and gazed at the blue-jerseyed figure, still scarcely believing.

"I've been looking for you," he said at length, "searching the world for you. And you were here—all the time," he said. "You had come back to the old life—and the old partner."

"Not the old partner," said Peter. "He has got too old. He gave it up—while I was away."

The words were brief, but there was something in their new brevity that reached Tressider. He turned his head.

"And so you are alone now," he said.

"Yes, I am alone," said Peter.

Again for a space Tressider sat silent, gradually coming back to life. He spoke at last. "I am alone too," he said. "I want a partner—more than I can say. And there is only one person on this earth who can fill the need. Shall I go on? Or are you going to turn me out?"

"Why should I turn you out?" said Peter.

"Because I shan't go unless you do," said Tressider with the gray shadow of a smile.

Peter nodded gravely. "I see."

The long boom of the lighthouse siren sounded through the night with an eerie persistence as though some monster prowled without seeking admittance. Tressider spoke again. "I promised you that you should come back—take up your life again—as you left it. But some promises are impossible of fulfilment."

"Made to be broken?" suggested Peter.

"I have broken no promises," Tressider said. "But there is a destiny in every life which none can gainsay. Some call it the Hand of God. We seem to be free agents, but none of us is actually free. I thought I was following a mere whim when first I came here. I know now that the quest was a greater one than I imagined and I was fulfilling my own intended destiny in seeking it."

"And have you found it?" said Peter.

"Yes, I have found it." Tressider spoke with weariness. "But it is out of my reach, and so I must go empty for the rest of my life."

"Your life won't stay empty," said Peter.

"It has never been anything else," Tressider answered, "except for the past six weeks."

Peter almost jeered. "You with your profession, your prospects—and all the world at your feet!"

"I—and my dust and ashes!" said Tressider. "You—and your pride!" Tressider was dragging on his wet shoes. "I think I've waited long enough," he said. "Anyhow—I'm going."

But at that Peter moved abruptly as though prodded into action by some unseen agency, stepped swiftly to the door, opened it, looked out into the dripping night, then closed and locked it with finality. Tressider had nearly accomplished his task when suddenly two warm young arms were thrust round his shoulders and the boyish figure in the rough fisherman's jersey was kneeling by his side.

"You can't go now," said Peter, with a sob. "I've got the key."

"What?" Tressider moved sharply, straightening himself. "What do you mean?"

"I've got the key." The words were reiterated with a certain doggedness, the warm hold tightened; the face was hidden. "But how on earth—was I to know—that you wanted me—like that?"

"Like what?"—said Tressider. "More than you wanted me?"

"No, no! You never did that!" There was something almost fierce in the affirmation, muffled though it was. "I—I have always wanted you—ever since the day you cursed me at the ferry for keeping you waiting. And I have been so afraid you might find out." The words broke on another sob.

Tressider clasped the slight, vibrant form close. "Betty—Betty! If only I had known!"

"You never would have known at all," quiveringly came the response—"if you hadn't been such—such an idiot—as to come after me all this way in the fog. I suppose you'll say that was destiny too."

"Yes," said Tressider quietly. "I do say so."

She lifted her face very suddenly and looked at him with the eyes of his dream. "It was about the maddest thing you could possibly have done," she said. "Promise me—promise me—that you will never do anything so mad again!"

He laughed a little, very softly, as he caught and held the upturned face, wet with the tears that she no longer sought to hide.

"That depends upon you, Betty," he said. "I shall certainly never do it for anyone else. But I would a dozen times over for you."

"How hopeless men are!" she sighed, but she did not seek to resist him.

And as he bent his face to hers, there came again the long, booming call of the siren, warning all who heard it of the desolation which Betty had locked outside.

BEATING WINGS

[*Continued from page 19*]

of sculptured figures everywhere.

"This place is full of statues!" she breathed.

By four o'clock she was dead tired.

She went out, slowly, to the great portico in the sunshine of late afternoon.

Recrossing the Park, she rested for a while on a bench near the Esplanade west of the Casino.

It seemed a very long way to Central Park West. She was very tired and dusty when she came to 86th Street and started to climb the four steep flights of stairs. All she wanted to do was to get her clothes off and lie down.

She had kicked aside both shoes and pulled her black gown off over her head; and was seated on her bed looking at her stockinged feet . . . . That was all she remembered until, in darkness, she sat up, startled, the clamor of the telephone confusing her.

She reached for the telephone in the obscurity. A man's voice came over the wire. "Oh," she said, "it's you! . . ."

She got up and lighted her lamp.

Then at the telephone again: "I fell asleep. What time is it? Nine-thirty! The dickens!" She heard him laughing.

"Where are you?" she demanded; "in town? . . . When did you get back from the beach? . . . Did you have a good swim? . . The water must have been fine! . . . It's so sweet of you to remember to call me up . . . . Are you really going away tomorrow? . . . I'm so sorry . . . . When am I going to see you again, Mr. Westall?"

"When do you want to?"

"Am I not going to see you before you leave?" she asked, wistfully.

"I could run up for a few minutes this evening and say good-by to you—"

"Here?"

"Unless you'd rather meet me somewhere else—"

"It's all right for you to come here," she said. "I don't feel much like dressing and going out. Gee, I'm tired! Come up in half an hour . . . . . I'll be so glad to see you . . . . G'-by!"

Relaxed from a hot bath, in her frilly negligee of white and lilac, she seated herself before her little mirror and examined her young face washed clean of cosmetics. A make-up calculated to dazzle this man was her intention. Suddenly the door-bell below rang.

She went swiftly to the door and pulled the cord.

"Hello, Ellie!" He appeared, slightly out of breath, shook hands, was ushered in.

"You live high," he remarked, smiling at her.

"High living suits me," she said gaily. She took his hat and stick and laid them on her bed. Seating herself on the sofa she made room for him, too.

"You're looking exceedingly well," he said.

"You're spoofing! I haven't even made up—" She turned to her dresser and reached for the lip stick.

"You're mouth is made up, isn't it?" he inquired.

"No; that's natural—"

"Why not leave it alone?"

"You like it that way?"

"Yes, I do."

Regarding him smilingly out of her clever, slanting eyes, she clasped her hands under one knee and leaned back against the cushions.

"Shall I tell you about everything?" she asked.

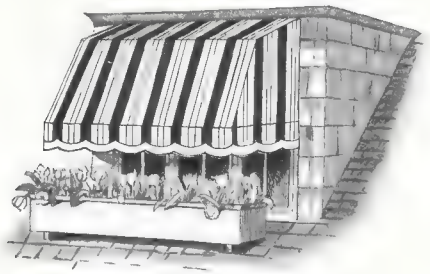
"Always, Ellie."

After a few moments she spoke of her mother with self-control, confidently aware of his sympathy. Then, after a silence, the girl mentioned her present circumstances, the necessity of economy; told him about the new job in the Beauty Parlor with mimicry of voice and gesture. Westall laughed and she was gay in the excitement of impersonation. Then she stood smiling at him, limbering up her supple body by flexing arms and spine:

"Gee, I feel better. Do you want to hear what I did this afternoon?" She re-seated herself beside him; memory of the day's discovery began to excite her again:

"I've got a swell place to go now, when I want to look at—at sculpture. Pictures, too. All kinds of art things. All you want to look at—I tell you," she said, "to look at those things seemed to pep me up."

While she talked Westall had an opportunity to study her, now, so detached her mind and unconscious of observation. He thought that, at the moment, she scarcely looked what she was—an uneducated, common girl of no antecedents, versed only in the [*Turn to page 60*]



A box awning suitable for the ca ent window

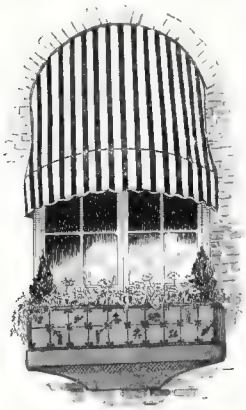
WHEN YOU HAVE SUMMER'S SUN *to* DEFY

[*Continued from page 50*]

dentally it costs less because both less material and less labor are involved.

It should be noted, however, that while the sun's rays constantly change direction, this type of awning which has no canvas at the sides, gives only front protection.

When there is a group of windows with identical exposure and in the same plane, time and effort are saved in having a large single unit awning over the group instead of several small ones. The spring roller type just referred to commends itself here, for as in a large awning, the lighter weight is an asset. If, however, the group consists of bay windows in which the exposures are different and the awnings are not in the same plane, then the single large unit awning is not satisfactory.



Round awnings are made for the arched window

And now we come to the really interesting part of selecting the awnings, and this is the question of color and design.

Green and blue and purple in their various modifications, are pleasant where there is little foliage. Red, orange and yellow are more festive looking and are especially acceptable where there is ample foliage, with which they pleasantly contrast. Combinations of these groups may be made which serve the purposes both of surroundings and taste. Unless you are planning for a white frame or other pure white house, background stripes are better in faint gray or buff, or in a pale tone of the dominating color rather than of white, for ordinarily white suggests a newness that does not melt into the house and looks somewhat unrelated. Where stripes are chosen, let them conform to the size of the house and the windows. Large windows will stand wider stripes than will narrow ones. The large house with spacious grounds also takes bolder stripes to carry to a distance than the little place with many windows that are irregularly placed.

Considerable popularity has come to awnings of solid color instead of striped designs. For cheaper awnings that are not sunproof, the solid type fades evenly and does not "run" because there is obviously no place for it to "run" to. The solid awning also casts an even light into the room. These solid colors are usually relieved by stencil designs on the tops and sides, and the edgings for all awnings, whether solid, striped, patterned or whatnot, are available in an almost endless variety. There are shaped borders, points, curves, scallops of all sorts, fringes and even tassels to adorn them.

Personal preference must always be the arbiter. But it is undoubtedly true that one should carefully look over the color of the room for which awnings are proposed before their color is decided. Let it not be one that will cast a new color upon the room that will distort its original color scheme, and especially be on your guard against the choice of an awning color which, as seen from the room, will prove discordant.

For open porches which need more shading throughout the day than an awning affords, the roll-up screens, which may be had in varying sizes to fit openings between the pillars are both practical and pleasing. When the sun goes down these can be rolled up completely out of the way and the porch thrown open to cool breezes and the evening scents and sounds. For a living-porch that lies too close to the neighbors screens of this sort make it possible to have complete privacy at al. times of the day.

The simplest type of awning for the ordinary sash window

A good decorative purpose is served if a bit of the awning material reappears in some minor furnishing such as a hammock mattress, porch chair covering, or lawn umbrella, to make for the interrelation always so desirable in decoration.

Women who ask questions

Learn that the most and least a dentifrice can do is

CLEAN

INQUIRING WOMEN—women with eager, hungry, questing minds—who ask the doctor and the dentist "Why?"—they make good mothers, good wives, good shoppers.

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before the day's tasks begin!

Auto-Intoxication, self-poisoning, keeps thousands of men from doing their best work.

* * *

THE American business man is a good provider. He wants his family to have the best—and he works long and late to get it for them.

But the day is all too short for the insistent demands that crowd upon him. He eats hastily, takes his exercise in spurts and rests himself badly. In the rush, rush, rush of these quick-step times, he neglects the simple a-b-c's of health. And so, often in the morning, he feels tired even before the day's tasks begin.

The most common result of these ill-adjusted habits is stoppage of waste products in the intestines. This is the start of a host of ills. For when the food we eat is not promptly and thoroughly eliminated it starts to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood. This is a form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication.

Auto-Intoxication is usually the real cause of dull headaches, depressing fatigue, indigestion, biliousness and many, many other ills of life.

* * *

To guard against Auto-Intoxication stoppage must be prevented. The approved way to do this is the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica promptly clears the intestines of the products of waste and helps keep the blood pure. Dissolved in a tumblerful of water it makes a sparkling, palatable drink.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

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Sal Hepatica

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BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 58]

precocious wisdom and cunning of vulgar sophistication.

No, she didn't belong in a Beauty Parlor—until she opened her pretty lips . . . . Then she belonged there very certainly. Still—still the glimpses the girl unconsciously permitted of her naked mind were something else to consider before consigning her to her class and the Beauty Parlor . . . .

"Gee," she remarked, abruptly emerging from her reverie, "I got to eat. I haven't had any supper! Didn't have time to get any. I fell asleep. Will you excuse me if I get something?"

"Why certainly."

"There's some canned soup, and there's cold ham. I'll fix some potatoes, too—" She indicated the kitchenette; "—come and talk to me while I'm fixing it—" She hesitated; then, shyly: "—I've got plenty for two, Mr. Westall. Will you join me?"

"Yes," he said, "I'd like to."

They had hot tomato soup, cold ham, toast, potatoes fried with shredded onions, some stale Danish pastry, and two glasses of iced tea. They ate in her combined bedroom and sitting room—the girl entirely aware of the intimacy of it all; stimulated by it; slightly excited; not the least disconcerted on account of the simplicity of her hospitality. She had become restlessly vivacious. Happy self-confidence warmed her. She said: "Do you think it's all right for a married man to take supper with a young girl this way?"

"You conclude that I am married?"

"Certainly you are. I know the signs. They're all over you." Then: "Do you expect me to believe you are always going to be as tame as this?"

"Don't you want to believe it?"

"Y-yes. Of course. But I don't believe it. You're too tame to be true."

"When do you expect me to turn wild?"

"I don't know . . . but they always do act wild—sooner or later. You're only a man, anyway—Men! What girl can dope them out? . . . . Yes, you, too! What do I know about you? . . . . I admit I don't get you. What's your line, anyway?"

"I build dams and water-works."

"I don't mean that . . . But why do you go with me? . . . . With a girl like me?"

"Good Heavens, Ellie! You don't 'go' with a man. If a man's attentive to you, you see more or less of him—you are with him more or less. Why don't you read the books I sent you?"

"I haven't had much time . . . I've read some . . . Do I speak so bad I sicken you?"

"Sometimes you do."

She blushed painfully but tried to smile. "Probably," she said—not considering her words—"that's why you don't bother with me."

"I do bother with you . . . And your grammar, too."

Suddenly her nervous excitability became effrontery. She gave him a flushed, breathless look: "I'll tell you what I mean if you're so dumb you don't understand! I mean that you wouldn't want such a girl as I am for your girl . . . . because I'm ignorant and uneducated!"

Exasperated, she sprang to her feet and began to walk about; halted with her back to him to cool her cheeks in both hands.

"You know," she said, without turning, "you don't have to trouble yourself to see me unless you want to." She walked to the piano; seated herself. "Aren't you disgusted with me?" she inquired, beginning a rag. Then again she looked up, inquiringly.

"When I return from the West," he said, "we must try to see each other when convenient."

"Why do you want to—when I'm such a total loss? I can't see that there's anything in it for you . . . . Just talking to an uneducated girl—"

"You'll be educating yourself. That's interesting to watch."

She sat on the piano stool looking at him, her fingers linked on her lap. "Every girl has some man," she said. "It's natural for a girl to like some man, isn't it? . . . Somebody to think about . . . , He's company, even when you're alone."

He had risen. She rose. "Must you be going?" she asked with unfeigned regret. They walked to the door together.

"But you seem to think I'm married," he said mischievously. She laid her hand in the hand he extended, and looked away in silence.

"Do you want to take that chance?" he insisted.

"Well, you wouldn't marry me, anyway . . . . I'm never going to marry, anyway. I—I'm not interested in the kind of men who'd want to marry me . . . I'm always thinking about you—" She looked up at him; her face became suffused with delicate color.

"Suppose," he said, "you try being my girl for a while and see how you like it?"

He passed his left arm around the soft column of her neck and kissed her; and she encircled his body with both arms, abandoning her lips to him . . . . She clung tightly for a while. Once or twice she laid her face against his shoulder.

After a few moments: "I've been lonely for Mom . . . Your arms feel so good... When you come back you'll take me where we can dance, won't you? I promise to study those books and educate myself," she said. . . "I know you don't like it when I swear and use slang. I'll cut it out. . . . And you needn't worry about men while you're away."

"You reassure me," he said with much seriousness.

"I wouldn't double-cross you," she returned earnestly. "I wouldn't put one over on you. One at a time for me. When I'm through with a man, I quit before I start anything else."

"That is honorable," he commented, controlling his amusement.

"I am on the square . . ." She drew a deep breath, smiled at him, pressed his hands between hers. "I'm—I'm very glad that I'm your girl," she murmured. "Gee, it's a relief!" She breathed deeply again, her happy, flushed gaze on him.

When a little later the street door closed behind him she closed her own door. She was very much excited, and very happy. She sped over to the piano and rattled out rag after rag until her next-door neighbor rapped sharply on the partition.

So she flung herself on the bed and lay flat, arms extended, looking at the ceiling with wide awake eyes.

"I do love him," she said to herself, "I do—I do!" After a while she said her prayers.

SEVERAL times Ellie Lessing had encountered her neighbor, the actress who divided with her the top floor of the house on West 86th Street. As these encounters continued, they exchanged nods and an amiable commonplace or two when they met on stairs or landing. On one such occasion the girl had asked Ellie into her room.

"We could have tea," she said with a friendly smile.

The room had a studio light, and a partition dividing it from the bathroom and kitchenette. Curtains, furniture, rugs attracted Ellie. "What a perfectly lovely place you have! It's so charming, so different—" she began.

"It isn't mine," said Leda; "all these antiques belong to a man I know. This is his studio. He's been studying in Paris, and he lets me have the place while he's absent. The deuce of it is, he's coming back soon."

"Oh," exclaimed Ellie, "will you have to go?"

"Certainly," returned Leda, laughing . . . . "I'm going to get you some tea—" She disappeared behind the partition.

Ellie, her hands linked behind her back, made a light-footed tour of the place. The carving on the chairs, on chests; the deep, somberly vivid pile of the rugs under foot; the brocaded hangings of wine-red and silver; the dusky pictures with their azure, rose, and shadowy flesh-tints; the hanging-lamps of silver; the old marbles—all these fascinated the girl. A burning desire invaded her to know something about them.

There was one very lovely naked girl done in fairer marble than the rest, who seemed to have wings. On closer inspection Ellie discovered that the wings belonged to a swan; and swan and girl seemed to be inextricably involved.

Her hostess came in with the tea-tray and set it on a beautiful old table. They took tea and little cakes together, evidently inclined toward the budding acquaintance.

"That is such a beautiful sculpture—that one!" said Ellie stretching out her hand—as much a gesture of caress as of indication.

"Leda and her swan," nodded Leda, smiling. "One of those scandals in Greek mythology . . . You know it, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

Leda demurely sipped her tea as she related the tale. "I'll tell you a secret," she said when the story was ended. "Shall I? The man who owns this studio did that. And—and I posed for the girl!"

"How wonderful!"

"I had to. I needed the money . . . What's your line?"

"Nothing yet . . . I'm working in the Beauty Parlor downstairs."

"Do you like it?"

"Well, I've got to work. I haven't even been through high school!" Ellie went on fiercely. "But I've doped out what I'm going to do when I can afford it. I'm going to night schools. I'm going to take French at the Strelitz Institute—an hour three times a week. I'm going to take a course by correspondence in history, literature, and art. I cut out an ad in a magazine that guarantees you a thorough college education if you follow the course. As soon as I am making enough money I'm going to start."

Leda lay watching her, fascinated by the nervous animation and vivid vitality of the girl—by the clever charm of her face—the beauty of her out-flung hand swept toward the marble Leda beyond:

"I want to do such things as that!" she said. "I suppose you think I'm ridiculous. Maybe I'm crazy to think I can—make—sculpture—"

She sprang up and began to walk about the room in her lithe, light-footed way:

"Now, all at once," she said, "—ever since I met a man I'll tell you about—something inside me has started . . . It's like something burning, sometimes . . . I want to learn sculpture, and I'm going to if it takes every nickel I make!"

At the end of the first week she had said to Madame Felice: "Do you want me to go on? But I want twenty-five and tips."

"Why, we couldn't pay you that—"

"Why not? I can do anything the others do. But it's all right—if you don't want me—"

The "Doctor" appeared dressed for the street. "Hey!" he said in his jocular, leering manner, "you two girls quit your fightin'! I heard the argument you put up. If a high class girl can pull trade she'll be worth the twenty-five."

"I won't stay if Madame isn't satisfied—"

"My wife says O. K. and come Monday!" replied the Doctor, and Madame nodded.

The first week netted her sixty-one dollars and thirty cents. Nearly every client she served not only became a customer, but brought others.

She had lunched with Leda, once. Was enormously interested in the girl's stories of the stage.

As they parted, Leda to return to the hired hall where rehearsals were called for the afternoon, she said:

"I suppose I'll have to get out of this place pretty soon, now. Francis Tolland sailed yesterday on the *Cyclonic*."

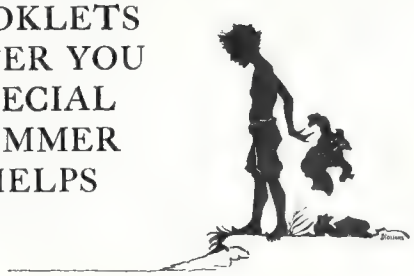
"The man who let you have this studio?"

"Yes . . . Francis Tolland . . . I had a cable—" She laughed. "Dinner with you Saturday. That's all he cabled . . . He's an awfully nice boy. You come to dinner, too, Ellie. I'll ask another man . . . I'll ask two other men and another girl. I can manage six. We'll have a party . . . Why can't we open the door between the two kitchenettes?"

"All right," said Ellie; "we can dance in my room . . . And I'll tell you this; I'm pretty much excited at the idea of meeting a sculptor . . . I never even saw one—"

"Francis isn't long-haired; he's just a nice boy—a regular fellow . . . You better look out or you'll [*Turn to page 62*]

McCALL'S BOOKLETS OFFER YOU SPECIAL SUMMER HELPS



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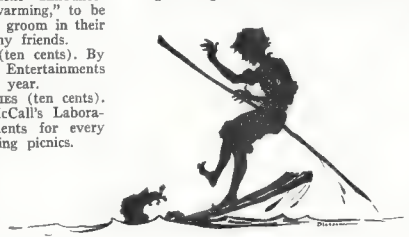
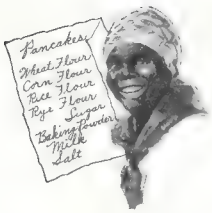


A recipe no other mammy cook could equal



—now used by more women than any other in history

How many new recipes you try out every month of the year! How freely they are offered to you—these opportunities to give your family new moments of contentment at the table!

It was different years ago down on the plantations—so the legend goes. The fame of the tender, golden-brown pancakes that Aunt Jemima baked for her master spread far and near. But no other cook could match their wonderful flavor. While her master lived Aunt Jemima would not tell a soul how she mixed her ingredients.

Today her own recipe has been tried and approved by more women than any other in the world. No cook book gives it. But her own ingredients, just as she proportioned them, come to you *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. It is the *only* way to have cakes with that matchless plantation flavor which has made Aunt Jemima famous.

See what new interest your family take in pancakes, after they taste that old-time flavor in Aunt Jemima's. Plan now to test her famous recipe—*ready-mixed*. Use coupon below to send for free trial size package or get full size package from your grocer.

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Her own ingredients —ready-mixed

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Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour with recipe folder.

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Guard Children's
HEALTH

throughout the danger period with the iodized salt that POURS

In many localities, possibly in yours, as high as 70% of the school children are afflicted with simple goiter. Needlessly, too.

For science has stepped in. Protection through the danger period—10 to 18—is assured by the daily use of iodized salt on the table and in cooking. Morton's Iodized Salt is our famous salt that pours with Nature's iodine restored. It looks no different, tastes no different and costs no more.

Heed the advice of health authorities. Get Morton's Iodized Salt from your grocer at once and begin using it for every salt purpose.

Morton Salt Co., Chicago

MORTON'S
SALT

WHEN IT RAINS—
IT POURS

You can still get Morton's Salt without iodine if you prefer. Both plain and iodized come to you in a triple-wrapped package with a handy hinged spout.

IODIZED OR PLAIN

BEATING WINGS

[*Continued from page 60*]

fall for him, my dear," said Leda.

"I'm not going to do anything," said Ellie.

Leda shrugged her shoulders: "He's a nice boy . . . He's been darned decent to me. Women like him. You will, too . . . Well, I've got to go, dear—" Then she added: "I wish you'd hand Francis a jolt. He finds women too easy—" With that Leda was off and down the stairs, gaily, with a light gesture of adieu. Ellie went into her room, seated herself, picked up one of her English books. And then it occurred to her as it had several times, to write to Westall and tell him of her doings. This time she got her pen and ink and lilac-colored paper and wrote.

THERE was a book advertised in the evening paper, "Etiquette for Everybody. How to speak, write, and behave correctly under all conditions and circumstances." Ellie decided to invest in this.

It turned out to be, for her, one of the most valuable books she possessed. Every evening she pored over its gilt-edged pages after she had studied her English grammar. The contents of these books fascinated her.

Sunday was her only day for relaxation. Her choice of pleasureable recreation for leisure moments was modelling in plastilina.

In an artist supply shop on Columbus Avenue she bought for two dollars a pamphlet instructing beginners how to model in clay or wax. Another five dollars purchased two or three modelling tools, a ruler, dividers, a spool of copper wire, a block of wood, pliers, hammer and nails, a file, and enough metal for an armature.

Late into the evening she was busy with ruler, dividers, pliers and copper wire, constructing according to Phidian proportions the bony frame of the conventional human figure. About eleven she heard Leda Nieland come in, and she ran to her door and called her.

Leda entered very tired from a gruelling rehearsal.

"Yes," she said, "that's about the way that Francis Tolland starts his work . . . It looks all right to me, Ellie . . . And that smelly stuff in the can is what he uses . . . Who are you going to get as your model?"

"You, dear—" Ellie put both arms around her, persuasively.

Leda laughed: "I knew devilish well what you were up to . . . You've got to have a model, I suppose . . . All right, then, when I'm not too darned tired—"

"Sundays, darling!" pleaded Ellie, caressing her. "Tomorrow will be Sunday—"

"If you'll promise to give me a hair treatment afterward—"

"I'll give you one now, you poor, tired kid—and a wonderful massage!"

"I'm sore in my mind, too," said Leda; "can you fix that up, too?"

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, I had another cable from Francis. He's changed his plans. He isn't sailing for another month . . . . The party is off. Is that the way your young man behaves—sending you cables and then renigging?"

Ellie shrugged: "Mine doesn't even write."

"Well, I'd can him," remarked Leda.

"The trouble is I don't want to."

"That's the trouble with all of us," said Leda.

ELLIE LESSING and Leda Nieland had a busy month in October.

Sundays, and on other days when not playing or called for rehearsal or otherwise engaged, Leda posed for Ellie Lessing in her charming studio apartment.

Ellie's inspiration was grandiose, fearlessly ambitious. Her theme was Diana's hunting—the moment where the goddess discovers that she has slain a young Dryad with her arrow and not a deer and turns away in horror and grief from the dying creature at her feet.

Only a great sculptor could have done it. Ellie, in rapturous ignorance, did not hesitate. Except in school the girl never had handled plastic material. Her efforts with dough had completed her sculptural experience. She did not hesitate now. Ignorant of materials, of ways and means, of composition, of proportion, of measurement, of construction—only excepting what she had read in the $2 pamphlet—she tucked up her sleeves to the arm-pits, dug a fistful of plastilina from the can, and started in.

Leda, who had been watching her with wonderment and misgiving, giggled, and took the pose they had rehearsed and agreed upon.

"I'm sketching you; just blocking you in," remarked Ellie, sticking lumps and smears of plastilina all over the wired construction . . . "I guess this is the way to start it . . . . I guess so—"

"Gosh," said Leda, "it will be great if you ever learn to be a sculptress."

"I'll learn," returned Ellie, absently. ". . . . Are you tired, dear?"

So Sunday slipped away—with interval for tea—and many pauses for critical consultation concerning the proportions of the blocked-in human figure that Ellie was rapidly creating.

"You clever little thing," said Leda, "it looks something like me already.... I wish that darned Francis were here to help us."

"I'm just crazy to begin to model it and soften and smooth it," said Ellie, "but the book says not to—says you'll get into an awful smear if you don't keep it bold and rough—just keep on adding pinches of plastilina and finishing by degrees . . . . I'm dying to make it smooth—like your skin—and make it delicate and lovely . . . I know I'm going to have a terrible time with it—"

IN Ellie Lessing's mail-box, the next morning, was a letter postmarked at some mountain town in Montana. On the envelope was printed: "Return after five days to the John Westall Co., King Street, N. Y. City."

She had no opportunity to read it in the shop, but after half the luncheon hour was over she managed to escape to her room upstairs. He wrote:

"Dear Ellie—Yours was a nice letter. I am so glad things are going well with you. I see no immediate prospect of my return to New York. We are expecting to build a dam and power plant on Cat Creek. You never heard of it, probably. This dam, together with another project for the Coast, and still another which may require me to go to Persia by way of the Pacific, are some of the reasons why I am not likely to be in New York for some time to come. So I am afraid there isn't much prospect of—as you so correctly put it—our seeing 'more or less' of each other.

"I've thought of you, missed you, wished to see you. I do wish—when you feel inclined—you'd write to me through my King Street office. Wherever I am the letters will be sent me.

"But, probably, what will happen will be that you'll quite forget me. Some young man will come along presently. Perhaps when I return you'll be married. I'd like to say one thing before I close; you have an unusual character; you have talent, capacity, ambition and courage. These are qualities that ought to make for success.

"But, like beating wings unable to fly, talents uneducated are impotent. All your cleverness, latent capacity, courage, ambition, never can lift you above the ordinary level unless you have been instructed how to use these talents, qualities, and traits . . . . Blindly beating wings—frantic, futile . . . . There is no short road to anything—except to folly.

"Ellie, if you are not asleep by this time, please attend to my sermon a little longer: you cannot take wing until you learn how and to learn costs more money than you can make in your beauty shop.

"It would give me much pleasure to advance to you a reasonable fund for this purpose. You need never worry about accepting this money. Return it without interest, at your remotest convenience, if you like. But it would suit me better if you would accept it as a gift.

"I shall look for a letter from you within the next two weeks.

"With much affection, Your 'fella,' John Westall."

The girl wept over the letter; but had to get rid of her tears and go back to the shop.

THAT night, after returning from her French lesson, Ellie wrote to Westall:

"My dear: Your dear letter caused me joy and sorrow. I do want you so. But I don't want any money. It's so sweet of you. And I was so surprised that you should offer to help educate me.

"I have plenty of money. I have a small income and I am making enough in the Beauty Parlor to pay for an education through Correspondence College, and study French besides.

"Now, about my sculpture. I am working on a group—I think it is called a group—of two female figures in the nude. I have no instructions except from a pamphlet which I bought. A girl friend of mine poses for me when she has time.

"Well, I've had great sorrow and trouble with it. I know it isn't right but I don't know why or how to make it right. I'm mad about it; it tears my heart, but I can't keep away from it. What you say in your letter about blindly beating wings!

"Well, I'm trying. Dear, it isn't any money I need. I have enough. I need to talk to you . . . .

"Now, I must thank you for your kind offer of assistance. I don't really need it, but it is so good of you to offer it.

"Please, dear, come back to me when you can possibly do so. Your friend and sweetheart, Ellie Lessing."

FRANCIS TOLLAND turned up unexpectedly about ten o'clock one evening.

Leda Nieland was at the theater as usual; she had no intimation that he was arriving. Ellie, in her own quarters, was working on her French.

Hearing somebody passing her partly open door toward Leda's studio, she rose and looked out into the corridor, and saw a dark, graceful young man, carrying a suit-case and fitting a key into the door.

A little startled she said: "Miss Nieland is not at home. What is it you wish?" At that he turned around leisurely, made her an engaging bow, and came toward her.

"It's quite lawful," he said. "This is my own dump, you see."

His manners were easy; his smile, amiable, became appreciative.

"You're Leda's new friend, Ellie Lessing."

"Oh, are you Mr. Tolland?"

"I am. Leda is at the theater, I suppose?"

He opened the door with his key, switched on the light:

"Same old dump. Just the way I left it—" He caught sight of Ellie's "group" in plastilina: "Well, I'll be dogged!" he remarked. "Who's working here?" he demanded. He turned and caught her expression: "Oh, are you the sculptress? I hadn't heard that about you . . ."

"I don't know anything about sculpture—" There was a hot color surging in her cheeks; she entered the studio and went toward the group.

"Did you model that?" he asked pleasantly. "Where have you been studying?"

"Nowhere. I've taken lessons out of a pamphlet—"

He examined the work in his easy, graceful way, revolving it on the zinc pedestal. "Without instruction?" he inquired again. "Well, well . . . . Well, I'll be dogged!"

He laid his hand on the base of the group with caressing grace.

"You know," he said, "this happens to be my line, too. If there's anything you think I might be able to tell you—"

He seated himself, offered her a cigarette which she accepted in her excitement. "About your group there," he said, "—tell me, what is your theme? Isn't this Diana?"

She told him about Diana and the Dryad.

"Your idea?"

"Yes."

"It's interesting. Also, more important, it's new!"

"Yes, I invented it," she said . . . . "I don't know how I came to imagine it."

Then he talked in his easy way, using no cant phrases, no technical terms. She understood every word; even sometimes divined what he was going to say. Once or twice, from her facial expression or some nervous movement, he [*Turn to page 64*]

GETTING THE BEST OF YOUR CAMPING ENEMIES

[*Continued from page 52*]

impressed with the high cost of fire insurance for summer cottages; insurance companies from past experience know that they are bad risks. Often flimsily built, with fireplaces of faulty construction, lighted by lamps and candles, with old-fashioned wood or oil stoves, they fairly invite fire, and are situated so far from fire-fighting apparatus that fire, once started, has nothing in its way. However, there are certain precautions that will do much toward making the cottage fire safe.

In the first place, a tin roof is much better than one of shingle or tar composition, reasonable in price and lasting if properly protected by weatherproof paint. In the second place, the chimney should be "smoke tight," the outlet covered with netting and the flue kept clean. Third, the cook-stove pipe should be free from rust holes and loose joints, and well insulated at the point where it passes through the wall or roof; furthermore the wall behind it and the floor underneath it should be protected by asbestos or metal sheeting with an air space behind it.

With these precautions carefully observed and a small fire extinguisher well within the reach of the responsible members of the family, the fire-demon can be relegated to the list of vanquished enemies.

Flies are probably nature's greatest pests. So much has been said and written about the menace of the house-fly that it does not seem necessary to dwell on him further. We've all seen enlarged pictures of his head and know him as he is, a villain as bewhiskered as a pirate, and quite as dangerous! Screens are necessary, but even more important is the elimination of all possible breeding places. Properly constructed outdoor toilets are absolutely fly-proof, with water-tight concrete vaults or chemical refuse buckets which should be sprayed daily with a mixture (half and half) of kerosene and crude oil or a strong solution of chloride of lime. Ashes from the fireplace, dry leaf mold, and dry chloride of lime should also be kept in the room for frequent use, since they are effective and cheap.

It is a temptation to throw dishwater on the ground, but the temptation should be firmly resisted, for bits of food, no matter how small, and soapy, greasy water are attractive to flies, while a leaching pit of the type used in Boy Scout camps is easy to make, and efficient. The pit is in essentials merely a hole of small diameter, as deep as one can dig it, with a cover tight enough to exclude flies, and wide enough to extend beyond the sides to solid ground to prevent a cave-in. The top should be "mounded up" a bit to prevent the inflow of surface water in rainy weather. Sunk in the cover is a sieve (a bit of copper screening is good) and the sieve in turn should be covered by a metal or wooden lid. Solid food particles and grease curds are caught here and can be burned with the garbage. Spraying the pit with either the chloride of lime solution or any of the coal tar disinfectants, will keep the pit in a sanitary condition and discourage both flies and mosquitoes. The main considerations to keep in mind while constructing this pit are the choice of well drained soil, and a spot distant from and *below* the water supply.

Of course, when summer cottages are close together, precautions taken by one family may be nullified by the carelessness of neighbors. Unprotected garbage two hundreds yards away behind Mr. Careless Citizen's cottage can breed enough flies in a month to ruin the neighborhood, and a pile of unpunched tin cans can collect enough water to form a mosquito hatchery that will make evening hideous all summer. But fortunately, good citizenship and community spirit are contagious. The efforts of one household to make the neighborhood a more healthful camping spot will usually be met with the heartiest spirit of cooperation. At worst the authority of the local Board of Health can be evoked to abate nuisances, while your State Board of Health and Public Sanitation can always be depended upon for helpful, constructive advice.

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH AS A HOMEMAKER?

[*Continued from page 40*]

sick. It is almost impossible to hire anyone to do all these things, and no one could do it as well as Alice can. Estimating the time of such a helper for 10 hours a week at 50 cents an hour, she would cost $260. a year.

Last, but by no means least, Alice finds that to be an efficient housekeeper, she must be a "business manager" too. At the rate of an average manager's salary of $3000 a year, the five hours a week which Alice spends in management and marketing will add $324 to her yearly contribution.

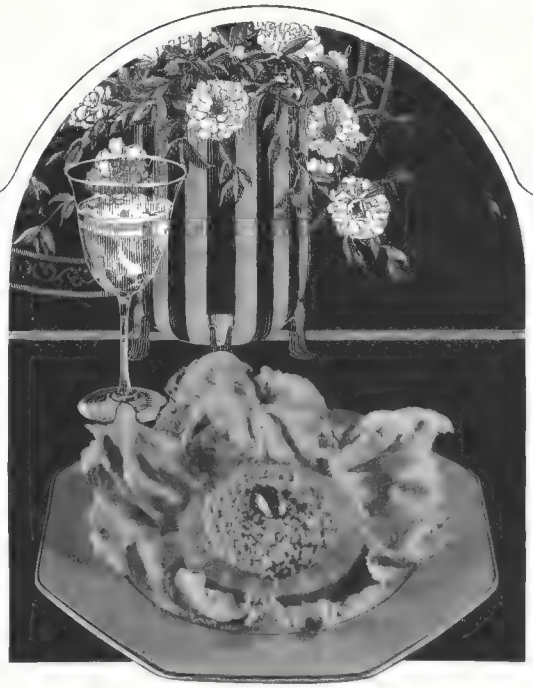
Adding up the amounts she contributes by doing her various household tasks will show that Alice adds $1751.34 to the family income in a year. *This is just slightly more than the average income of employed pers ns in the United States.*

Alice is only an average homemaker. She may spend more time in cleaning or sewing than some other homemakers. But the others may spend more time cooking or caring for the children.

If we consider the twenty million "Alices" who "keep house" in the United States, it is easy to realize that their combined incomes might add eighteen billion dollars to our national income.

WHAT ONE HOMEMAKER EARNS IN A YEAR

THE WORK SHE DOES	HOURS SPENT IN A WEEK	TOTAL OF HOURS SPENT IN A YEAR	WAGE RATE	AMOUNT EARNED IN A YEAR
COOKING	14	728	$5 a day (62.5 cents an hour)	$455
DISHWASHING	10	520	40 cents an hour	$208
WASHING AND IRONING	8	416	40 cents an hour	$166.40
SEWING AND MENDING	3	156	$40 a week (83.3 cents an hour)	$129.94
HOUSECLEANING	10	520	40 cents an hour	$208
MANAGEMENT AND MARKETING	5	260	$3000 a year ($1.25 an hour)	$324
CARING FOR THE CHILDREN	10	520	$1200 a year (50 cents an hour)	$260
Totals	60	3120		1751.34



When the Mercury Soars

The food you select should be suited to the weather. What could be more suitable for the warm days than cool, crisp vegetables or ripe, luscious fruits? Nothing—except that when combined with Kraft Cheese of an appropriate variety their deliciousness is greatly intensified.

Kraft Cheese with its abundance of protein supplies the strength-giving elements these lighter foods lack. For Kraft Cheese is known to be both good and "good for you," and as easily digested as the pure whole milk from which it is made. The Kraft Label guarantees this.

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General Offices, CHICAGO

Send for our new book of tested cheese recipes.
It is beautifully illustrated in color and contains many new and surprisingly delightful dishes. It is free.

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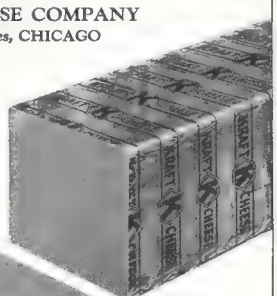


KRAFT CHEESE

Eat it freely—Easily digested

Use it with soap

20 Mule Team Borax has three essential uses in home laundry work. This is how Borax gets in its work and makes cleaner clothes—

1.

Soaking in Borax water loosens the dirt and makes easy washing with little or no rubbing.

2.

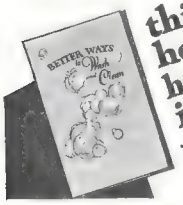
Washing with 20 Mule Team Borax and good mild soap removes the dirt effectively. The secret lies in *extra suds*. Borax makes any soap give 3 to 5 times more suds. Borax softens water, too, doing away with sticky "soap curds".

3.

Rinsing in Borax water insures complete removal of the soap. Soap left in the fabric makes grey streaks and yellow patches. The Borax rinse prevents this and leaves the clothes white and clear.

◆

Unlike harmful washing "chemicals" 20 Mule Team Borax is absolutely safe even for the finest fabrics. For every kind of household cleaning Borax is helpful, too. For booklet address Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., New York City. Dept. 527.



this helpful handbook is free... WRITE NOW..

BEATING WINGS

[*Continued from page 62*]

comprehended that already she had forestalled him. Rather unusual, this—to be hatched out of a Beauty Parlor . . .

The upshot of it was that she must have instruction. Some night class. Cooper Institute—somewhere.

"You think there is a chance that...." But her voice escaped control; broke in a childish grace-note.

"I don't know why you shouldn't hope to make it your profession some day," he said.

Recovering, "Gee," she said with a shiver.

Leda walked in—the door left open—saw her on her knees before the group; and Francis Tolland there:

"The dickens!" she exclaimed: "—and isn't that like you, Francis Tolland! What's that suit-case over there—"

Tolland, by this time, was on his feet and bending over her in his easy way—had kissed her hands very lightly and pressed them warmly:

"I made up my mind to come back... Sorry I forgot to cable again. . . . Leda, you're a headliner now, aren't you? Show going strong?....Well, I'll be dogged!" All three seemed happy, approving things in general.

"Well, what the deuce do you intend to do with your suit-case?" Leda finally said.

"Bunk here."

"Wha—t?"

Ellie suggested, "Leda, why not sleep with me tonight and let him stay?"

"All right, then. I won't turn him out—"

FRANCIS TOLLAND continued to occupy his own quarters and Leda Nieland continued to share Ellie's. For one thing she was too busy to hunt up another place. Also, Ellie wanted her, although the apartment was small, closet room limited, and the bed only a three-quarter affair.

Meanwhile, the little household went on as usual.

So busy was Ellie Lessing in her beauty shop, and, in the evenings, at school, that she had no time left to seek out another night class where the art of sculpture was taught.

There seemed to be no time for other amusements either. Circumstances were limiting her; crowding the girl back upon herself and her own resources . . . And toward her next-door neighbor, Francis Tolland. He always had time for her. He had time for anything, it seemed.

"Some party," he'd admit to Leda who usually stopped in to chat with him after her return from the theater. "But a man can't live by sculpture alone. Got to have a little gaiety . . . What's your friend, Ellie, up to?"

"Studying. Now, Francis, I want your opinion in absolute confidence. Is that girl likely to do anything in art?"

"In confidence," he said coolly, "she's got me guessing. She's in the imitative stage. We all enter that stage. Few of us pass through and become ourselves . . . Monday morning she was working at daylight and that night she showed me a sketch in plastilina—a near-Rodin idea—she called it *Motherhood*—a nude group—a girl of ten—a thin, formless, delicate little slip of a thing; and Pan, shaggy, wrinkled, his horned head pillowed on her lap, snoring . . . I'll be dogged if it wasn't a remarkable performance . . . It was all wrong, technically, of course, even for a sketch;—no construction, no proportion, not composed, not placed, not studied—*but* there were things in that, too . . . . That child, *mothering* Pan!—that unformed, virginal little thing . . . and that old goat!—"

Leda got up, put both hands on his shoulders.

"Help her, Francis . . . And I want to say this, also: Ellie thinks you're a wonderful man. Don't let her think more than that about you. Don't amuse yourself by awakening any other sentiment in her."

He began to laugh, carelessly:

"I'm not likely to try to start anything—she's got a beau; she told me so," he insisted. "It's entirely intellectual, our liaison—"

"She's very pretty," interrupted Leda. "Don't start anything with Ellie—just to prove that you can."

[*Continued in* SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[*Continued from page 23*]

had put down their glasses, "I'll tell you fellows my little bit, and then perhaps we can make some decision as to how to bring about some sort of happy ending for everybody concerned.

"Well . . . on the night you were kidnapped, King, I arrived pretty late and went to the Semiramis, to keep myself to myself for a bit and watch things.

"Well . . . I hadn't got my hair brushed, or my traps undone when a message came up that a lady below must see me at once. I asked her name. Miss Mills. I sent for her, up to my room."

Lake paused awhile, looking Peter full in the eyes across the table. He began again with his "Well . . . !" like the shot from a gun.

"Well . . . She came up. She confessed to me. I extracted every bit of information from her. And then I handed her over to our people here. "If he dies," I said, "you pay." And she said: "I'll pay to the uttermost. Haven't I come here for that?"

"Good Heavens," said Peter in a shaken voice.

"I stayed here to direct," said Lake. "Then confirmation of Carey Mills' story came from the yacht."

"From the yacht?" repeated Mayo.

"Remember that little dancer?" said Lake to Peter.

"She was there when they got you, and went straight off to Alexandria next morning, boarded the yacht, and told her story. She owed Blanche some sort of gratitude apparently."

"Blanche!" said Mayo suddenly in his whipcrack voice.

Lake raised a hand. "Steady a moment, old chap. Blanche hid on the yacht when she left Southampton, thinking you were aboard."

There was a quiet minute while Mayo and Peter looked at each other across the table. And Peter thought: "Yes, if ever there was a fire eater . . . . . " Peter spoke.

"You must kindly give me credit, Mayo, for doing my best. As soon as I understood, which I managed to do pretty quickly, I gave her my orders, which she took, thinking they were yours! She must consider herself on practically formal terms with me—that is to say, you—for six weeks, when my job would be ended and I'd be free to give myself—that is to say, yourself—to your private happiness, as it were—a difficult thing to explain all this. I put her straightway under Fortune's chaperonage and care," Peter added. "And I don't think she need ever know. After all she hadn't seen you for three years."

Mayo said quietly: "Forgive me, King, if I ever doubted you for a moment. You see, Lady Blanche Somers is very dear to me. And now, King, what about the results to you of all this?"

"As I told you," said Peter.

"Well," said Mayo, "a specialist who lives out here and in whom I have the greatest faith, will be here in five minutes. I telephoned him directly we arrived."

Then, his whipcrack tones as gentle as a woman's, he added: "Always hope, old man. If he can promise you a long lease of this fine old life, we'll get you a pick of some of the most interesting jobs in the Empire. However, that remains to be seen. There's just one thing Lake and I can do for you straightaway. Isn't there anyone you particularly want to see?"

Peter raised his eyes from the dessert fork he was playing with. "Where is she?" he said almost in a whisper.

"I'll telephone," said Lake, leaving the room. Peter sat in silence, and Mayo paced the room.

"There's just one thing," said Lake, coming back. "If you—that is to say, King—if you and Miss Mills—I mean, should she be unconditionally released, you will assume full responsibility for her future actions. I think you and I can wangle it that way, Heriot?"

"Wangle anything," said Heriot Mayo sublimely.

But before Carey came, there arrived the specialist.

Mayo and Lake came back into the room ten minutes later to find a congratulatory doctor, and Peter crazy with the promise of life.

"I've told your friend," said the doctor, "that he has been suffering from tuberculosis of the abdomen. But I am happy to say that, in what have perhaps been more fortunate conditions recently, it is certainly disappearing. It is a condition easily confused with the abdominal sarcoma from which he thought he was suffering."

The three men sat down round the table when the doctor left.

"Of course, Mayo," said Peter, recommencing his thoughtful playing with the dessert fork, "I am in a queer situation. You see, Carey Mills—" he stopped.

"She loves you, King," said Lake simply.

"I don't know," said Peter. "She loves some one but I rather think it's some one with Mayo's reputation behind him. It's all he's done that she loves."

"No, King," said Mayo. "It's all that you are."

"I would like to believe it," said Peter, "but I won't deceive myself. And I'm going to ask Mayo to make a test. When she comes in, we'll both be here, Mayo, and if she knows me—if it's me she looks at first—why, then—" A knock fell on the door.

Peter started up from the table.

Lake went to the door and opened it, and Carey stood there.

Her eyes went straight to Peter. They passed Mayo and stayed on Peter. She came to him very slowly in the dead silence. Then Heriot Mayo went very quietly towards the door and joined Lake, who whispered to him:

"By the way, Heriot, a surprise for you. Old Fortune brought the girls along yesterday. They made him."

"Girls?" said Mayo.

"Blanche and that little dancer," said Lake. "I've got 'em here. Come on."

So again Carey and Peter were deliriously alone. And she put her arms around him and her head on his breast, and she knew that she was his. But first he said to her: "Carey, I am not quite what you think I am. I am not Heriot Mayo. I am Peter King. I have not a yacht and a fortune. I have nothing."

But she was not even listening. She was crying; and she put up her mouth to be kissed.

"Let us be married tomorrow—if we can. This fellow Mayo will wangle anything," Peter said.

It seemed very little later, though it was a full hour, when Lady Blanche came in, very pink and gold, so happy that her radiance even dimmed Peter's and Carey's, followed by her fire-eater, as contented as she. And she said to Heriot, after introductions had been duly performed, and the most beautiful wishes in the world exchanged: "Oh, Heriot, Mr. King is rather like you!"

Whereat Peter and Carey pressed each other's hands, and Mayo said, "Other people have noticed that, darling. But I say, everyone, how about supper? A gala supper . . . . Come in, Guy; don't stand coquetting in the corridor; and bring in that lovely lady, please . . . . As a matter of fact Blanche and I have rung downstairs and ordered a table—"

"*Covered* in pink roses," said Lady Blanche blissfully.

The supper table was covered in pink roses. Three very beautiful women and three very contented men wished each other luck, but after the way of lovers, four of them cared for nothing but themselves.

[THE END]

FAVORITES *at the Palace — where Chef Roemer recommends them*

IMAGINE yourself in the historic Palm Court at "the Palace"—San Francisco. Snowy linen. Spotless silver. The very ultimate in service!

One of Chef Roemer's famous Hawaiian Pineapple dishes is set before you. Your appetite is stirred. You taste the tempting dish without delay. Then more than likely you say with a sigh: "If I could only serve this at home!"

And the answer is: You *can*.

To make it possible for you to serve these favorite Palace specialties with all their charm and captivating goodness, we have asked the Palace chef to tell you how he makes them.

Then, to be sure that these recipes from a great hotel kitchen are entirely practical for home use, we arranged to have three home cooks try them out. Read their comments.

That's the wonderful thing about Canned Hawaiian Pineapple — it converts simple, economical foods into dishes that delight both eye and appetite. Chefs and Maitre d'hotels everywhere know this (which accounts for the many Hawaiian Pineapple dishes on leading hotel menus). And millions of women say they "simply couldn't keep house without it." They keep a supply of both *Crushed* and *Sliced* always on hand.

Let this famous "hospitality fruit" add to *your* reputation as a discriminating hostess! Serve it often: the *Crushed*, in sundaes, ices, pies, pastries and as a ready-to-serve fruit sauce of many uses; the *Sliced*, in salads, in quick desserts, with meats and as a dessert fruit—right from the can.

And don't forget that in order to enjoy the full flavor and goodness of Hawaiian Pineapple, you must buy it *canned*. For pineapple attains its full sugar content and juiciness only when ripened by the tropical sun in the fields where it grows. And this field-ripened pineapple is much too fragile to be shipped long distances.

That's why the so-called "fresh pineapple" which is offered in your local market must be fruit which was picked green and allowed to ripen on the long way to market. Naturally, it cannot compare with the sun-ripened fruit which we can for you within a few hours after harvest.

Your grocer can supply you—in just the right size cans to fit your requirements. Order by the dozen!

Delicious Pineapple Dishes as served at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco

CHICKEN SOUVAROFF
Roasted Boneless Squab Chicken
stuffed with foi gras dressing
Serve on Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple
previously fried in butter

STUFFED EGGS
HAWAIIAN STYLE
Lettuce
Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple
Stuffed eggs on top
Serve with Thousand Island dressing

FRUIT COCKTAIL
FRAPPE PALACE
Grapefruit sections
Orange sections
Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple
Decorate with cherry or strawberry
Sugar to taste. Frappe.

Tested and approved by these practical home cooks . . .

MRS. PERCIVAL J. NEALE, 2704 Alcatraz Ave., Berkeley, Calif., says: "Chicken Souvaroff, made as Chef Roemer suggests, is certainly a delightful dish and entirely practical for home use—particularly when entertaining.

"When I served it last night I used squab chickens (unboned) and stuffed them with a 'giblets and bread-crumbs' dressing. (You'll find every woman has a favorite recipe.) In some of the chickens I added foi gras. The dish was a wonder—either with or without.

"You have added another to my list of 'favorite recipes'. We expect to enjoy it often in the future."

MRS. DAVID HENDRICKSON, of 18 West 49th Street, New York, writes: "The Stuffed Eggs-Hawaiian Style, which Chef Roemer of the Palace Hotel suggested to you is surely a fine home salad. I predict that it is going to be a favorite with us. It makes an especially appealing summer luncheon dish served with olives and cheese crackers.

"I've tried several variations of it already. Sometimes I devil the eggs in the usual way; other times I mix the yolks with Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, some vinegar and salt, and use Pineapple juice instead of the Thousand Island Dressing. But either way, it is a most satisfactory salad and never fails to meet with enthusiastic reception."

MRS. EDGAR A. HALE, of 1621 So. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California, writes: "I often use an appetizer like Chef Roemer's Fruit Cocktail Frappe; varying it somewhat, of course, according to the fruits in season.

"For instance, I like to make it with mashed strawberries. That gives it lots of extra color and flavor. If you could 'listen in' on the Hale family the next time I serve it, I'm sure that I wouldn't have to say more to convince you that we are pineapple 'fans'.

"In making fruit appetizers there are, of course, any number of combinations, but there's one ingredient that I never leave out—Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. I consider it the very backbone of such dishes as these."

Women from all parts of the country have contributed their favorite recipes for use in our new book, "Hawaiian Pineapple As 100 Good Cooks Serve It." If you haven't a copy, you don't know what you are missing. Send for your *free copy*, today! Address Department 4.

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451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

Even tiny teeth can munch this all-food fruit

DR. ARNOLD LORAND *of Carlsbad, in his book, "Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet," says, "There is probably no more nourishing fruit than the ripe banana. As far as its digestibility is concerned, it will almost melt in the mouth when simply turned around several times."*

HERE'S a golden promise to mothers of hungry, growing children: When, from tip to tip, the banana turns a rich golden yellow, when nature's germ-proof seal is lightly flecked with brown, it becomes a most wholesome food, even for little folks.

This is why: In a fully ripe banana, the first step of digestion has already taken place. The starch content has been changed into easily digested sugars—the energy-making carbohydrates that little bodies need.

So buy bananas by the hand. Let them ripen nature's way at room temperature. Then put some of them where little people—and big people—can reach these golden, brown-flecked packs of goodness.

Camille Den Dooven, former chef to His Majesty, Albert, King of the Belgians, will tell you what to do with the rest of the bunch. His book of over eighty recipes discloses new ways to make salads, entrées, and desserts that would tempt any king's taste. The coupon brings this book free.

A SURE WAY TO TELL RIPENESS

PARTLY RIPE . . An economical housewife buys Unifruit Bananas by the hand. Quite often bananas bought this way are green at the tips, as shown above. In this state they are an easily digested food when baked, boiled, or fried, as a vegetable.

YELLOW RIPE . . As the green skin turns to gold, the pulp of the banana turns from starch to sugar, delicious to the taste, and nourishing. The fruit is now readily digestible. It is especially tasty in bread pudding, tarts, and pies.

FULLY RIPE . . When flecks of brown appear on the golden skin, the banana is fully ripe. Then it is packed with energy-producing sugars that children need — and like so much. Even two-year-olds thrive on the wholesome food of thoroughly ripened bananas.

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will affect, if at all, the laws governing its exercise. It seems certain, however, that the effect, if any, will be helpful and will lean in the direction of laws making the ballot free from objectionable influences.

It is noticeable that where there is universal franchise one of the main problems is popular failure to utilize the right to vote. Another is to guard against its being improperly influenced. Laws both in the United States and abroad are being constantly proposed and sometimes enacted governing both these points.

Some of our own primary elections at times have stirred public opinion to the core, and our present method of choosing candidates for office is being seriously questioned. That the law needs some changes in order to prevent at least the excessive use of money in the selection of candidates is generally admitted.

The present primary system was considered when enacted a distinct advance over the old plan by which candidates were selected by conventions, and so indeed it is when properly safeguarded. However, it becomes increasingly difficult to find men fit for the office willing to tax their strength and purse sufficiently to obtain it. It would not be difficult to get the right type of man to run for office were he assured of the interest and support of his fellow citizens. Few men in any

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 24*]

community are willing to take even the little activity in politics necessary to make for good, clean government.

In some countries every citizen granted the franchise is required to use it when an election occurs. In some cantons of Switzerland voting is compulsory, and although there is a small monetary fine for failure, fifteen to twenty percent fail to vote. In Spain, where a system of compulsory voting exists, the law is not observed, especially in the country districts where only about twenty percent of those qualified vote. In Argentine the law making voting compulsory works better and some eighty percent respond. Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Holland, New Zealand and Belgium make voting compulsory with more or less success.

In Belgium up to 1893 the percentage of qualified electors excercising their franchise was notoriously low, there being at times not more than ten percent voting. The compulsory law has resulted in ninety percent voting.

In Czecho-Slovakia compulsory voting became part of the constitutional system from the beginning of its existence as a separate state, in both municipal and general elections. The penalties for failure to vote range from fines of from twenty to five hundred crowns, or a maximum imprisonment of one month.

Even though the abstention is not large compared to other countries, still it is large enough to make it impracticable to enforce the law rigorously. In some instances the percentage of women using the franchise is greater than of the men.

Practical experience of laws making voting compulsory should be carefully pondered. The difficulties as well as the advantages are obvious. What is certain is the need of an efficient, perhaps drastic, corrupt practice act, without which the suffrage is denatured and democratic principles travestied. Here, again, the experience of other nations may help the United States. Corruption in British Parliamentary elections during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century was notorious. It has been almost completely eliminated largely as the result of the Act of 1883. If the principles of this act should be adopted in the control of American elections, there would be good hope of avoiding the political degeneration characteristic of any nation whose public life is directed by its wealth.

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of the spiritual will again be possible for and by humanity.

Whether or not this is a romantic dream of the Russian side of Count Keyserling's mind—for we must never forget that he is one-half a Russian—I must leave to the reader. What is certain is that he has here swung violently in the direction of speculativeness. Where the *Travel Diary* was a mine of facts and observations, this book is a mine of

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

theories. And perhaps the most irritating thing about it is its constant verbal confusion of intellect with spirit, and insistence upon tension as a highly spiritual quality.

An intellect such as Count Keyserling possesses is in the long run destructive of culture, because too analytic of itself. It is the destiny of culture eternally to transform itself as indeed this book points out; but it is the destiny of intelligence, divorced from roots in living reality, only to perish.

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was well-nigh universal. In our own land it was justified by social custom, and attempts were made to find sanction for it in the Bible. It was not necessary to get away from human nature to abolish dueling. It was only necessary to get human nature away from a false and stupid idea.

"Who, in 1825, would have believed that in less than fifty years there would be no legal slavery in America? Yet so it came about. Was it necessary to get away from human nature in order to abolish slavery? Not at all. Nor will it be necessary to make human nature over again in order to put an end to war. But war will be abolished, as surely as

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

suns rise and set, human nature being what it is. So great a victory may not be won in our time, but it can be done, it must be done, it will be done."

"But the fighting instinct?" some one asks Dr. Tittle. "What about that? Can it be destroyed?" "To destroy it is not necessary, nor desirable. All that is needed is to show men the stupidity of fighting one another and set them to fight their real enemies—ignorance, disease, superstition, and war itself! This is the finer strategy, and it will be invincible as soon as man has the wit to see and use it. And all this can be done and will be done, human nature being what it is."

Thus a great preacher, so beloved and influential in the university city of Evanston, and honored throughout the land, refutes our pessimism, our timid faith, and our unworthy cynicism, by reminding us that Jesus loved our human nature, served it, and died for it, because "He knew what was in man."

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dancing, acting. Most of all the stress was to be laid on acting.

The Grand Street scheme planned also to serve the neighborhood, to provide a certain social center there, to hold classes, to provide classes for children too, and to bring into being a theater which would have a generous and living hospitality within its doors.

The Playhouse has been endowed by Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn, who have contributed also to the teaching, directing, writing, and acting. With them have been Miss Helen Arthur, Miss Agnes Morgan and others; and the list of artists in every art and from many countries who have been connected with the Playhouse begins with the great

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne and covers pages of now well-known names.

At the Neighborhood Playhouse the first production in America has been afforded to many an artist, dramatist, dancer, singer, composer and director; and many a modern figure has been presented there. On their list are the names of Lord Dunsany, Eugene O'Neill, Yvette Guilbert, Charles T. Griffes, Rossini-Respighi, Lenormand, W. B. Yeats, Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw, scores of names from all the arts, not to speak of their Japanese, Indian, Burmese and classical presentations and their adventures into pantomime, operetta, dancing and folk ritual.

But what the Neighborhood Playhouse has most contributed to our theater is its belief in beauty and art, its courage, its bold experiment, its sincerity of purpose and method, and its profound humanity of spirit.

There are other admirable organizations, but there is nothing in America that can take its place. Nor can anyone say how many of these organizations have learned from the Neighborhood Playhouse, or how much what has been created there will live in the American theater as a source of labor and faith.

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eye would see, beholding a face or a landscape. I returned to the modern "show". . . .

And I felt deeply, that an age whose artistic expression was so energetic, so explosive, so original—was a great age indeed, a greatly promising age at least, and one of which it was an exciting privilege to partake. In no large collection of art can there be many pictures of high aesthetic value. But it was significant that whereas the mediocre men in the halls upstairs (the nineteenth century ones) had been content to "copy" Nature or to "copy" past masters, the experimenters below had been content with nothing less than the effort to

ART OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

create utterly fresh visions, utterly new forms of beauty. They had failed, for the most part. Who does not fail, for the most part? But their failure, unlike the "success" upstairs, was thrilling—seemed magnificent to me precisely because of what it had attempted.

And success was there, already, in good measure. In the best work—that of Picasso, of Klee, of Braque, etc.—a new quiet has crept in to master the excitement. The excitement is there, but over it reigns the peace of strength, of spiritual dominion. You feel that these true artists have confronted life afresh—indeed, as all of us must confront life afresh in this new world of ours, where the old rules no longer work—and by humble self-mastery and self-search they have begun, in their own terms, to understand and to control it, and to bring forth once more from it the beauty of spiritual order.

So the truly modern artist in his work is a prophet pointing to the way that all of us must take in life.

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its credit.

The week's repertory comprised three operas, two of them—*The Abduction from the Seraglio* and *The Marriage of Figaro*—by Mozart; the third was Puccini's perennial favorite, *Madame Butterfly*.

Certain merits characterized all three productions. The voices were really good, and the singers had been taught how to use them, not only vocally but histrionically; in other words, they sang not only correctly, but expressively. The stage direction was excellent. Mr. Rosing had obviously attempted—generally with signal success—to get away from the time-worn semaphore school of operatic acting to something more nearly resembling the art of acting as it is practised on the spoken stage today. The scenery and costumes were the work of Norman Edwards, of the Eastman Theater, and they added enormously to the effectiveness of the performances by the Rochester company.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

Last, and emphatically not least, must be chronicled the brilliant conducting of Eugene Goossens, who is conductor of the Rochester Symphony Orchestra as well as of the opera company. Mr. Goossens, who came to Rochester from the British National Opera Company, accomplished results with his small orchestra that would have to be heard to be believed. And heard they will be, without a doubt. All that opera in English demands is talent, and money, and brains. And the Rochester Opera Company has all three—especially the third.

THE MEANEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD?

[*Continued from page 16*]

between old John Q. (Grandfather) Pendelton and the latest imported Latin portrait painter. Page saw his wife had taken in the little tableau and could sense disapproval upon her cool, classic brow. He made a slight grimace of distaste. She smiled and responded with a tiny *moue* that meant she understood and sympathized. Patient Anne. She always understood, always had through all the years. Ah, not once in twenty years had he for one instant regretted offering his hand and fine prospects to Anne rather than Alicia.

Once more Alicia leaned close. She tapped him on the arm. "Preston, pay some attention, sir. Don't you remember when you called me Demeter?"

He turned and looked full at her for the first time. She was smiling and her eyes were mocking and impersonal. He saw she'd changed her tack. Relief colored his voice as he replied, laughing:

"No, I don't remember and what's more, you don't either. Now, Alicia, let's stop this baby talk. When a woman reminds a man of things both he and she know are dead and have left no scars, then my guess is the woman has a favor to ask. Alicia, what's the game?"

She dimpled and laughed back at him, the way a jovial, friendly, rather buxom woman of forty should laugh.

"Ah, they don't call you Punch-and- [*Turn to page 68*]

Tempt lazy appetites with this economical delicacy~

Hot weather,—appetites craving variety and delicacy? That's just the time for California Canned Asparagus. For there is no end to the number of ways you can serve this delightful and healthful food.

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"DEAREST"—THE STORY OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[*Continued from page 20*]

never forget him and always love him, however deep my trouble is.

We came to Paris four weeks ago because it was too cold at Marienbad and too hot to go to the South of France, and I knew I could make Lionel comfortable here at least until the weather was cooler.

. . . You know he always wanted me to be near him, but during the last four or five weeks it has seemed as if he could not bear me to be away from him a moment. He likes Nurse, but it is always "Mamma, Mamma, Mamma" he wants. I suppose that is just Nature crying out.

He has a mournful little way of calling "Mamma" that would bring me to him if I were dying on my bed. If I move away from his side he says, "Oh! *where* are you going? Don't go, Mamma darling." I think I would never move away at all, but you see I have to spend so much money that I feel very anxious to be able to write something.

The last three days we have been quite happy. There is an Association in London for visiting and helping the very poor children who are invalids, and I was so interested when I heard of it. I wrote to the Secretary and sent five pounds in Lionel's name and the Secretary wrote such a long, nice letter to me, and sent me some reports, and I went to their office and spent a whole day in going to see the poor children with the head visiting nurse. They are so poor, pitiful, little creatures, and so neglected in their suffering.

Yesterday I read your letter to him and he did so admire it, but it made him cry. He said, "He is such a funny boy. I could not write a letter like that." And then the tears rushed into his eyes and he said, "He is having such fun! I wish I could help 'Uncle' Gimmie make a Nickel-in-the-slot-machine. Oh, I wish I could get well! I wish I could get well!"

It was so hard for me because it breaks my heart to hear him . . . . and I do so want to cry, and I dare not let him see me. I said, "Mamma's Boy will get well and he shall have everything he wants. He shall have an iron turning lathe and a naphtha launch and everything he can think of." But he put his head on my shoulder and cried, "I don't want anything, darling, only to get well."

. . . Do not think, my darling, that I do not think about you and love you when I cannot write. You are always close to my heart, but I am very unhappy, and I have a trouble that breaks down my strength.

I am so glad my one boy is well and happy. Be happy, my Sweet, and take care of the one boy I have left. Lionel sends his love to you and Papa and Uncle Charlie and Aunt Effie, and so do I.

Your
Dearest.

The end came, peacefully, at the Rue Christophe Colombe house in Paris, December 7, 1890. The body was laid in St. Germain Cemetery, in Paris, and with it, as it seemed at the time, all that was worth while in life. The mother was completely prostrated, and almost out of her mind. They took her out of Paris to the Riviera, where she had hoped to take Boy. Though physically she began gradually to mend, her grief seemed to remain with her undiminished. There are two note books preserved, strange relics of her perturbed mind at this period, in which she wrote, as it were, talking to her Boy in another, happier world. The first entry reads:

San Remo, March 6. There is one thing I feel so strongly. It seems to me always that I am carrying about with me a grief that I could never make anyone understand, however kind and good they are.

. . . People see me come in and go out or pass on the Promenade in my black dress and crêpe veil and bonnet, and of course they say mentally—if they think at all—"She has lost some one by death. She is in mourning."

. . . Death is such a common thing. Everybody dies. So many mothers have a dead child. They are sorry and have kind, pitying thoughts and would comfort one if they could—but they don't know what it is like. They cannot know about that strong, solid, little baby who was only fine and big and not pretty at all, and whom I did not pretend to myself was a beauty, but who seemed such a marvel of the world and my girl life when they laid him by me sixteen years ago. They can't know the wonder he was to me—the astonishing, surprising, adorable thing, with his sound, fat, little red body and his queer features and his little silk fringe of black hair which I pretended to curl and which somehow disappeared after a little while and left him almost bald until the baldness changed into golden down.

What pages I could write about him. Who can know how we understood each other and were such dear, close friends and so faithful in all our thoughts and looks and feelings. And how, while I cuddled him and kissed him and loved him all over, I still had a queer fancy that he was somehow more than a baby, and so I always called him not "My Baby," but "Mammie's Man." And he was always Mammie's Man. And how his darling first ugliness faded away and people began to say he was handsome—and he had that clear, noble face and his eyes grew large and brown and he somehow had a majestic manner and carriage before he could walk . . .

Christmas Day. They are all so happy around me, dear. Vivian with his grown-up writing desk and soft arm-chair to learn his lesson in—and with his silver things for his writing. And Papa in his new velvet jacket in which he is so fine—and the servants with their gifts of money. On the envelope which held the cheque for good old Ida, who was so kind to you, I wrote, "from Lionel's mother."—And we talked of you together. My love, what is your Christmas Day? But there are no days there—for "there is no night there." But you see our Christmas here.

Did you go with me when I went to those poor people and left them warm and comfortable and with food for many a day? How poor they were. How hopeless and wretched. But we made all that right, didn't we, sweetheart—Lionel and Mammie! I suppose it was like a dream to see a carriage stop before their doors with big bundles on the box and inside, and Lionel's Mammie coming in, like a sort of "lady" Santa Claus, and sitting with them to hear their troubles. And then the bringing in of sacks of flour and meal and packages of groceries and warm clothes. They begun to understand a little then—at least they understood what the things meant—I know they never quite understand your Mammie—and they don't see the Boy Angel—the Boy Spirit—who is with her and helps her to think of what they need.

. . . And one said, "Oh, to think how good the Lord is—to send you to me. To think of a poor old woman like me—a poor old woman like me having such a Christmas as this. I shall think of *him*, ma'am, as long as I live." "Him" was my boy, whom she could not see—and who had his Christmas in a Fair, Far Country, but came to her with his Mammie.

Always before her was the ideal of the Lady Bountiful, sharing the rewards of her success with those not so fortunate.

[*Continued in* SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

THE MEANEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

[*Continued from page 67*]

Power Page for nothing, do they, Preston? Well, old sweetheart-gone-forgiven-but-not-forgotten, you have guessed it. I have a favor to ask, a very vital one to me. The matter is delicate and I thought maybe you would consider it just a weeny bit unethical so—"

"So," he broke in quickly, "you thought you'd see if you could again stir my icy old blood? You rogue!"

"Yes," she admitted frankly, "and I have been a flat failure as a vamp. I always was, unless my heart was in the work! And this is so delicate—"

"Come, come, Alicia—out with it."

"Well, Preston, would you mind telling me what is meant by 'sealed papers?'"

"They are affidavits, allegations of various sorts, decisions of referees, etc., sealed by court order, generally in divorce suits, as a matter of public policy. No one may see them."

"*No one*, Preston? Even if he or she had a lot of pull?"

"Well, of course, sometimes—"

"Preston, this is one of the times"—her voice was low, tense and pleading. "I would not tell this to any other person on earth. But I must know the name of the co-respondent in the divorce suit of Marjorie Franklyn against that young Stephen Franklyn boy!"

"And why, pray, must you go prying into that?"

"Because Preston, I have a very definite suspicion that my sister Eunice was the woman in the case."

The lawyer looked at her in amazement.

"And you wish to verify such suspicions about your own sister?"

"Yes, Preston. Let me explain. Eunice is the baby of the family. She is only twenty-four. If my suspicions are true, young Franklyn must marry her. I said *must*, Preston. Do you understand?"

Tears had come into her eyes. Page's own eyes, hard, cold-gray as granite, softened. "Now, now, Alicia," he said gently, "Don't do that. People will notice it. You shall have the information tomorrow. A plague on ethics!"

THE office force in the splendid sky-scraper suite of Page, Van Dusen & Armour was surprised next morning when the senior partner appeared half an hour earlier than usual. There was more deference than ever in the greetings of old Azariah Potter, managing clerk, and the other employees.

"Potter," directed Page crisply, "get the City Clerk on the phone."

The great lawyer's chat with this functionary was brief. Then he again buzzed for the managing clerk.

"Potter," he ordered, "go to Mr. O'Houligan's office at once. He will show you the complaint and verified affidavits in a divorce action titled 'Franklyn vs Franklyn'. Just read far enough to learn the identity of the co-respondent named by Mrs. Franklyn. Write the name down on a piece of paper and bring it to me."

The old clerk was back within the quarter hour. He shuffled feebly across the thick carpet. The vein-knotted hand that held a slip of paper was trembling. Page noticed and suddenly shot at him:

"How long have you been with this firm, Potter?"

"Thirty-two years, sir," the old man stammered, "fourteen of 'em, sir, before you came with us, sir."

"Well," pronounced the great attorney, sardonically, "that's long enough to get in a rut. You'd better look around for another job. No man whose nerves are in such condition as yours can be a very efficient employee. That's all. Give me the paper."

Old Potter handed over the memorandum. As though tumbling into a coffin, the aged clerk lurched through the swinging door, leaving Page at his rich mahogany desk, alone.

Page picked up the paper, glanced at it casually. Then his face changed. His eyes opened wide. He looked again. His head dropped into his hands. He groaned as though a claw clutched his vitals.

A WEEK later the society columns recorded that Mrs. Anne Carhart Page, wife of Mr. Preston Page, internationally noted attorney, had sailed for Paris "for rest and recreation."

Postscript: Azariah Potter, managing clerk of the firm of Page, Van Dusen & Armour, was discharged the following Saturday.

YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[*Continued from page 12*]

"Don't bother to," he said: "One never knows till years afterwards if having your life saved is a subject for gratitude or not. It depends upon whether life proves worth living."

"Don't you think it is?" she asked quickly. The question escaped her involuntarily, impelled by that odd, underlying bitterness which she had sensed in him. She caught it back, flushing sensitively. "I'm sorry," she said hastily. "I'd no business to ask that."

His smile was slightly quizzical. "I don't mind answering," he replied. "There was a time when I—didn't—find life worth living."

"And now?"

"Now—in a way—decidedly, yes. After all, you can win through anything if you want to, and come out on the other side—though perhaps with an oddly enlightened opinion as to the due rewards of virtue and vice."

"You talk as if you'd got rather an inky past," said Elizabeth, trying to speak lightly and deflect the sudden note of cynicism which had sounded in his voice.

"That depends on what people call inky," he returned shortly.

She shook her head.

"Oh, no, it doesn't. Other people don't matter. It depends on whether you yourself think you've done anything you're ashamed of. Have you?" she demanded laughingly.

The man opposite met her eyes.

"No," he said simply. Adding: "But I can't agree with you that 'other people' don't count. They're the actual dispensers of our fate." He spoke with a curious, flint-like hardness, as though the statement were the outcome of something that had been ground into him by force of circumstances. "When you've lived a little longer, you'll probably find that out for yourself. Though I hope you won't," he added suddenly, his voice softening.

Elizabeth was silent. It was as if, for a moment, the man had opened the door of some dark chamber of remembrance which was ordinarily kept firmly locked and bolted. As though conscious of it himself, he rose and crossing the room to the window, looked out over the lake.

"It's stopped raining," he said abruptly, "and the storm's over. I can run you home in the motor-boat as soon as you like."

He left her for a few minutes in order to retrieve her belongings from Marietta's care, and, as soon as she was ready to start, they made their way through the drenched garden to the boat-house.

It was the work of but a few minutes to unmoor the motor-boat and start up the engine, and soon Elizabeth found herself being borne rapidly towards Villa Ilario. The man with her spoke very little on the homeward journey.

Arrived at the villa steps, he remained in the boat, steadying it with one hand while with the other he helped her out. She paused hesitatingly on the lowest step.

"Good-by," she said. "And thank you so much for—for everything."

She held out her hand, but, instead of shaking it, he carried it swiftly to his lips, then released it with a curious abruptness as though he would have recalled the action.

"On the contrary," he said lightly. "It's I who should thank you—for everything." A minute later the motor-boat was throbbing its way back towards Villa Felice. Elizabeth mounted the steps slowly. She had hardly reached the top when Candy came running out from the house, followed in a more leisurely fashion by Violet. His face was very white and drawn-looking.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of her. "I've been nearly out of my mind with anxiety. We found you'd taken the boat, and I knew she couldn't weather a squall like that. What ever made you do such a thing?"

He spoke with that sharp irritability which is so often the outcome of sheer terror for the anxiety of some one beloved. Elizabeth understood. She tucked her arm into his.

"Well, anyhow, old dear, here I am safe and sound, thanks be to a young man who came to my rescue in a motor-boat—though I'm afraid the *Carlotta* is lying at the bottom of the lake," she added ruefully.

"Oh, confound the *Carlotta!*" Frayne dismissed it with a wave of his hand.

So Elizabeth gave them a graphic description of her afternoon's adventure, only omitting one small detail of no particular importance.

"And what was the young man's name?" inquired Violet, when she had finished her story.

"I haven't the faintest idea," she answered slowly. "I never asked him."

IT was over at last—the long, tiring journey from the shores of lake Como into the heart of the English countryside.

The train ran into the station and drew to a standstill, and, collecting her suitcase and the book with which she had been beguiling the journey, she descended onto the platform.

"Here you are at last!" exclaimed a cheery voice at her elbow. "As you're the only person to get out of the train, you simply must be Elizabeth. Welcome to Waincliff, my dear."

Somehow, Elizabeth did not feel in the least as if she were encountering a stranger. Jane was just the Jane Candy had so often pictured for her—not very tall, slight and rather boyish in figure notwithstanding her thirty-seven years, with cropped brown hair tucked away beneath a little pull-on hat, and a small, characteristic face whose only claim to good looks lay in a pair of rather beautiful brown eyes, clear and intelligent like a nice dog's, and with something of the same underlying pathos in them.

"I've got the car waiting for you outside," she said. "Don't expect a limousine, though"—with a twinkle. "Ours is only a humble two-seater—into which as often as not we squash three, if they're thin enough."

She summoned a porter, giving him instructions concerning Elizabeth's luggage, then led the way out to where the car was standing. When they were slipping smoothly along the country road in the little two-seater, Jane said: "This is Colin's car, actually. He would have come to meet you himself, but that it's one of his bad days. I suppose you know he was very badly wounded in the war?" Then, as Elizabeth nodded: "It's left him lame, and on what I call one of his 'bad days' he simply can't stand the vibration of a car." Her face had shadowed over, and Elizabeth divined that Colin's lameness was a source of ever-present grief to his sister. "But this is not a very cheerful way of welcoming you," she added apologetically, "to begin by telling you my worries. Do forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive," answered Elizabeth. "I do hope," she went on a trifle shyly, "that while I'm with you you *will* let me share any worries. I always share Candy's."

"'Candy'?" Jane looked amused. "Do you call him that, too?"

Elizabeth nodded. "Always," she said smilingly. "We're much too good pals for me to call him anything so distantly respectful as 'father'!"

At this moment the two-seater rounded a sharp corner and the whole sweep of the bay came suddenly into view.

Over there is Wain Scar," said Jane. "Don't you think it's all rather lovely?" she added, with an affectionate gesture which embraced the whole scene. Elizabeth's eyes glowed.

"I should think I do!" she exclaimed. "And it's so—so English. Oh, I know I'm going to love England!"

Their road sloped downward now, still following the bend of the coast, and presently the car swung in between a pair of ancient iron gates, along a winding drive with short-cropped grass and trees on either hand, and pulled up in front of a low, two-storied house. There was something very friendly and welcoming about its aspect.

Elizabeth was conscious of a patriotic thrill. Nothing could be more English, more sweetly, old-fashionedly English than this charming old house. It was so essentially home-like. So that when Jane paused on the threshold and said rather wistfully, "I hope [*Turn to page 70*]

For instance—on dining cars of the Great Northern Railway aluminum cooking utensils are used exclusively in the preparation of approximately one million meals a year

The BEST COOKS *use*
Aluminum

In those incredibly compact kitchens which provide the best of food and the best of cookery for American railway travelers, efficiency is the first law.

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The best cooks use aluminum.

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YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[*Continued from page 69*]

you'll be very happy at Brownleaves, my dear," she turned and flung both arms impulsively round the older woman's neck, exclaiming: "I'm *sure* I shall! How could one be anything else?"

Jane kissed her warmly. She led the way into the house, and as they entered it a door opened and some one emerged from one of the rooms into the hall and came towards them.

"This is Colin," said Jane, and something in the quality of her voice as she introduced him told Elizabeth for how very much this brother of hers counted in her life.

"How d'you do?" Wentworth held out his hand. "We have been so looking forward to your coming—Jane and I—you can't imagine how much."

He spoke very simply, and the frank greeting, with its unaffected note of welcome, warmed Elizabeth's heart afresh. So this was the Colin who, according to Candy, was somewhat difficult at times. There was certainly little indication of it in his face. It was a trifle worn-looking, as though he and physical pain were no strangers to each other, but there was more than a touch of humor in the mouth and in the whimsical, though rather weary hazel eyes which met her own. Tall and slenderly built, he stooped slightly at the shoulders, and as he crossed the hall beside her she noticed that he walked with a limp.

Tea was laid ready for them in the garden—an old-world garden which called forth an exclamation of delight from Elizabeth.

Elizabeth emitted a little sigh of satisfaction as she sipped her tea. "What an adorable place Brownleaves is!" she said.

"And what is that place over there?" she asked, pointing towards Wain Scar, now growing vague and indistinct in the haze of coming evening. "Surely there's not a house on the edge of that steep cliff?"

Colin's eyes followed the direction of her hand. Before he could reply, Jane rose. "I'll leave Colin to tell you about the neighborhood, and go and see if your luggage has arrived."

"Yes, that's a house," said Colin, resuming the conversation. "It's called Lone Edge and is built practically on the very brink of the rock. It's been empty for years, but now it's been taken by an artist man of some sort. I believe he's a sculptor. I should deduce from his taking Lone Edge," he added, smiling, "that he must be a misanthrope of the deepest dye—a sort of Diogenes in a tub."

A gleam of mirth flickered in Elizabeth's eyes.

"It might be rather fun to—dig him out," she hazarded.

"If you're keen on spade-work, why not try your hand on me?" suggested Colin lightly.

"There *is* room for improvement," she admitted.

He glanced down at her whimsically.

"How would you begin?" he demanded.

"By trying to make you take a rather more cheerful view of life," she replied promptly.

At this moment Jane's voice could be heard calling her, and she rose to go back to the house. Colin checked her with a detaining hand on her arm.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "I think you're the one person who might be able to accomplish that." He paused, looking down at her with eyes that were half quizzical, half appealing. "Will you take it on?"

She hesitated. Beneath the bantering tone she sensed an underlying note of urgency—of actual demand which startled her a little.

"I don't know," she said rather nervously. Jane's voice came once more, wafted across the garden, and she grasped hastily at the excuse to evade answering him. "There's your sister calling me again. I must run."

She hurried off, leaving him looking after her with an odd expression in his eyes—a new, awakened look of interest which had long been absent from them.

THOUGH only a fortnight had elapsed since her arrival, Elizabeth had begun to carve for herself a little niche of her own in the daily life at Brownleaves.

It was a life that interested her by reason of its very contrast with the one to which she had been accustomed; nor could she help comparing Jane's voluntarily busy, hard-working existence with the utterly idle and self-indulgent one led by her pretty, spoilt stepmother.

Today, she was alone. Colin and Jane had driven off in the car soon after lunch. It occurred to Elizabeth that she might skip tea and fill up the time till their return by taking a stroll along the sands.

"If you please, miss, Dr. Sutherland's called. Shall I say you're in or out?"

Sarah, the elderly servant who had been Jane's devoted henchwoman ever since she and Colin had kept house together, broke in abruptly upon Elizabeth's half-formed plans.

"I've never met Dr. Sutherland," Elizabeth hesitated.

"No, miss, of course you haven't, seeing he's been away on his holiday ever since you came here."

"Well, you'd better ask him in. And bring tea out onto the terrace, Sarah."

"Very good, miss." Sarah marched out of the room, to return within a few moments ushering in the visitor.

Elizabeth and the newcomer surveyed each other in silence for a brief instant.

"I don't think you and I need stand on ceremony with each other," said Sutherland in a friendly fashion. "If being at school and college with your father isn't a pretty sound introduction, I don't know what would be."

"I know. I've often heard Candy speak of you. You used to stay at the Abbey, didn't you?"

Sutherland nodded. "Yes, I was practising in London then and used to run down from town occasionally. I'm glad he's coming back to settle down here at last," he added heartily. "And he's sent a very charming advance-guard to herald in the new era"—smiling.

"And how do you think you're going to like Waincliff after all your wanderings abroad?" Sutherland went on conversationally.

"I'm going to like it," she said decidedly. "Of course I miss Candy—we've always been such pals, you know. But I shall always be glad I came to Brownleaves. I should never have learnt to know Jane in the same way, if I hadn't actually lived in the same house with her."

"And Jane is worth knowing, isn't she?" he said. He spoke very quietly, without any emphasis, yet there was a certain note in his voice—a kind of suppressed tensity—that arrested Elizabeth's attention. She looked across at him.

"Jane is—wonderful," she said simply.

He was silent for a moment. Then:

"More wonderful than people guess. It takes a very big heart and a very broad mind not to feel the faintest occasional bitterness and resentment against some one whose life has been bought at the cost of the life which meant most to you in the world."

Elizabeth looked at him interrogatively.

"I don't think I quite understand. You're speaking of the man Jane was engaged to, aren't you—the man who was killed in the war?"

"Yes—Dick Fenton. You've never heard how he lost his life, then?" She shook her head, and he went on: "It's a tragic story—everyone in Waincliff knows it, of course. Fenton and Colin were together most of the time at the front, and both went through three years of it without a scratch. And then, one day, their luck broke. With a handful of others they were caught in a terribly tight corner, had to beat a retreat, and Colin got left behind, too badly wounded to move. When he discovered it, Fenton went back under terrible fire and brought him in, and just as they reached the lines Fenton himself dropped dead, shot clean through the head."

"Oh, *poor* Jane!"

Elizabeth's breath caught strickenly on the half-whispered words.

"Yes, poor Jane. And the queer—and wonderful—part of it is that although, before that, she and Colin had never seemed particularly attached to each other—nothing more between them than the ordinary tolerant liking which exists between heaps of brothers and sisters, ever since then she has been simply devoted to him. You would have expected that Fenton's death—such a death—would have been more likely to set them further apart than ever."

Before she could make any answer, the sound of voices broke on their ears, and a minute later Colin and Jane could be seen approaching by way of the flagged path from the house.

"Sarah told us you were here," exclaimed Jane, holding out both hands to Sutherland as soon as she came within speaking distance. "Oh, Wise Man, it's good to see you back again!"

For half an hour or so they all chatted away together.

"By the way," said Jane presently, "the new owner of Lone Edge has arrived since you went away. His name is Blair Maitland, and he appears to be something of a mystery. No one has seen him yet.

"I've seen him," said Sutherland. "I ran into him this afternoon, coming out of the Post Office, after I'd been to visit Mrs. Jennings. And, oddly enough, I happen to know him." Both the women emitted a little murmur of feminine interest. "He was under my care for a time out at front," pursued Sutherland, "Pretty badly wounded, too. But, at that time, he was known as Private Smithers."

"*Smithers?*" The word came in astonished chorus.

"Then how has he become Maitland now?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well, I never thought that Smithers was his real name," said the doctor. "He didn't look in the least like a Smithers—or talk like one, not even when he was delirious.

"Then I expect some love-affair was at the back of it," pursued Colin indulgently.

Sutherland nodded. "Possibly you're right," he said casually. But his eyes were curiously thoughtful and reflective.

"Did he explain to you that he was no longer Smithers?" inquired Jane.

"Yes, quite naturally. Said he's taken the name Maitland along with some money he'd inherited."

Presently the conversation drifted to other topics.

ELIZABETH had been out for a long tramp across the downs beyond Wain Scar, and now a glance at her watch warned her that she must turn back at once if she wished to be home in time for lunch. Her way led past the confines of Lone Edge—confines very definitely emphasized by a high stone wall enclosing the ragged bit of land belonging to it.

Elizabeth regarded the high stone wall with extreme disfavor as she realized that if she could only cut across the Lone Edge land, instead of going round it, she could save at least a mile of her return journey. At one place a stout oak door was let into the wall, but this was always kept locked on the inside, she knew—she had tried the latch unsuccessfully on more than one previous occasion. However, urged by the fact of her lateness, she lifted the latch half-heartedly as she passed, though without any real hope of gaining entrance. To her surprise, on this occasion the door yielded—evidently, by some one's oversight, the key had not been turned in the lock—and she found herself within the guarded precincts of Lone Edge.

She bestowed a quick glance round, and, assured that there was no one in sight to discover her in the act of trespassing, she made her way as rapidly as she could across the fields, following the downward trend of the headland towards the village. She hurried on, threading her way between the furze and blackberry bushes, and finally broke into a run down a gentle slope.

The next instant, without the slightest warning, she pitched headlong forward, as suddenly as though she had been shot, and fell full length on the ground. For a moment she lay still where she had fallen, half stunned by the shock, and when at last she tried to pick herself up she became conscious of a sharp, tearing pain in her foot. Dizzily she realized that she must have sprained her ankle rather badly, and she was just wondering what on earth she should do when she [*Turn to page 88*]

L'ECHO de PARIS

No. 5001. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with two tunics. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4¼ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width about 1¼ yards.

No. 5017. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch light material; 3⅛ yards of 40-inch darker material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5003
Emb. No. 1548

5014

5007

5019
Emb. No. 1594

No. 5003. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2⅝ yards 40-inch; waist, belt, 1½ yards 40-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1548 suggested to trim.

No. 5014. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; long fitted sleeves; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

No. 5007. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with sleeveless overblouse; draped skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 5019. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4¼ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1594 may be worked in straight-stitch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5002. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; straight skirt with yoke; camisole lining. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2⅞ yards.

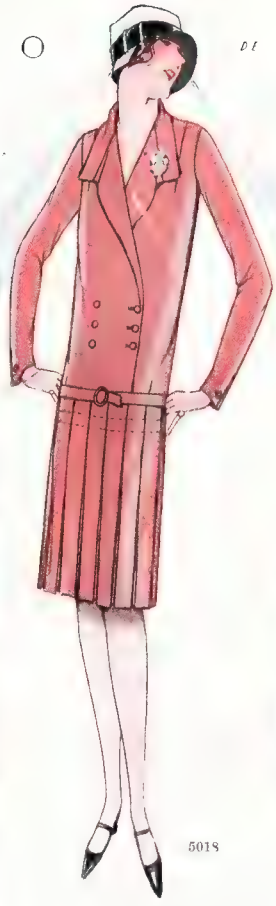
No. 5016. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 5015. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with separate slip. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material; sash, 2½ yards of 5-inch ribbon. Width, about 3 yards.

No. 5012. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; draped skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, requires 1⅜ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4944
Emb. No. 1590



5018

5003

5001
Emb. No. 1594

4947

DAY FROCKS

MID-SEASON has always tempted women to new clothes. Sun and rain have done their worst with what one owns. This quintette of frocks, designed after new Paris models, will serve well for the rest of the season. The tailored gown can go travelling and the lace frock can go to parties. A bow at the hipline, a flat pleated skirt, a draped blouse and girdle shown here present new methods applied to the existing fashions.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4944 5003 5018 4947 5001

No. 4944. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, waist, 1¾ yards 40-inch; contrasting, 1⅞ yards 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Motif No. 1590 suggested.

No. 5018. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt with pleated front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 5003. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist and belt, 1½ yards of 36-inch; lace flouncing, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards.

No. 5001. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4⅞ yards of 32-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1594 suggested for straight-stitch.

No. 4947. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; wrap-around camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 32-inch or 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

NEW IDEAS

REGARD these attractive features in smart frocks. The kerchief yoke with cravat in the first frock, the shirred skirt of the flowered chiffon gown, the striking treatment of black and white in the third costume, cannot fail to catch the fancy. The band of dark fabric to match the belt shown in the patterned crepe frock below is clever and effective. Two belts on the fifth frock show fashion's effort to raise the waistline.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4941. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with pleated front section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 5011. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with inverted pleat at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 5017. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards 40-inch light material; 3⅝ yards 40-inch darker. Width, about 1¼ yards

No. 5019. Ladies and Misses' Dress; with slip. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch; slip, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2¼ yards.

No. 5000. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with V neck and long set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 89.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

VACATION FROCKS

DRESSING in the gayest gowns one owns at watering places is an increasing custom. This sketch shows their variety and smart appearance. White flannel, crepe de Chine, patterned silk and crepe, embroidered white and pastel linen, and the new weave of Shantung, are the fabrics used. There is also embroidery to give coloration and Chanel's new shoulder flower that droops like feathers. The clever treatment of the waistline on the fifth frock is worth considering.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4953 5012 4938 5015 4946

No. 4953. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Motif No. 1377 in outline-stitch may be used.

No. 5012. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1565 suggested to trim sleeves.

No. 4938. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3¼ yards 40-inch Width, about 2⅝ yards. Embroidery No. 1578 suggested.

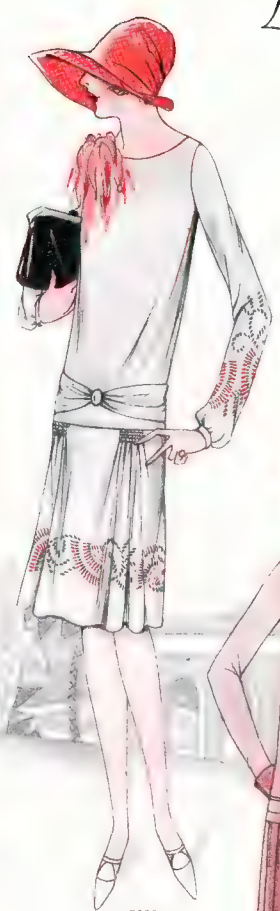
No. 5015. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 40-inch; ribbon sash, 2½ yards of 5-inch. Width, about 3 yards. Darning Embroidery No. 927 suggested.

No. 4946. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4963
Emb. No. 1591

4957



5003
Emb. No. 1594

5007
Emb. No. 1585

4975
Emb. No. 1590

FANCIFUL FROCKS

THESE gowns are evidence of the universal urge to wear frivolous frocks when the sun beats down. A bolero jacket is put above a full skirt and gypsy sash. A figured crepe has the smart bias neckline with jabot and a deep flounce over a full skirt. The double waistline is shown in the third gown with its fan-shaped embroidery. The draped overskirt with big bow at hip of the fourth model, and the fetching new collar on the fifth frock are evidence of the spirit of the season.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4963

4957 5003

4955 5007

No. 4963. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1591 may be used.

No. 4957. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece straight skirt with gathered tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 5003. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1594 may be developed in straight-stitch.

No. 4955. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, waist, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. Motif No. 1590 is suggested.

No. 5007. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Flower motifs and fagoting may be made with Embroidery No. 1585.

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ACROSS the Mohawk River from the main highway lies Canajoharie, N. Y., where Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made. This is an old and quiet town. Many of the Beech-Nut workers have been neighbors for generations—descendants of the original settlers as they are.

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Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Exceptional quality—at moderate prices

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4956

4940
4941

4973

4347

4644
Emb. No. 1590

4973 4956

No. 4956. Misses' and Juniors' Ensemble Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, jacket, 1½ yards of 40-inch material; dress, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4973. Ladies' and Misses' Dress Ensemble. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, dress, 4 yards of 40-inch; coat, band, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4644. Ensemble Suit. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress, 3⅞ yards 36-inch; coat, 3½ yards 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1590 suggested.

4644 4940 4941 4347

No. 4940. Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2⅝ yards 40-inch. 4941. Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4347. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards 54-inch material, cut crosswise; lining, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail; postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 89.

4995

5006

5005
Emb. No. 1585

5010

4996

4883

4939

4997

No. 4883. Ladies' and Misses' Sports Blouse; cut in one with step-in. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4939. Ladies' and Misses' Blouse; surplice closing. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4996. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Circular Skirt; with yoke. Sizes 28 to 38 waist. Size 32, 1⅝ yards 54-inch. Width, about 2⅜ yards.

No. 4995. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Chemise. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material; lace, 3½ yards.

No. 4997. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Skirt; with yoke. Sizes 32 to 40 waist. Size 34, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 5005. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Combination. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 yards 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1585 suggested.

No. 5006. Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yards of 40-inch material; lace, 1¾ yards.

No. 5010. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Chemise. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; binding, ⅝ yard of 36-inch.

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• • •

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Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
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Dept. 98, 421 South Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4747
Emb. No. 1574

4474 4659

5013

4956

4747 4474 4659 5013 4956 5014

No. 4474. Girl's Dress; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material; collar ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4659. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material or 2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4747. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1574 in chain-stitch and lazy-daisy may be used.

No. 5013. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch.

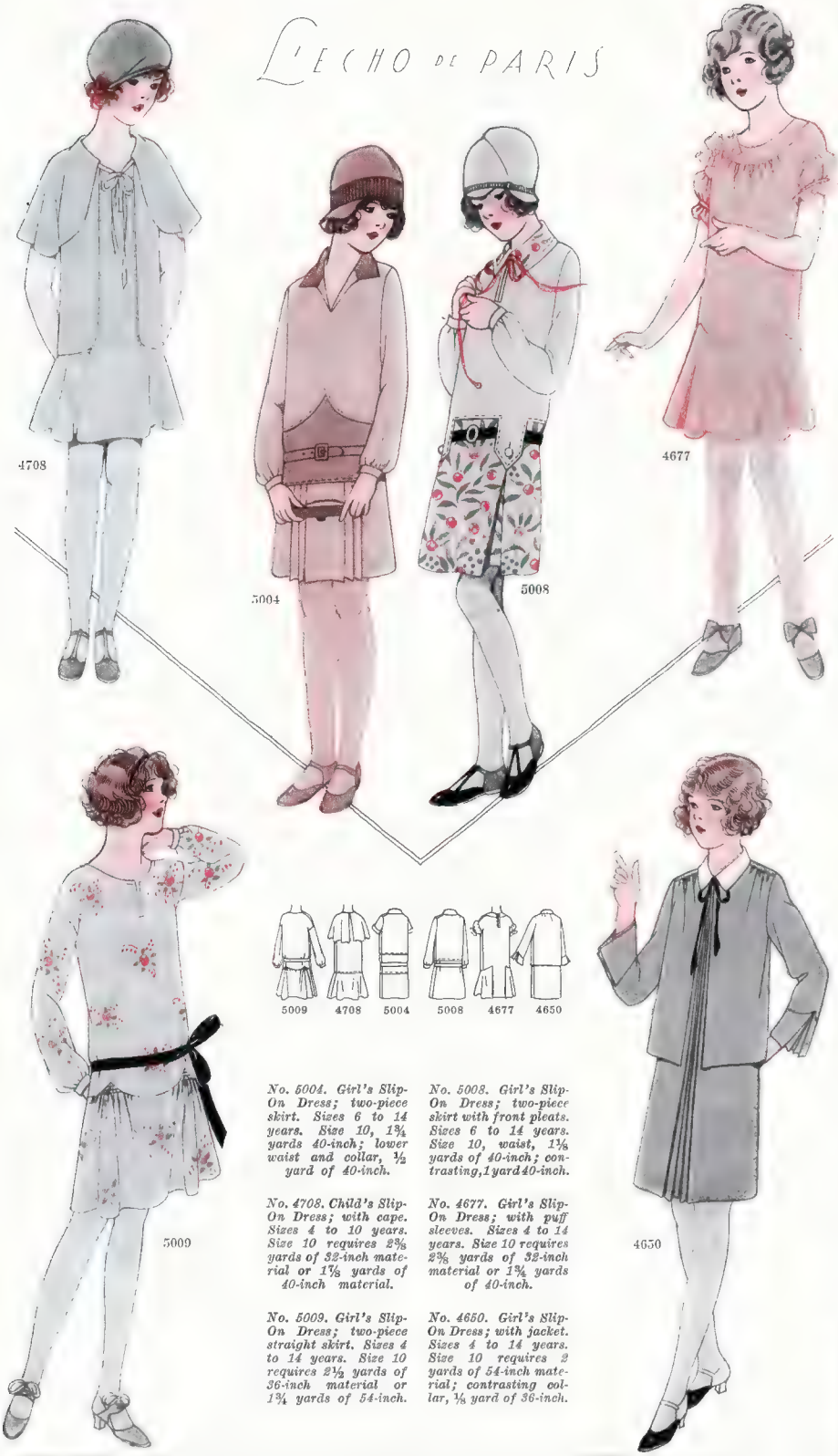
No. 4956. Misses' and Juniors' Ensemble Dress; slip-on dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 2⅜ yards 40-inch; waist, 1¼ yards 40-inch.

No. 5014. Misses' and Juniors' Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards of 32-inch material or 3¼ yards of 40-inch material.

5014

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 89.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5004. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1¾ yards 40-inch; lower waist and collar, ½ yard of 40-inch.

No. 5008. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with front pleats. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, 1⅛ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 40-inch.

No. 4708. Child's Slip-On Dress; with cape. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material or 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4677. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with puff sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material or 1¾ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5009. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material or 1¾ yards of 54-inch.

No. 4650. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with jacket. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting collar, ⅛ yard of 36-inch.

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The daintiest of women

should not be ignorant of scientific physical facts

GONE is the old idea that the most intimate concern of a woman's life should be shrouded in mystery. And a franker, cleaner, more wholesome life is the result.

It is no secret that women have long lived in constant dread of the results when using poisonous antiseptics for personal hygiene. Yet what else could they do? Until recently the only antiseptics that could provide genuine surgical cleanliness, were deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury and the various forms of carbolic acid.

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With Zonite there is no burning action on the delicate internal membranes, there is no toughening and hardening effect, resulting in an area of scar-tissue. Lastly, Zonite brings into the home no danger of accidental poisoning. Isn't it natural that millions of women today regard Zonite as a godsend in their lives?

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A dainty booklet giving the facts concerning feminine hygiene has been prepared. It is frank, concise and scientific. Just sign the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Please print name
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So fresh, so clean, so well-groomed she feels. She has bathed, and applied the dainty touch of cosmetics. But has she forgotten those shadows of hair which mar the loveliness of even the clearest skin?

A pleasant, easy wash with liquid De Miracle, quickly removes all annoying hairs that raised arm or chiffon clad limb will disclose.

De Miracle liquid is endorsed and used by hospitals and physicians everywhere. It is delicately perfumed. And every bottle is guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

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FREckLES

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Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Maybelline

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Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1052 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4171. Child's Slip-On Dress; closing at left shoulder. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 4999. Little Boy's Suit; romper style. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material or 1⅜ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5009. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4420. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Size 2 to 8 years. Size 6, 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1540 in outline-stitch may be used.

No. 4624. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1589 in single-stitch is suggested.

No. 4144. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4475. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 32-inch material; collar and cuffs, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

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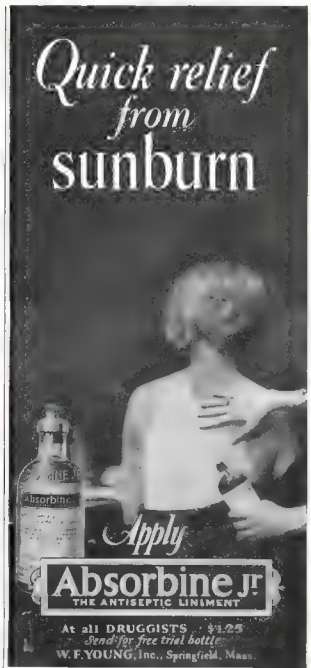
Quick relief from sunburn



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EverSweet
The Dainty Deodorant

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EVERSWEET is very healing, comforting and refreshing. It is an efficient antiseptic. At Drug and Dept. Stores 25c-50c a Jar.
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The Premier Liquid Face Powder
4 Tints—Flesh, White, Pink, Rachel—Bottle 75c
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Moore Push-less Hangers
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SHAMPOO

—is the universally favored way to develop the healthful luster and natural waviness of the hair. It softens and removes dandruff, dirt and excess oil, leaving the hair beautiful and seemingly abundant. The soft, fragrant lather has a stimulating effect on the scalp, encouraging hair growth. To use Canthrox, dissolve a teaspoonful in cup of warm water. This is enough to go all over the head. On sale at all drug stores.

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Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

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Soothes and Heals Rashes and Irritations
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4470. Child's Romper. Sizes 1 to 3 years. Size 3, 1¾ yards of 27-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 36-inch. Outline-stitch Embroidery No. 1589 suggested.

No. 4598. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5004. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8, waist, 1⅛ yards 32-inch; contrasting, 1⅛ yards 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1590 suggested.

No. 4998. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4, 2⅜ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1120 may be used.

No. 4501. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 27- or 32-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4379. Child's Slip-On Dress; with pantelette slip. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6, slip, band, 1¼ yards 36-inch; dress, 1½ yards 36-inch.

No. 4571. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6, 2¼ yards 40-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1525 suggested.

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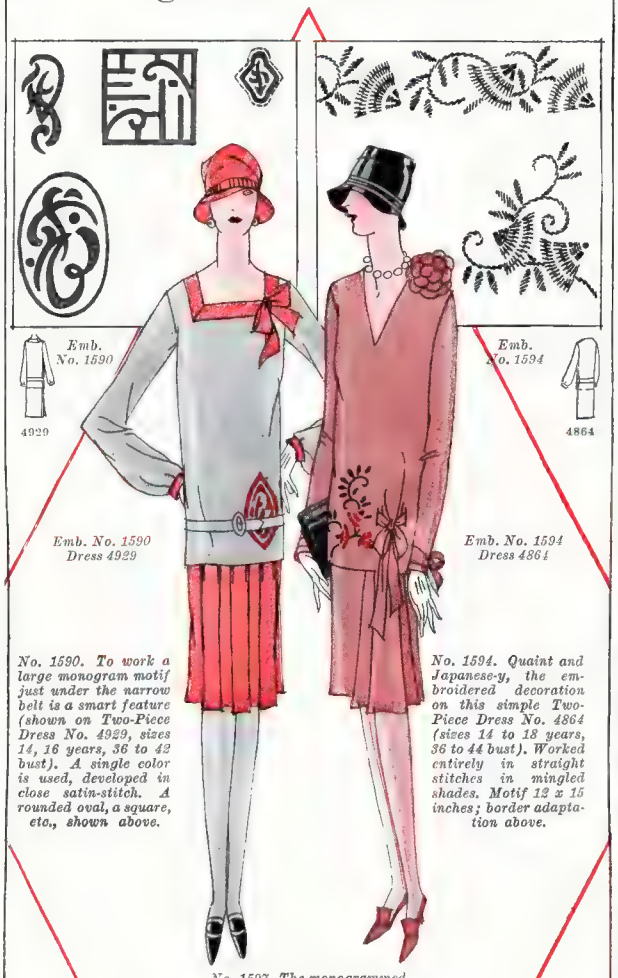
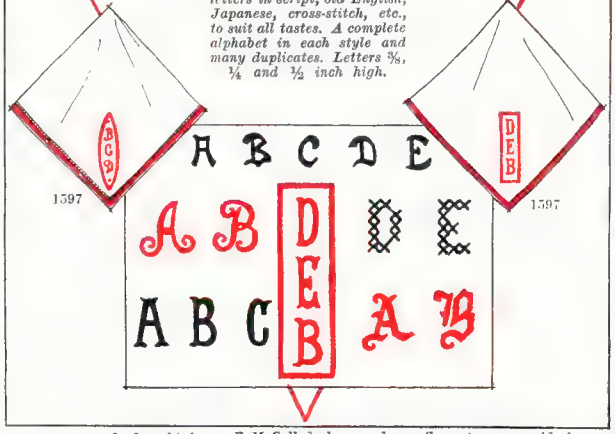


Emb. No. 1590
4929
Emb. No. 1594
4864
Emb. No. 1590 Dress 4929
Emb. No. 1594 Dress 4864

No. 1590. To work a large monogram motif just under the narrow belt is a smart feature (shown on Two-Piece Dress No. 4929, sizes 14, 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). A single color is used, developed in close satin-stitch. A rounded oval, a square, etc., shown above.

No. 1594. Quaint and Japanese-y, the embroidered decoration on this simple Two-Piece Dress No. 4864 (sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust). Worked entirely in straight stitches in mingled shades. Motif 12 x 15 inches; border adaptation above.

No. 1597. The monogrammed kerchief is all the vogue, the letters in script, old English, Japanese, cross-stitch, etc., to suit all tastes. A complete alphabet in each style and many duplicates. Letters ⅜, ¼ and ½ inch high.



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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.
Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.
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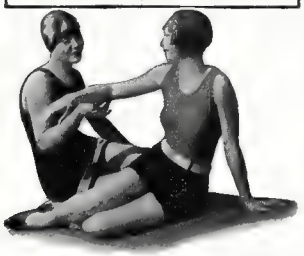

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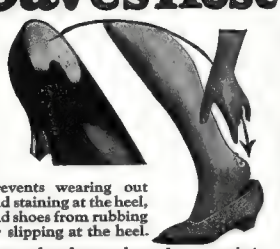

Prevents wearing out and staining at the heel, and shoes from rubbing or slipping at the heel.

The cup-shaped center, shown above, an exclusive feature of this device, does it.

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Smocking and Embroidery For Little Clothes

by Elisabeth May Blondel

5004 4992
4993 with Smocking Design
4742 4998
4742 with Smocking Design
No. 4991. To go a-gardening, this little maid puts on her comfortable bloomer dress. The bright buttonholed flowers worked on it chime in with her spirits, and the belt also adds a fashionable touch. The costume is adapted to 5 sizes, from 2 to 10 years.
Emb. No. 1590 Dress 5004
4991 with Emb. Design
Emb. No. 1591 Dress 4998
4991

No. 4992. Little brother's romper keeps the smocking pace set by sister, cute matching pocket and all. Adapted to 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years; worked with colored cottons.

No. 1590. Miss Ten-year-old rejoices in the puzzling monogram motif that adorns her new frock (Slip-On-Dress No. 5004, sizes 6 to 14 years). Worked in satin-stitch with colored cotton.

No. 4742. Sister's smocked dress is a trifle more elaborate than her playfellow's. The smocking is equally smart on plain or dotted material. Model in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

No. 1591. A gay flower-border in peasant style lends a colorful note to the bloomer frock (No. 4998, sizes 2 to 8 years). Straight- and cross-stitch work pocket as well (see the detail below).

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 89.

A very necessary precaution in summer

THE cleanness of the closet bowl is important at all times of the year. But it is especially important in summer. You need to be very sure that it is purified, often.

Use Sani-Flush. Sprinkle it into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Every stain, mark and incrustation is gone. Foul odors are banished. And the hidden, unhealthy trap—impossible to reach with a brush—is purified too.

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Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

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Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—
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THIS IS NO. 3 OF A SERIES

Do You Enhance or Obscure Beauty?

Do you spoil a graceful carriage by dresses whose lines are broken by ruffles and flounces? Do you muddy a clear skin by wearing colors that would make Aphrodite seem sallow?

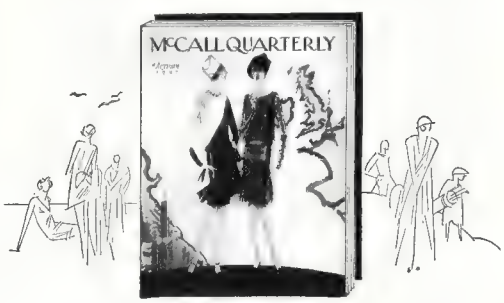
Beauty can, of course, be obscured. Only an artist can find it when hidden by inept clothes—and since these merchants of beauty are too rare it is worth considering the sad effects of garments ill chosen.

It can be enhanced, too. Not that beauty which is absolute, but those separate beauties that are relative. A hat may deny fine eyes, a frock turn a gracious figure into a lump of flesh, cloth covered.

Which is your own loveliness—hair, skin or eyes? Study it. Place it in its fit setting and your claim to beauty will be admitted without dissent.

For the unchanging diamond one setting is enough. For changing human beauty many are needed. Youth, the middle years, old age have each their loveliness and for each beauty there is its seemly setting.

Only you can choose it and you can do it only with much care. The McCall Quarterly of Styles can be your handbook. Leaf its pages in a considering way—the color, the fabric, the lines of everything you wear is important. Choose what you feel is your own, leisurely, consulting your husband, your best friend. Then, when you've chosen, add your quota to the beauty of the world.



AUTUMN ISSUE

McCALL QUARTERLY

Now on Sale—McCall Pattern Departments and All Newsstands

Grandmother's Lovely Art Of Quilting Revived

by Elisabeth May Blondel

1596. Infant's Quilted Afghan of pale pink satin.

No. 1596. Soft and fluffy, this quilted loveliness is just the thing to tuck around baby in her crib or carriage. Every mother is making one, putting in running-stitches through to the wadding. The Design measures 26 x 33 inches.

No. 1595. This quilted trio of pillows includes a bird design matching the afghan above, its size 11¾ x 15¾ inches. Developed in satin, taffeta or radium silk in pastel shades, they make a lovely group. Round design, 10¼ inches.

Pink, lemon and pale green are pleasing colors for this pillow group.

1595

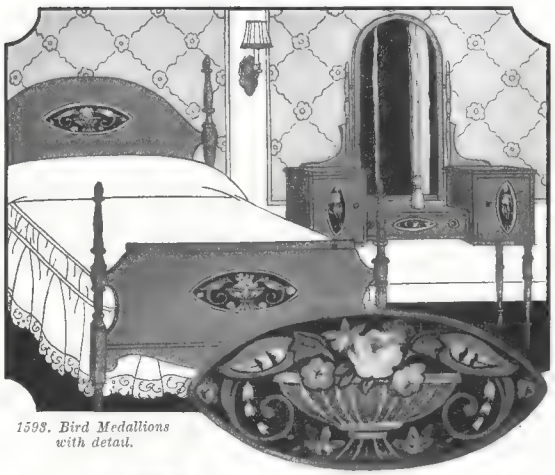
1580

No. 1580. A gorgeous peacock on a flowering branch is worked in quilted outlines on this large sized oblong pillow (16 x 20 inches). The design is especially handsome developed on sage green taffeta with matching sewing silk. The running-stitches should be drawn tight through both silk and wadding so as to produce the raised fluffy effect. The boxed and corded finish is smart.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 89.

Old Furniture Transformed With New Medallions

by Elisabeth May Blondel

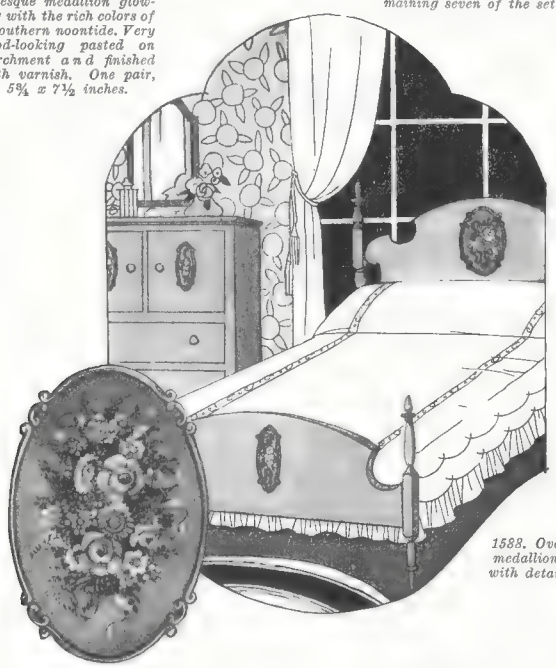


1593. Bird Medallions with detail.

No. 1593. Tropical luxuriance of color distinguishes the new bird medallions for pasting on old or new furniture. Adapted to 2 large, 5¼ inches; 2 upright, 4 inches; 6 each of small ovals and circles for drawers and knobs, chairs, etc.

No. 1583. Ideal for a lampshade is this picturesque medallion glowing with the rich colors of a southern noontide. Very good-looking pasted on parchment and finished with varnish. One pair, 5¾ x 7½ inches.

No. 1588. Opposite in character from the above, are the rounded ovals below, softly colored in antique effect. Pasted on bedhead is the largest, 5 x 7⅝ inches; in three diminishing sizes the remaining seven of the set.



1588. Oval medallions with detail.

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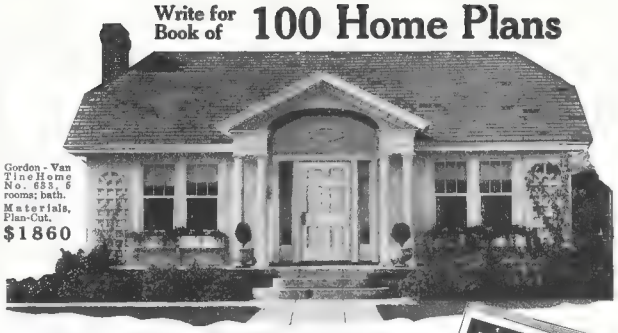
Write for Book of **100 Home Plans**



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Handcolor our Christmas greeting cards by process that looks just like artist's work. No talent or experience needed. 6 to 12 cents profit on every card you color. Do 15 to 20 cards an hour. 45,000 persons now making big money this way. Send for *FREE* book, "Pleasant Pages" illustrating wonderful, new line of 1927 Christmas cards. Complete instructions included.

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A Crystal White Skin—*Now Yours!*

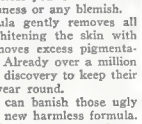
Amazing New Discovery Banishes Freckles, Sallow Skin and Blackheads—Almost Overnight!

THE first step towards beauty and charm is a clear, flawless complexion. Now you can have a delicately beautiful, clear, smooth, white skin! Almost overnight you can clear your skin of freckles, pimples, redness, roughness or any blemish.

A wonderful new formula gently removes all blemishes, clearing and whitening the skin with amazing quickness. It removes excess pigmentation—clears imperfections. Already over a million women are using this new discovery to keep their skin sparkling white the year round.

In just a few days you can banish those ugly freckles and tan with this new harmless formula. Soon your complexion will take on a smoothness and a clearness. In no time at all you will have the charm of a crystal clear skin—soft, velvety, and milk-white—free from blemishes, blotches, pimples, spots. What an alluring difference it makes!

Smooth this cool, delicate creme on your skin tonight. Tomorrow morning notice how the muddiness is already giving way to unblemished milky whiteness. So wonderful are the results of this new scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it.



Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded. At all good drug and department stores.

Created by The Paris Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

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New Safe Way

TO END

GRAY HAIR

You test it free at home

Science finds the way to bring back color to gray and fading hair—almost over night. Physicians prove it *safe.*

1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. *Clean . . . safe.* Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

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HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that natural shade is conveyed. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends.

This new scientific way defies detection. Some 3,000,000 women have used it. You take no chances.

Touch only gray parts

It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

We send you free a sample of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. You snip off a single lock of your hair and try it first on that. You see exactly what results will be. Thus take no chances. Which is the safe thing to do.

Or go to the nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not amazed and delighted.

TEST FREE

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Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde..... (Print name)

Name .....

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City .....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

Hair Color Restorer

YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[*Continued from page 70*]

heard quick footsteps behind her and a woman's voice said:

"You've hurt yourself, haven't you? I saw you fall."

The voice was an uneducated one, and when Elizabeth looked up to see who had spoken she received a shock of astonishment; speech and speaker were so utterly at variance with each other. The girl standing beside her, gazing down at her solicitously, was of such unusual beauty that for a moment she made no attempt to answer her, but merely stared at her in spontaneous admiration. She was slightly built, with all the slender immaturity of youth, and in spite of the indifferent cut and quality of her clothes it was easy to recognize the beautiful poise and modelling of her figure. Dark chestnut-red hair gleamed from beneath a small green hat, and, in the bright sunshine, the golden-brown eyes beneath the long low arch of her brows seemed to reflect the same glowing warmth as her hair. The modelling of her face was exquisite, beautifully proportioned as that of her body, and her skin was well-nigh flawless—of that rare, almost dazzling fairness which is sometimes found as an adjunct to red hair.

"I'm afraid I can't walk," Elizabeth said rather faintly.

"It doesn't look as if you can," replied the girl. "I'll have to go and get help from the house."

"It's very kind of you, Miss—" Elizabeth paused questioningly.

The other smiled, showing a row of even white teeth.

"Miss nothing-at-all. I'm just Poppy—Poppy Ridgway. Now I'll be off back to the house and ask Mr. Maitland to come along."

She was gone, leaving Elizabeth to nurse her ankle and wonder who she was and what position she occupied in Maitland's household. Presently she saw a little group of people emerge from the house and come towards her—Poppy herself, accompanied by two men, the second of whom, walking a few paces in the rear, was unmistakably an indoor servant. But it was upon the man at Poppy's side that Elizabeth's eyes rivetted themselves in frank astonishment. There was no mistaking that lean, sinewy figure with its supple ease of movement, and as he drew nearer she could see the same look of surprised recognition leap into his blue eyes as was in her own. Her thoughts flashed back to that afternoon of storm on Lake Como, when, but for this man's timely help, she herself would have gone down with the *Carlotta.* A queer little thrill shot through her, for her "brown man" of Italy was one and the same person as Blair Maitland.

"So we meet again," he said coolly, as he reached her side. "I must say"—regarding her with a glint of amusement in his eyes—"that you seem to have a positive genius for getting yourself into difficulties. It's a sprained ankle this time, Poppy tells me," he said. "Let me have a look at it."

He knelt down at her side, and lifting her foot from the ground, he began feeling the injured part with sensitive, searching fingers. In spite of herself, she winced under his touch.

"I'll give you as little pain as I can," he said, "but I'm afraid it's bound to hurt a bit. Only, the longer it's left the worse it will be. Will you trust me to do it as gently as possible?"

Meeting his glance, which held a curious, insistent demand, her own fell. She made a slight motion of assent, then set her teeth, determined that no amount of pain should wring a cry from her, while he unlaced the shoe, loosening it as much as possible, and then with firm and gentle fingers, drew it off. But for all her determination a little moan escaped her, in spite of herself.

"There—that's over," said Maitland reassuringly. "Now the next thing is to get you back to the house. You help me, Morris," he went on, turning to the manservant. "We must carry her. And you run on ahead, Poppy, and tell Mrs. Morris to have some hot water and bandages ready."

Poppy nodded and flew off in the direction of the house. Maitland answered the unconscious interrogation in Elizabeth's face.

"She's a model," he said. "I'm a sculptor, you know"—smiling—"in the intervals when I'm not saving you from the consequences of your own foolhardiness. Now"—stooping over her and slipping a strong arm around her—"Morris and I are going to carry you up to the house."

Between them the two men managed it very successfully, and Elizabeth found herself finally deposited on a couch in a cosy sitting-room.

"I'll attend to the damage, Mrs. Morris," said Maitland, quietly, and he took composed possession of the basin of hot water and the linen strips.

With capable, wonderfully tender hands he proceeded to bathe and bind up the injured limb, while Poppy stood looking on. Once, when Elizabeth flinched a little, he laid his hand quickly over hers.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice a trifle roughened.

As though that slight roughening in his voice struck significantly on her ear, Poppy glanced at him with swift, searching eyes. A curious expression came into her face, making it look all at once older—a woman's face, no longer a girl's. It was as though some hidden fear had found place in her mind.

"Do you want me any longer?" she asked abruptly, almost rudely.

Maitland looked up from his task of binding up Elizabeth's ankle.

"No," he said, "you can go home, Poppy. Be here tomorrow at ten o'clock, will you?" It was more in the nature of an order than anything else, uttered with a careless certainty that it would be obeyed.

The quick color flared up under Poppy's clear skin. Then she swung round on her heel and marched to the door.

"All right," she said bluntly. "I'll go."

MAITLAND bestowed a satisfied glance upon Elizabeth's neatly bandaged ankle.

"Do you think you are fit for me to run you back to your home in the car?" he asked. "By the way, where *is* your home? I'm a newcomer here and quite ignorant so far of the whereabouts of my neighbors."

"I'm staying with friends," Elizabeth explained, "with the Wentworths, across the bay at Brownleaves. I'm Elizabeth Frayne," she added.

He nodded. "Then I think the best thing I can do, Elizabeth Frayne, is to take you back to your friends—and, if I were you, I should let Dr. Sutherland have a look at that ankle of yours. After all, I'm only an amateur at bandaging."

"Quite a good amateur, I think," she replied, smiling. "You know Jack—Dr. Sutherland, don't you?" she went on conversationally.

His face clouded suddenly, as if the reference to his knowledge of Sutherland brought back some memory that still had power to hurt.

"He doctored me up when I was at the front," he returned shortly. "That's the extent of my acquaintance with him."

Then, as though the subject were a distasteful one, he rang the bell and abruptly ordered his car to be brought round. When it came, with Morris's help he carried her out to it and presently they were speeding down the drive. They passed a barn-like erection which had before attracted Elizabeth's attention.

"What is that building?" she asked curiously.

"That," he said, glancing at it, "constitutes the principal reason why I bought Lone Edge. It makes as fine a studio as a man could wish."

"Do you do a great deal of work, then?" she inquired.

A humorous little smile crossed his face. In this remote corner of the world, it seemed, the name of Blair Maitland was unknown. In London there were plenty of society women who would have paid almost any fee if they could have induced him to perpetuate their pretty heads in marble. But it was well known there that Maitland was financially independent of his art and that he employed one model and one only—a very beautiful girl of partly Italian extraction. The only other thing commonly known about him was that he lived more or less the life of a recluse, rarely going out into society.

"I work when the spirit moves me," he replied lightly. "But, like most people, I've an excellent capacity for idling."

When they reached Brownleaves they found Colin standing at the gate, looking irresolutely up and down the road, his face clouded with anxiety. It cleared as if by magic when he recognized Elizabeth as one of the occupants of the approaching car.

"I was just going to organize a search party," he said, as the motor throbbed to a standstill.

Elizabeth proceeded to introduce the two men, explaining what had happened, and Maitand suggested that Wentworth should drive on to the house with them.

"This is the second time Mr. Maitland has come to my rescue," she continued gaily to Colin, as the car purred up the drive. "You remember my telling you and Jane how I nearly got drowned on Lake Como? Well, it was Mr. Maitland who came out after me in his motor-boat."

"Assisting damsels in distress appears to be a hobby of his," commented Colin shortly. The ungraciousness of his manner was very apparent, and Elizabeth glanced over her shoulder at him in surprise.

Jane, who had caught the sound of the approaching motor, was eagerly awaiting them in the porch. As soon as introductions and explanations had been effected, Maitland proposed carrying Elizabeth indoors, and Colin, who had already descended from the car, limped round to the front, prepared to help. Maitland, intent only on securing the injured foot from any sudden jar, regarded him doubtfully.

"Can you manage it," he asked.

Colin colored hotly. He was shrinkingly sensitive regarding any illusion to his lameness.

"I'm not altogether a cripple," he returned haughtily, and Elizabeth knew in a moment that the seed of hostility had been sown between the two men.

She was still conscious of that inimical undercurrent when, the business of carrying her into the house successfully accomplished, Jane made the practical suggestion that they should all have lunch.

Maitland hesitated a moment, as though on the brink of refusing. Then, apparently changing his mind, he accepted. However, despite the combined endeavors of Elizabeth and Jane, lunch proved a somewhat awkward meal.

ELIZABETH was puzzled—puzzled and a little hurt by the fact that, although some days had elapsed since her accident, Blair Maitland had neither come over to see her nor had he even sent a message of inquiry as to how she was progressing.

Womanlike the smart of her resentment towards Maitland drove her into being more responsive than usual towards Colin.

One afternoon she chanced to mention Poppy Ridgway to him.

"Poppy is a young person with whom you have nothing to do," he remarked shortly. "She's not of your world. In fact, she's a thorough little rotter."

"Tell me about her." The fact that the girl's life was to some extent linked up with that of Maitland had subconsciously invested her with poignant interest in Elizabeth's mind.

"She is a very ordinary little sinner," said Colin. "Her parents died when she was quite a small child, and she was brought up in the village here by her grandmother—old Granny Ridgway. A little over two years ago, when she was seventeen, she bolted to London with an artist man who was down here and who had used her as a model for several of his pictures. That's the whole of Poppy's story."

"Oh, did he marry her?'

"Hardly. People don't marry the Poppies of this world."

"Poor little soul!" Elizabeth's eyes were meditative.

"I don't think you need waste a grain of pity over Poppy Ridgway," replied Colin. "When it suited her to come back to Waincliff, she dumped herself down on her grandmother again without the slightest hesitation. The old woman didn't relish it at all. One more instance, you see"—with a brief smile—"of the injustices of life."

[*Turn to page 89*]

DOC VIRGINIA

[*Continued from page 15*]

flushed with chagrin.

Then he, too, leaped into action, laid a hand on Pierre's shoulder, so that they stood like two wolves at bay with the pawn of a kill between them.

"You can't drag this man across the Line," said the officer swiftly, "unless you're a United States officer, and then you must have papers."

Two smouldering dark eyes looked back at him.

"Bah!" she said inelegantly. "Let go. I'm in a hurry."

"I mean it," snapped Lieutenant Nelson.

The temper in Doc Virginia flared. With one quick movement she was once more in the doorway, stark against its square of snow, and there was in her hand the bulk of a big blue gun, a good automatic .45, as familiar to her palm as its own skin, its menacing nose pointed frankly at the crowd.

"Gentlemen," cried the woman, "I am a doctor, from Sanston's Cross. Night-before-last I spent in a lonely cabin bringing into the world a little child. There was little food in that house, little wood, no comfort. Two small girls and a woman—alone—twelve miles from a neighbor. I fed them and milked their only cow—I brought a woman to watch by the brood. I found where the man—I mean this Poitré, forgive me—had sold his furs and with a hussy named Minnie, had made for the Line. I'm taking him back, gentlemen—to cut fire-wood, to milk that cow, to feed those children—or Annette will be a widow in just two holy minutes. Jump, you rat!"

And she fired at the floor a nice inch from Pierre's booted foot.

Pryde's broke into sound—the low, murmurous sound that mobs have made from time immemorial, a chilling thing to hear.

It rose like a flood, and Pierre, gone grey, began to tremble.

"At your service, Madame," said a timberman from the North Woods.

"Where'll you have him?"

"I have a rig outside—I'd like him tied I think."

"But you can't take him," said Jord Nelson doggedly, "it's against the law—"

Doc Virginia's smouldering eyes, angry and tired, looked directly into his flaming blue ones.

"Sometimes, Lieutenant," she said quietly, "there is a law above the law. It's working now."

"It is!" cried the lumberman. "Flow in, bullies, flow in!"

Catching his cry, Pryde's, against the Mounted to the last ditch, flowed in between like a tide, so that, in ten seconds there were ten feet of solid flesh between the man and the woman—and Pierre Poitré, his hands tied behind him, bundled in some one's coat against the night, was pushed in under the buckled hood—there was a word, a movement of big horses in the dark—and the falling snow like a curtain drawn.

BY the stove Lieutenant Jord Nelson picked up his coat without a word, brushing aside unseeing the fluttering hands of Minnie.

He knew that he might as well take his time, since that tide of flesh would moil between him and the door for a full hour, as indeed it did.

He shut his lips upon the rage that filled him, hoping that the Office at the Line would hold her up, the woman with the smouldering eyes and the contempt for that Law which was his foremost thought.

The Office however, watching in the storm, saw neither hide nor hair of the outfit. Only the loneliness of Vander's Flat and the forgotten road along the dip knew when it passed.

The next forenoon Pierre Poitré smirked at his wife's bedside, all eagerness and superficial good nature, albeit there was a spark of fear in his farewell to the "lady doc,"—the "lady doc" who drove her weary team into the bleak corral at home, who warmed them in blankets, fed them from the bin, forked fresh hay to their stalls for bedding since the snow had turned to sleet and the glass was falling, and who rolled into her bed to sleep the clock round.

"Day's work," she sighed heavily as the rafters blurred to her closing eyes, "a—day's work."

[THE END]

YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[*Continued from page 88*]

Elizabeth was silent a moment, recognizing the bitter personal note that had sounded in the last phrase. Then she said gently:

"I know what you're thinking of, Colin. But there are compensations—"

"Compensations? . . . Bah! When everything else—when the one thing in life that matters is denied you!"

She looked across at him with startled eyes. "The one thing?"

"Yes. Some men are free to ask for what they want. I'm not. He got up and limped restlessly across the room and back again. "To ask any woman to share my life," he added, half savagely. "A maimed man, blessed with the pleasing prospect of growing lamer as he grows older, can't exactly ask a woman to marry him."

A look of sudden comprehension dawned in her eyes. So Colin was in love!

"Then there is—some one?" she asked. "And you're not telling her, not asking her, just because you're a little lame!" she exclaimed. "But how absurd!"

"She'd probably merely consider it a piece of amazing cheek on the part of a lame man, and turn him down as promptly as he deserved."

Elizabeth answered him out of a deep, instinctive knowledge. "No woman—no decent woman—ever thinks it's 'cheek' for a man to care for her. Do tell her, Colin."

And then the entrance of Jane, bringing in some letters which had come by the afternoon post, put an end to the conversation. But the memory of it remained in Elizabeth's mind.

[*Continued in* SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

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No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
4144..30	4571..30	4747..35	4946..45	4966..35	4979..50	4988..45	4997..35	5006..35	5014..35
4347..45	4598..25	4864..50	4947..50	4967..45	4980..35	4989..45	4998..30	5007..50	5015..50
4379..30	4624..30	4883..35	4953..45	4968..45	4981..35	4990..45	4999..25	5008..35	5016..45
4420..30	4644..50	4929..50	4955..45	4973..50	4982..25	4991..35	5000..15	5009..35	5017..50
4470..25	4650..35	4938..50	4956..45	4974..45	4983..30	4992..35	5001..45	5010..35	5018..45
4471..25	4659..35	4939..35	4957..45	4975..50	4984..30	4993..45	5002..25	5011..45	5019..45
4474..35	4677..35	4940..40	4963..45	4976..45	4985..50	4994..45	5003..40	5012..45	
4475..30	4708..30	4941..45	4964..45	4977..25	4986..45	4995..35	5004..45	5013..35	
4501..30	4742..35	4944..45	4965..45	4978..35	4987..45	4996..35	5005..30		

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927..25	1525..40	1565..40	1577..40	1580..35	1583..40	1586..75	1589..25	1592..30	1595..40
1120..25	1540..25	1574..30	1578..40	1581..50	1584..40	1587..35	1590..30	1593..50	1596..50
1377..30	1548..35	1576..25	1579..40	1582..45	1585..40	1588..50	1591..30	1594..40	1597..30

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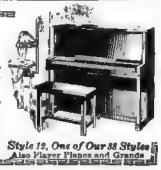

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WINONA WILCOX

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

WINONA WILCOX

To get at the real truth about the most interesting subject in the world—ourselves—is the goal of modern psychology. To possess that truth is to win for ourselves poise and happiness. How to know becomes the pressing need of many lives. This page is open to the unprejudiced discussion of every problem involved in human relationships. Let's talk it over, all sides of it. If an immediate personal reply to your particular problem is preferred, send a stamped, self addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City.

IN shaping our modern sophistication, we are selective. Most of us pick out the facts about sex which we wish to believe and exclude from our consciousness equally important facts which interfere with our inclinations.

And so we come by the popular rigmarole or half-truths about love and free love, the danger of suppressing desire, and kindred current topics. A devastating propaganda which is gulped down eagerly by thousands who use it as a shield for their own weakness.

The perfect products of this rigmarole are the Cutie and the Sheik, but even the intellectuals who are qualified to maintain an open mind toward all the facts of life are, as our novelists point out, not altogether immune to these one-sided theories which coincide with their own urges.

MOST dangerous of all half-truths prevalent today is one lately syndicated by a well-known newspaper woman in an article warning wives against the downtown woman, and suggesting ways and means by which the former can render innocuous the lure of the latter. It's a popular kind of article which works incalculable harm to many men, especially to those men who will not accept the facts about their personal responsibility for their erratic emotions but who blame their wives for a disloyalty which in fact arises in their own urges.

The article referred to is one of a kind frequently and widely circulated. It never fails to irritate me. Why? Because there are thousands of business girls downtown who are not competing with married women for their husbands; and because I do not think that any wife can keep any husband loyal by any method once he sets out to philander. Back of my opinion I have chapter on chapter of psychology. Also many letters from wives who have battled intelligently and diplomatically "to hold a husband for the children's sake" and who have failed.

Then the neglected wife, fortified only with half-truths about human emotions, accepts the syndicated opinion that she is herself altogether to blame for her state. Probably she becomes a nervous wreck.

It is all very unfair.

And the temptress likes to believe that a wife's failure justifies her own aggressiveness. Over and over, girls give this as the explanation why they run around with married men. But it hardly is possible for a trespasser to believe this and put faith in the sincerity of the man, unless she ignores half of the truths inherent in the situation.

As a rule the man returns to his allegiance to his family if he is let alone, but he does not do so until something wearies within himself. In such a case, no wife can flatter herself greatly upon the drawing power of her own charms. The man merely returns to his senses and to his duty to his offspring.

He does not reform because of an attack of conscience nor because he once more recalls the dearness of his spouse. Naturally he finds relaxation in getting back to the easy habits of his home. He is relieved of the necessity of lying, of posing, of pretending, which are important in an extra-marital romance. But there is no virtue in this kind of reform. A truth most unwelcome to philanderers.

Platitudinous, all this? But it needs to be emphasized because the platitudes contain truths which the vanity of woman forces her to ignore. Any girl's special romance always must be different, apart and above the average. So she shapes a philosophy founded on half the facts about love. Consequently her philosophy does not provide her with true answers to her most serious problems.

Follows one of the most interesting letters I ever have received. It is essentially modern. Not until today would any girl have written it. It is an honest letter. It is a sophisticated letter. To my mind, the writer is confused because her sophistication is based on selection. She long has been accustomed to pick the facts she prefers about her own emotions. At last hitherto unrecognized truths confront her and produce conditions not to her taste.

Dear Winona Wilcox: It is most unpleasant to be unable to understand oneself. If we talk over my trouble, perhaps somebody can help me.

In high school and the university I was gratifyingly popular. No one had more dates than I. I was considered "one of the best of the modern times." There was spice and plenty of thrills in the conquest of "hard game." I thoroughly enjoyed taking the other girls' men.

But after the game was over? Did the men interest me? Indeed they did not! It was my reputation around the campus that if E— was seen with the same man three times, there must be a wedding in the offing.

I was engaged to no less than six men in three years.

In the last semester of my Junior year I married, hurriedly and impulsively on my part, but the man's mind had been made up for months. He was moderately wealthy and well educated in his profession. Business kept him away most of the time. I saw no more of him after I married him than I had in the years before—about three days every month.

I finished my fourth year in the university and then my excitement ceased. I began to keep house, and to find out what I had done—pinned myself down to one man when he no more satisfied me than any of the others I had known.

Oh, how I fought myself to keep from the divorce court! Everything my husband did upset me—his language; his manners. I loved him madly at times; other times I could have shrieked when he came near me.

At last the heaven sent opportunity—WORK! That was four years ago. I am now 28 and called the most successful business woman in town. And I am happy! My husband is away a good share of the time. When he is at home, we get on wonderfully and I'm much in love with him.

But the things that keep me that way are the associations I have with men whom I meet in business. Please do not misunderstand me—I do not crave the sex excitement of propinquity. It is the mental contacts with these men, the associations of the many interests I cannot find in any one man. These friends make my life and if it were not for them I could not live with the man I call my husband.

What is the matter? Is it too much education? Is it the restlessness of the age? Or do you think, Winona Wilcox, that there is something awfully wrong with me? I do want to know.—E.

My own idea is that the girl had too much sex stimulation in her six engagements and that her taste for monogamy has been ruined. I think she doesn't perceive the whole truth about her emotions. She doesn't, for example, realize that contacts with women of intelligence, versatility and education equal to her men friends would leave her quite cold. Sex makes all the difference.

Denying this fact, she easily fails to see how unfair is her attitude to her husband. If he knew the whole truth, if he had any idea that the companionship of other men reconciled his wife to living with him, how long would he, or any normal male, accept her—charity?

Confessions of this kind throw about the only light we can get on the probable working out of "companionate marriages" which have been proposed as part of the reform of our present marriage system. The proposed trial marriage is of course to be dissolved easily if either party finds it unsatisfactory. And the experiment is to continue with somebody else.

One doesn't need much common sense to see how hard to please most persons would become. With human nature what it is, a majority of us would spend our entire lives seeking the right mate. And a permanent happy marriage would occur about as often as it does now.

The big result of the proposed companionate marriage would be the same as that which comes from half a dozen engagements; it would develop an unrest which could not be stifled and which would render the constant companionship of one person unstimulating and intolerable.

No, we are not going to achieve an improved code of sex morality by founding it on the few facts about sex which we like.

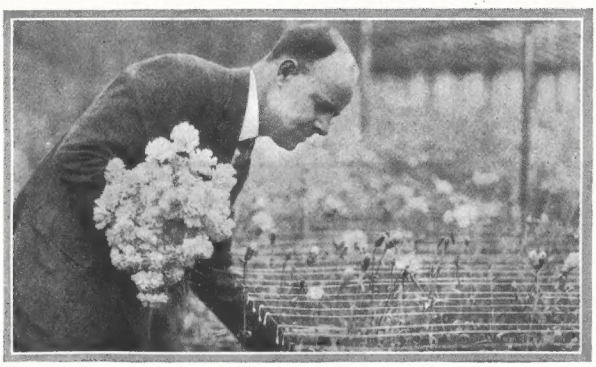
My opinion of the above letter may be hard. My opinions usually are that, I am frequently told. So I leave the matter to be talked over by generous friends and critics.

Is the above inquirer merely a victim of the restlessness of the age as she seems to think? Certain it is that a dreadful restlessness is working havoc with the contentment of many girls and women. It is time to talk it over, always facing the truths which hurt our feelings as well as those which please us.

A widow, qualified to know whereof she speaks, says she isn't equal to the application of modern manners to marriage!

Dear Winona Wilcox: I'm so glad there's you to write to! I am twenty-five, a widow with two babies. Recently I was surprised to find myself very fond of a young man. He is clever, attractive, a good business man. One evening he said: "The two friends whom I like best are Hal and Jeanne. They have the happiest home I know of. When Hal wants an evening off, he calls me over. Jeanne and I play cards and talk until he returns. Hal often takes out another girl and I take Jeanne. Or often Jeanne goes with some other man. That is the way I'd like to do, marry a woman I can trust implicitly and have no such thing as jealousy in our home. I'd expect to love my wife with all my heart and I wouldn't dream of giving the tiniest bit of myself to another girl but I can't imagine giving up all my friends for marriage. There would be one night in the week, or three in the month when I'd be glad to get away from my wife even though I adored her."

No one ever walked the chalk line any straighter than I. I'm afraid this man will have to look farther for a bride even though I like him better than any man I know. I don't want to be trusted. I want to be taken care of.—E. D.



MR. G. HAYDEN DUNN, *whose hobby is raising flowers*

"I once thought I would always be ill"

'MY LIFE *had been uneventful, tranquil. Good health and good spirits had combined to make my daily work a pleasure.*

"Then,— the War. The trenches. Forced marches. Cold. Hunger. Every hardship of a soldier's life I knew. I was gassed—and wounded.

"When peace came, bringing dreams of home fires, I was in a pitiable state. I returned to my native hills, to my old home—only to find myself, a few months later, a complete physical wreck.

"Four years passed. I spent hundreds of dollars on drugs and medicines. But vainly I fought to steady my frayed nerves and to rid myself of my chronic stomach trouble. I had almost abandoned hope of ever being well again.

"Repeatedly a fellow worker had urged me to try Yeast. At last he won me over. I began eating Yeast—and in less than three months I had regained my old health and happiness.

"My favorite pastime is working with the flowers and vegetables around our home. Now, no matter how strenuous my day has been, I still have energy left to indulge this hobby in the evening."

G. HAYDEN DUNN, Medford, Mass.

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Fleischmann's Yeast is composed of millions of microscopic living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain.

These tiny active plants keep the whole system *clean*—and *active*. They check the absorption of poisons into the blood. They strengthen the muscles of elimination.

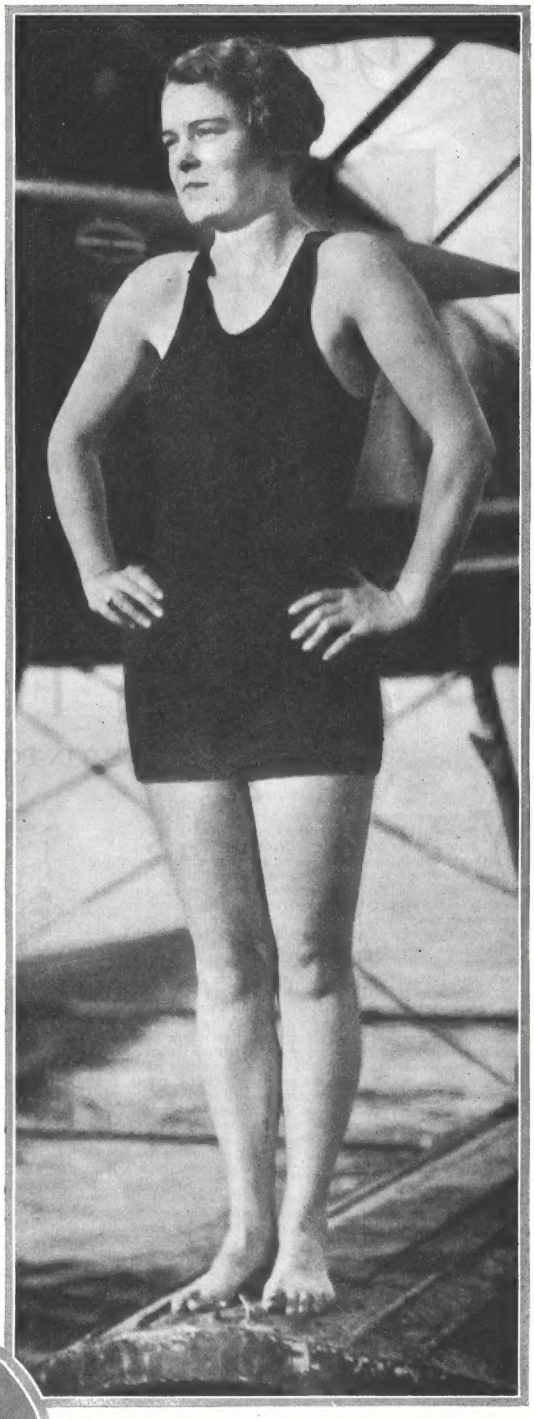
Start today to banish constipation and its evil results, an unhealthy skin and stomach disorders. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-43, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

LEFT

MR. MELBOURNE DE PASZTHORY looks like an all round athlete—and he is! At the University of Southern California he won the middleweight wrestling championship.

"Ever since my high school days," he writes, "I have periodically eaten Fleischmann's Yeast. It has enabled me to keep in the very pink of physical trim, to restore my system quickly to order whenever my digestion showed traces of being upset, to keep my blood clear and my skin free of embarrassing eruptions."

MELBOURNE DE PASZTHORY, Pasadena, Calif.



For the health that* can *be yours—do this:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"TRY AS I WOULD, I could find nothing that would clear my skin. I was very badly run down—probably this was the cause of my skin trouble. I ran along this way until about a year ago, when one of my friends said, 'Why don't you try eating Yeast?' I was skeptical, I must admit—but I began. To my surprise my skin began to clear, and ever since I have felt fine."

CHRISTINE INGLIS, Vancouver, B. C.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

When We Cease Thinking About Ourselves . . . We Become Truly Happy

FACES

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. E. PARCELL

We are constantly surrounded by faces. They have their effect on us, just as the furnishings of a room, or any other environment. Nature, over which we have little control, makes our faces—we are born with them, and there is not much we can do about it—but there are forces over which we have considerable control that can so change the *expressions* of these same faces, that the features almost seem changed too. So we must make our expressions count more than our features; we must make the most of our faces. I am sure you have seen plain, homely faces, with talking eyes lighted by an inner light, which seemed beautiful.

Each face, being a part of the surrounding landscape, should be made as attractive as possible, and kept that way. Let it be the duty of each individual to make a study of his face, see what can be done to make it friendly, and then do it. A desire to change your expression may reveal whole new worlds to conquer, and change your entire attitude toward life. I do not mean that we should go about wearing silly grins, which mean nothing, and are only superficial; it must be deeper than that; it must be genuine and sincere, and must come from the heart and soul. It is difficult for small-souled people to look pleasant, because they are selfish, and there is no real happiness in selfishness. It is only when we cease thinking of ourselves, and think of others, and do for others, that we become truly happy. There is always some one who needs attention.

Heredity means something, but not everything. You may be born to be a lawyer, doctor, poet, or actor, but all this can be changed. Some men make a success of one business, who have always wanted to do something else. Sometimes men die doing work they dislike; but others, made of better stuff, have changed occupations, and made their dreams come true. I know one man who lived more than fifty years doing things he did not like, and now he has become a great horticulturist, the thing he always wanted to be. Your job has an important bearing on your expression. Work is only drudgery when we make drudgery out of it: if you are unhappy, it is largely your fault, you have stayed in a rut, and have not had the moral courage to pull out of it. It takes pluck to change your job; you must have a large faith in yourself before anyone will have faith in you; believe in yourself and others will believe in you. If you have been unfortunate, make the best of it. It may not be your fault if you become unhappy, but it *is* your fault if you *stay* unhappy. So whatever your work is, make it a thing of importance; try each day to do it better than you have ever done it before; this will develop a desire, a desire will create eagerness, the old job will take on a new aspect, and all this will aid in changing your expression.

Expression changes according to your physical, mental, and moral condition. When God made our bodies, he expected us to care for them. Just allowing them to grow, like weeds in a neglected fence corner, is not enough. Throw back your shoulders, and walk about looking life straight in the eye, not with your chin sagging on your chest. Your style of dress helps your mental condition; no matter how simply you may have to dress, you can still be clean, neat, and well groomed. This gives you a personal satisfaction which reflects itself in your countenance, and makes your expression more pleasing to others.

Are you mentally lazy? If you are, you will be physically lazy. If you are physically lazy, you will become idle, and an idle man is a dead man, for he accomplishes nothing. Idle hands, hearts, and brains make sluggards of us, and we decay mentally, physically and morally. A job, and a lively interest in that job, is a saving grace to any man or woman. Make yourself a positive factor in the world, not a negative.

There is so much to be done! I was once asked to write a list of the events in any one day of my life, which was to stand as typical of all the other days. This I found impossible. Some days I am a natural historian a-field hunting rare flowers; some days I am an amateur photographer, hidden among the bushes with a camera trained on a bird's nest; some days I am high up in the mountains dictating book material or magazine articles; some days I am on a raft on the ocean gathering stone when the tide is out; some days I am working with stone masons making drinking fountains or seed trays for the birds, or setting up mantels of stone for my home; some days I am on my hands and knees transplanting rare wild flowers; some days I am dressing dolls for little crippled children; some days I am criticizing manuscripts for struggling youngsters who are trying to write; some days I am painting moths to illustrate a book; some days I play with my grandchildren, and go on picnics with my family or friends; life turns a page every morning, and opens up busy days for me, and I am glad, for I cannot be happy unless I am occupied with something useful. And I hope fervently that each of you have something to do; if you have not, then I hope you will look about and hunt something to occupy your brain and your hands.

Your morals have a vast influence on your expression; the morally unclean have dead eyes. You cannot be a thief, a cheat, or a liar without it showing in your face. Your eyes become shifty; you cannot meet the straight look of another; you lose self-confidence and self-respect, and this is fatal; you are lost when you have lost your self-respect. Personal satisfaction lends a great air of contentment. It should not make you look boastful, supercilious, or bored, but it should add a bit of dignity, softened into friendliness by experience.

Outward expression does not necessarily have to reveal inner feeling. I do not mean by this that we should assume expressions for the moment to give impressions; this is time and effort wasted, for nothing is effective which is not genuine. But if you are ill or tired, you can try to look cheerful for the sake of those around you. If you worry, you squint and frown, and this only makes wrinkles which are difficult to erase; the easiest way is not to make the wrinkles. Worry is a most insidious disease. It wrecks dispositions, expressions and digestions. Whatever happens, it does no good to worry about it; I have learned that through many years. I do not mean to say that I do not worry, for I do, but I worry as little as possible. It is the serene, calm, gentle souls who keep unwrinkled faces, kind dispositions, and sweet expressions. Those of us who are not so fortunate, can only strive for some degree of perfection, and so long as we are striving for something better, we are on the right path.

Perhaps our eyes have more to do with our expressions than any other feature. We keep our faces alive by vivid, alert eyes. Have you ever studied the procession of faces as they pass? If you see an eager, happy face, with twinkling eyes, and a smile curling the corners of the mouth, it is a sort of inspiration; but a sour, sullen face, with dying eyes, depresses us, and makes us sorry that anyone is afflicted so unnecessarily. And do not forget your mouth. Do not let the corners of it droop; keep your teeth in good condition—they affect your breath, your general health, and your smile.

Surroundings affect our mental status, and therefore our expression. Have clean, neat homes, no matter how small or simply furnished, with tidy yards where the children may play, and a bit of garden. Do you keep any rooms in your home closed? Don't do that; live all over it. Walk through your garden every morning, listen to the birds singing, gather some flowers for the house, and take some to the office with you; this will begin the day happily. Keep the cut flowers around you fresh.

Some one has said that expressions and the intonation of voices, are the especial marks of human beauty. This should be true, and if we all strive to make it true, it will be. Intonation of voice indicates feeling and disposition; the well poised individual keeps his voice low. Raising the voice is never effective, and it only shows ill-breeding. But we do not have to listen to many voices. We do not have to know people's ideas, religion or business; but we *do* have to see their faces. So as you go about among people daily on your business of work or play, make the expression of your face a part of you, and keep it agreeable.

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In raspberries and in Raspberry Jell-O

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"She thought I had suddenly hired a laundress!"

How Mrs. W. finished her washing by ten o'clock Monday morning

MRS. W. lives in Kansas City. We have never met her, but we have a letter from her. She has done her own work ever since she was married. She used to rub her clothes on a washboard and boil them in a boiler and take nearly a whole day to finish the task. Then one day something happened. We are going to let her tell you about it in her own words:

"Last Monday morning my neighbor, Mrs. C., came out while I was hanging the last towel on the line.

" 'Why, it's not ten o'clock yet,' she said. 'Have you hired a laundress?'

"I smiled as I answered, 'Yes, I have just discovered the best laundress any one could employ. No grumbling, never gets tired, never makes mistakes, is a good worker, and requires small wages. Wait a minute—'

"I went into the house and brought out my box of Chipso. 'Look,' I said, 'here is my laundress. You can employ her too and have your washing on the line as early as mine is. And you won't have any more back-breaking rubbing, or faded clothes either. Just soak your clothes a little while in Chipso

suds and they will be beautifully clean.

"After I had told Mrs. C. all about Chipso she said, 'Well, that's wonderful. There is not going to be any more hard work for me, either.' "

Chipso suds SOAK clothes clean

Now when Mrs. W. speaks of Chipso as her "laundress," she means that Chipso has made possible for her a completely *new* method of washing—a method that does away with washboard rubbing, takes far less time, and produces just as fine results, often finer.

Instead of messy soap chipping and melting, and hard rubbing, you, too, like Mrs. W., can use this simple method:

Put dry Chipso flakes in the washtub and turn on hot water to get instant fluffy suds. Then add enough cold water to make suds lukewarm and put in your clothes. In 20 minutes dirt will be soaked free!

An easy squeezing of the sudsy water through the clothes (rubbing any spots or badly soiled places lightly between the hands) removes the already loosened dirt, and the clothes are clean.

Of course if you have a washing machine, it is still easier with Chipso. Simply run hot water over the Chipso flakes for instant suds and follow your usual method. You won't need to run the machine as long.

Dishwashing in ⅓ less time!

Chipso is as much help in dishwashing as it is in clothes-washing. No more rubbing soap on a cloth, then on the dishes, then off again. Just a little Chipso in the dishpan, hot water, and instantly you have a rich suds. Just a swish in the Chipso suds, a quick rinse—and glass and silver and china sparkle and gleam. By actual test Chipso dishwashing takes one-third less time than ordinary dishwashing.

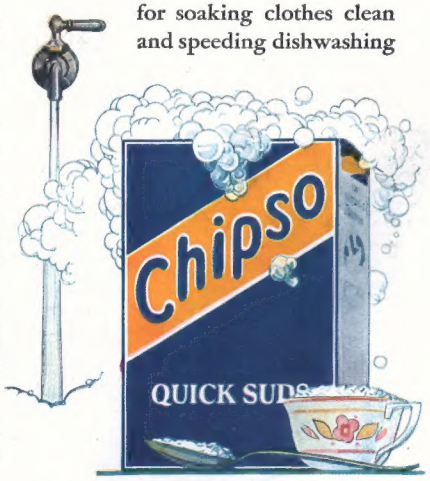
Perhaps, with all its time-and-labor-saving advantages, you may think Chipso is costly to use. But you will be surprised. There is enough Chipso in a big 25-cent box to wash your dishes for a month or to do 6 average family washings.

FREE—"Saving Golden Hours"

"How to take out 15 common stains . . save clothes by soaking . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet —*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a postcard to Dept. CM-8, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SUDS *at the turn of the faucet*

for soaking clothes clean and speeding dishwashing



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The most amazing success in the history of household soap